★ Mar. 29, 1947

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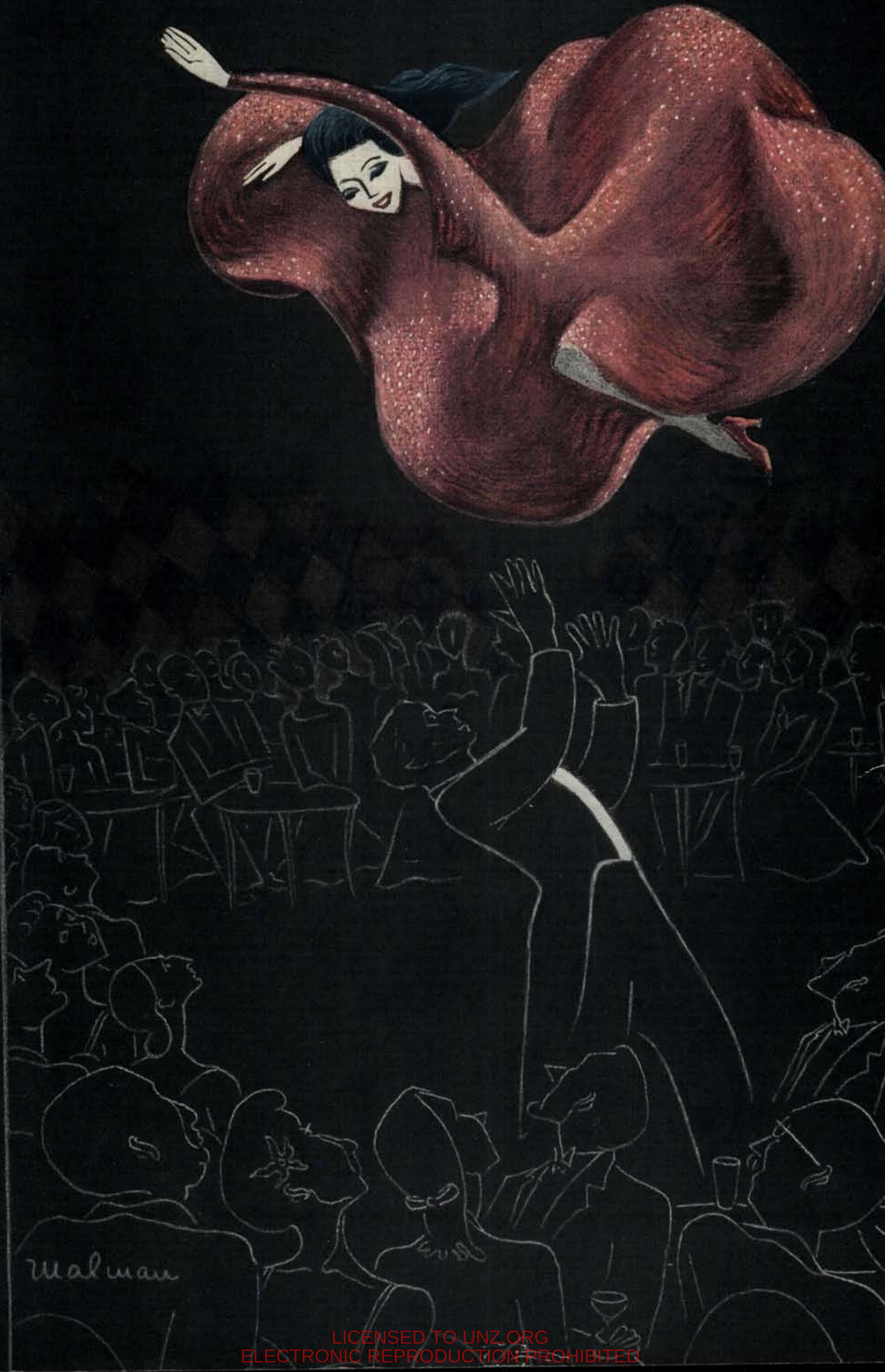

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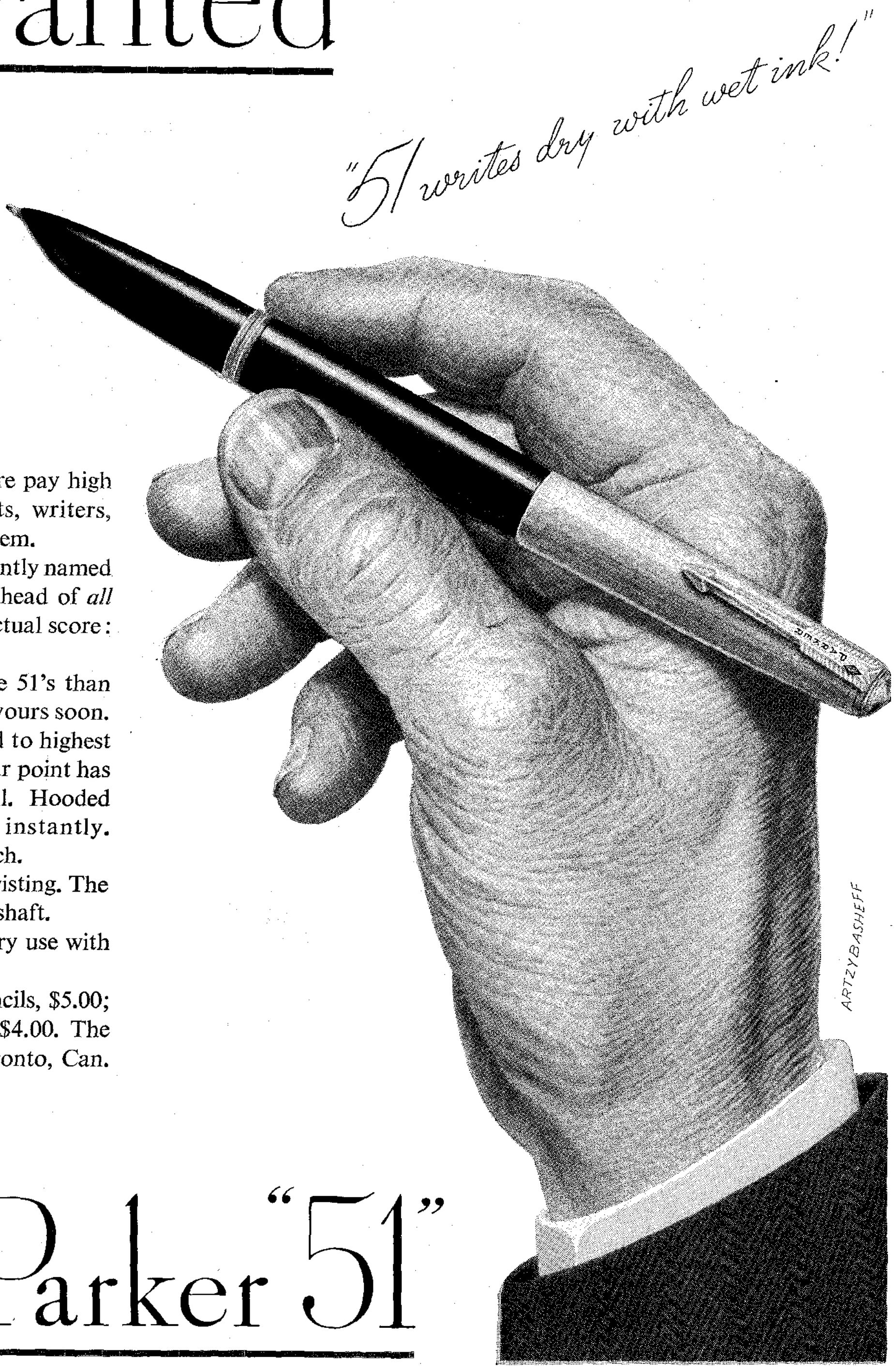
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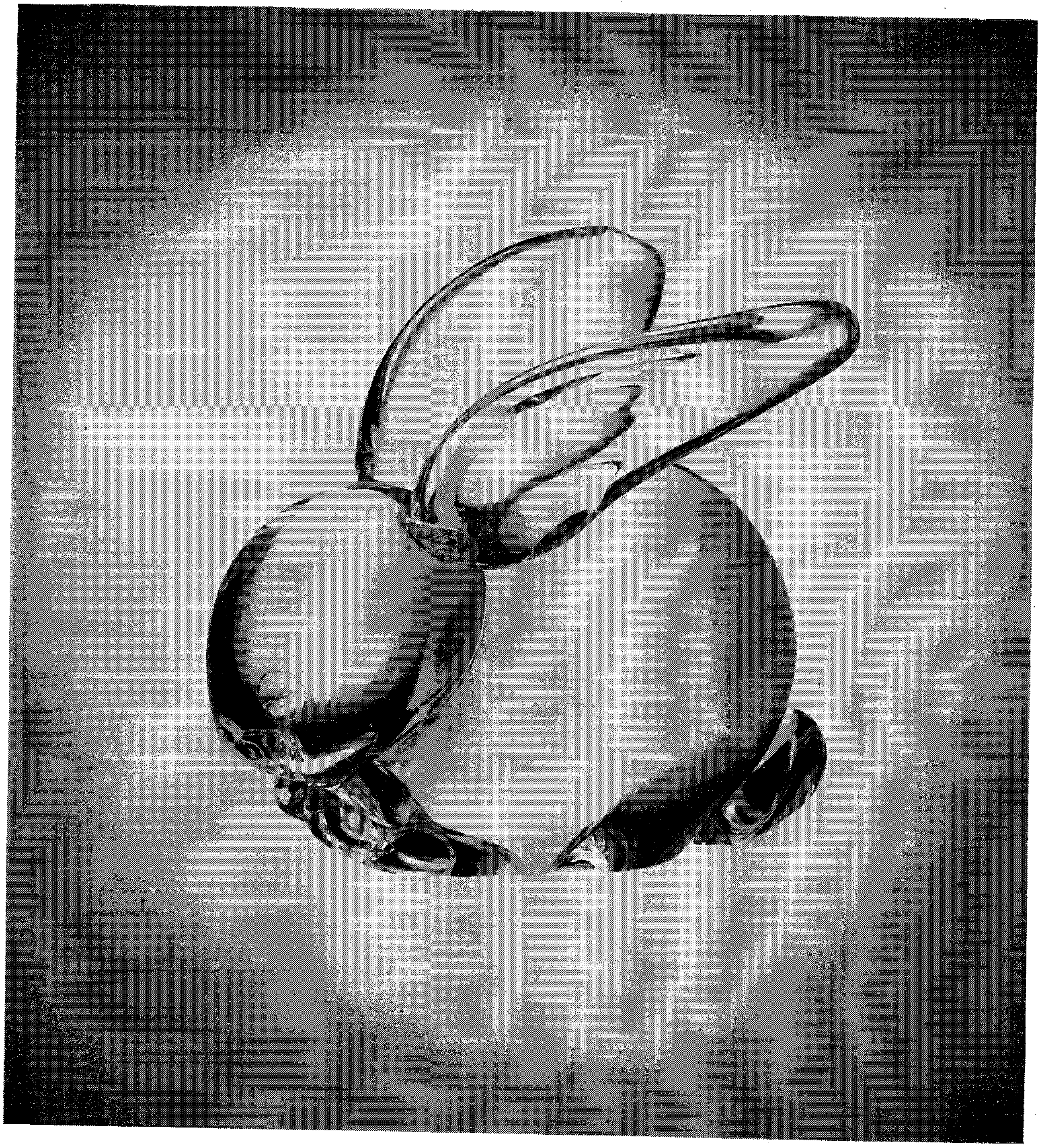

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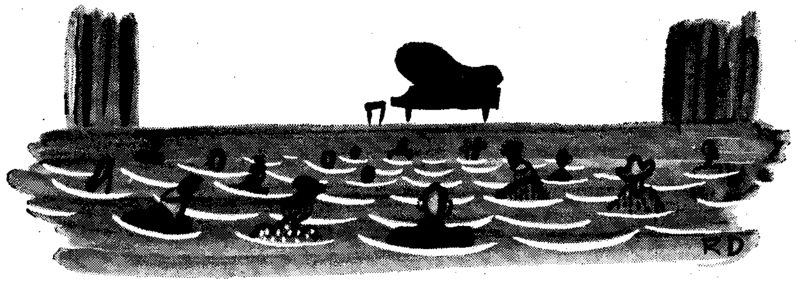

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. With Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, and Arthur Kennedy. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Another Part of the Forest—Lillian Hellman takes the characters in "The Little Foxes" back to 1880, when they were almost as bad as they turned out to be later on. Unfortunately, the play is by no means up to its predecessor. With Patricia Neal and Margaret Phillips. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This revival of the 1927 play about a comedian who couldn't stand success is both funny and touching. Bert Lahr does a fine, characteristic job, and Jean Parker assists him most fetchingly. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, March 30.)

Craig's Wife—George Kelly's great hit of the 1925-26 season is pretty dated as to theme and artificial as to speech, but it still packs a wallop. Judith Evelyn and Philip Ober are excellent in the leading roles. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Eagle Has Two Heads—Tallulah Bankhead up to her chin in the turgid prose of a melodrama, which was adapted, for obscure reasons, from the French of Jean Cocteau. With Helmut Dantine and Clarence Derwent. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Birthday—Helen Hayes is superb in what would otherwise be just another comedy about a plain girl who becomes the belle of the ball. Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey are part of an expert cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A splendid revival of the Wilde play, directed by John Gielgud with a sure-handed comic touch and played by a superior cast, which includes the director. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joan of Lorraine—Maxwell Anderson's ingenious and generally highly effective variation of the Maid of Orleans legend. Ingrid Bergman's performance is one of the best of several seasons. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy piece of hokum about a soldier's postwar difficulties, helped no little by smart direction and by a good cast. With Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lady Windermere's Fan—Cecil Beaton's nineteenth-century costumes and sets are the real stars of the revival of *this* Wilde comedy. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood do very nicely, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Years Ago—Ruth Gordon's extremely pleasant and witty play about her ambitious youth. Fredric March is practically perfect as Miss Gordon's father, and Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are exceedingly engaging as the women of the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Paul Douglas as a big-time crook and Judy Holliday as the little girl who ruins his racket. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **LIFE WITH FATHER:** You know—"Life with Father." With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **O MISTRESS MINE:** Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Ralph Bellamy in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy dealing with Republican politics and principles. Kay Francis and Minor Watson are in it, too. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** John van Druten's play about a sergeant (he ought to be a Regular Army master sergeant by now) and his two girls. With Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled *to open too late for review in this* issue:

Bathsheba—James Mason, with Pamela Kellino, in a play by Jacques Deval. Directed by Coby Ruskin and produced by Maximilian Becker and Lee K. Holland. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Beggar's Holiday—A modernization of "The Beggar's Opera," with a Duke Ellington score. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are rather too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chocolate Soldier—This Oscar Straus classic is treated competently and respectfully by a cast that includes Billy Gilbert, Frances McCann, and Keith Andes. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—A bright, dancing musical, which is hindered rather than helped by a plot that turns a leprechaun loose in a Tobacco Road state. With Ella Logan, David Wayne, and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Street Scene—The Elmer Rice classic, put effectively, if a bit pretentiously, into operatic form, with a cast that can really sing. The music is by Kurt Weill. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—*Bobby Clark tears this ancient and* anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight, Mark Dawson, and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Life as it never was in the Army—or on the outside, either. With Jules Munshin. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CAROUSEL:** "Liliom," transplanted to New England by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Mr. R.'s and Mr. H.'s musical

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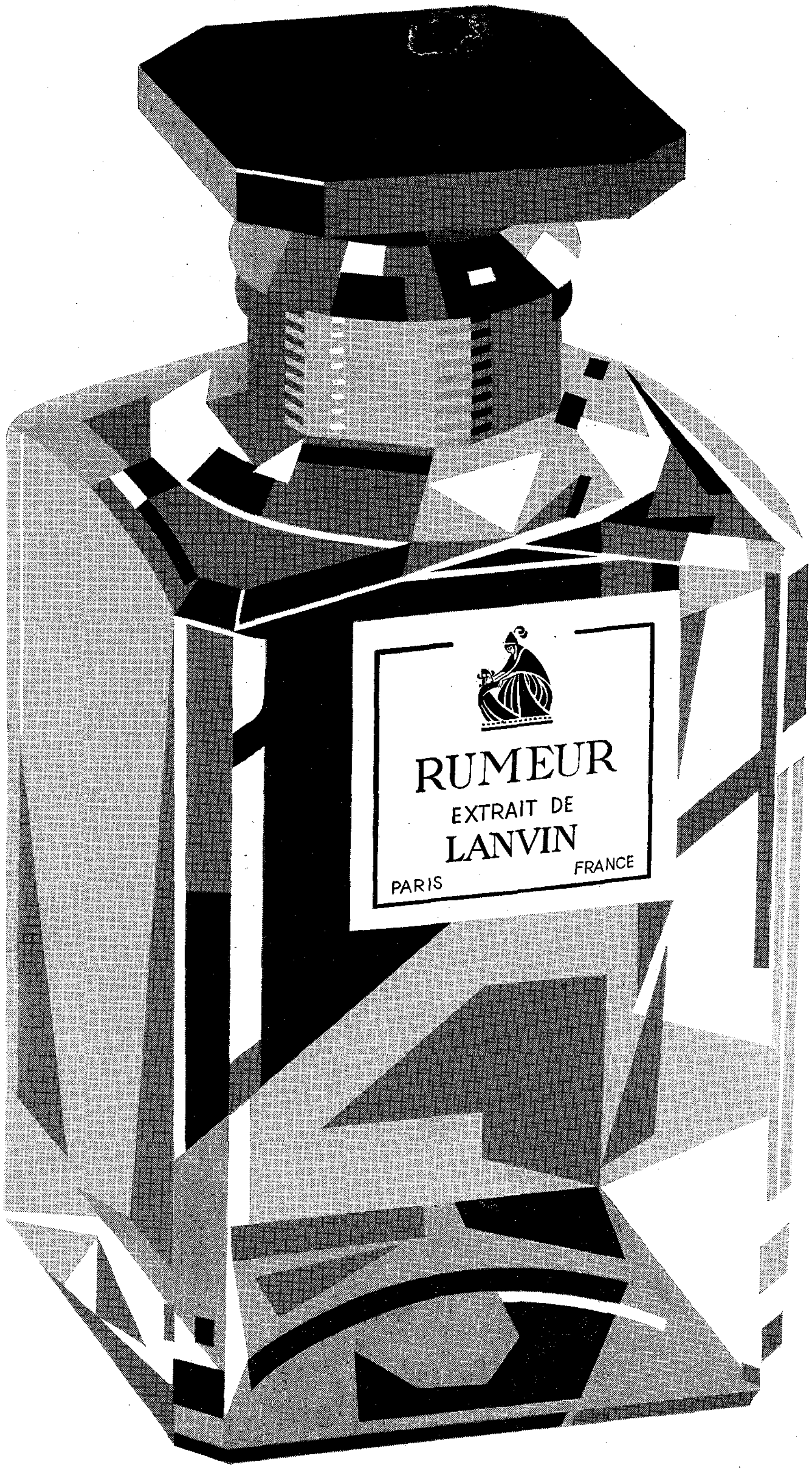
ARPEGE MY SIN SCANDAL RUMEUR



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ARPEGE MY SIN SCANDAL RUMEUR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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version of "Green Grow the Lilacs." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Whole World Over—Konstantin Simonov's play, directed by Harold Clurman and produced by Walter Fried and Paul F. Moss. Stephen Bekassy, Joseph Buloff, and Uta Hagen have the leading roles. Opens Thursday, March 27. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tenting Tonight—A comedy by Frank Gould, produced by Judith Abbott and Mary Mason. Dean Harens, Jean Muir, and Jackie Kelk head the cast. Hudson Faussett is the director. Opens Wednesday, April 2. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Barefoot Boy with Cheek—Nancy Walker in a musical comedy produced by George Abbott. The book is by Max Shulman and the music by Sidney Lippman. Jo Mielziner designed the settings. Opens Thursday, April 3. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Alice in Wonderland—An adaptation of the Lewis Carroll fantasy, with Eva LeGallienne, Margaret Webster, and Bambi Linn, presented by the American Repertory Theatre. Directed by Miss LeGallienne. Opens Saturday, April 5. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CI 5-4884. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Maurice Chevalier—In a one-man show. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Lucienne Boyer—With Oscar Karlweis and Molly Picon, in a sort of old-time variety bill. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, March 29, at 8:45.)

Ice Show—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 27: "Concerto Barocco," "Virginia Sampler," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 28: "Comedia Balletica," "Frankie and Johnny," "Virginia Sampler," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 29: "Mozartiana," "Virginia Sampler," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 29: "Swan Lake," "Night Shadow," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 30: "Swan Lake," "Night Shadow," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 30: "Serenade," "Virginia Sampler," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Original Ballet Russe—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 27: "Giselle," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 28: "Camille," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Trois," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 29: "Les Sylphides," "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 29: "Constantia," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois," and "Schéhérazade." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

Trudi Schoop—With her company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday evening, March 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

Mata and Hari—In a program of their dances. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday afternoon, March 30, at 3:30.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, April 5, at 11.)

Puppet Show—"Little Red Riding Hood" and "Hansel and Gretel." (Junior League, 221 E. 71st St. BU 8-6220. Saturday morning, March 29, at 11.)

Children's Drama Guild—"The Silver Thread," "Princesse Rosette and the Peacock King," and "The Angel of Exile Castle." (Children's Center Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. For tickets, call CH 4-1943. Saturday afternoon, March 29, at 2:30.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180) and at the Beacon (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132). Both start at 11 and the Beacon carries on until 5.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—The handsome Trianon Room has dance music by William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and a rumba band, playing for dinner and supper dancing in the dignified Bowman Room, will be replaced on Wednesday, April 2, by the orchestras of Phil Wayne and Ron Perry.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, the French-vintage chanteuse, effervesces nightly at dinner and supper. Edmund Hall's orchestra for dancing.

Embassy, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—Charles Trenet, another not uncelebrated Parisian import, whose songs are quite funny when you can hear them above the babble of the clients. José Melis's orchestra and Ralph Font's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Eddie Davis and Bernie Dolen, steadily providing the simple, one-two rhythm that Larue is famous for.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—A chromium, glass, and leather jungle that is both lush and comfortable. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band back up a little show in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, pleasantly irritating everybody in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's string orchestra plays dinner music in the Oval Room, one of the last refuges for the *ancien régime*; no dancing.

METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSO

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The ice show in the Iridium Room is pretty and not long enough to grow tiresome. Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras for dancing. . . . ¶ Two small dance orchestras are downstairs, in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Brisson, the rococo idol of the nylon-stocking set. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, Tito Guizar, strumming the guitar, and Fred and Elaine Barry, dancing. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dinner and supper, with Mischa Borr's rumba band helping out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): The sedate and opulent Drake Room has sotto-voce piano by Cy Walter after nine o'clock. Paul Berlin (to be replaced by Les Crosley on Monday, March 31) takes a spell at cocktails and dinner; no dancing. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano solos, half submerged in murmurous small talk; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Animated entertainment, full of Slavic shouts and violins; dance music for the patrons, too. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Placid and unpretentious, with the Dardanelle Trio's music for dancing until nine. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after nine-thirty, in this ageless holdover from another day; no dancing. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A becalmed little place, stirred gently from time to time by the music of Ford Harrison's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fiesta time in Sheridan Square includes a fast-moving Spanish show and plenty of ardent rumbas for the amateur Latin. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White and some lesser entertainers, and dance music by Gene Sedric's orchestra. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A reminder of what a night out was like before Hollywood became the arbiter of the way a place should conduct itself. Piano music fills in any pauses in the fashionable clatter; no dancing.

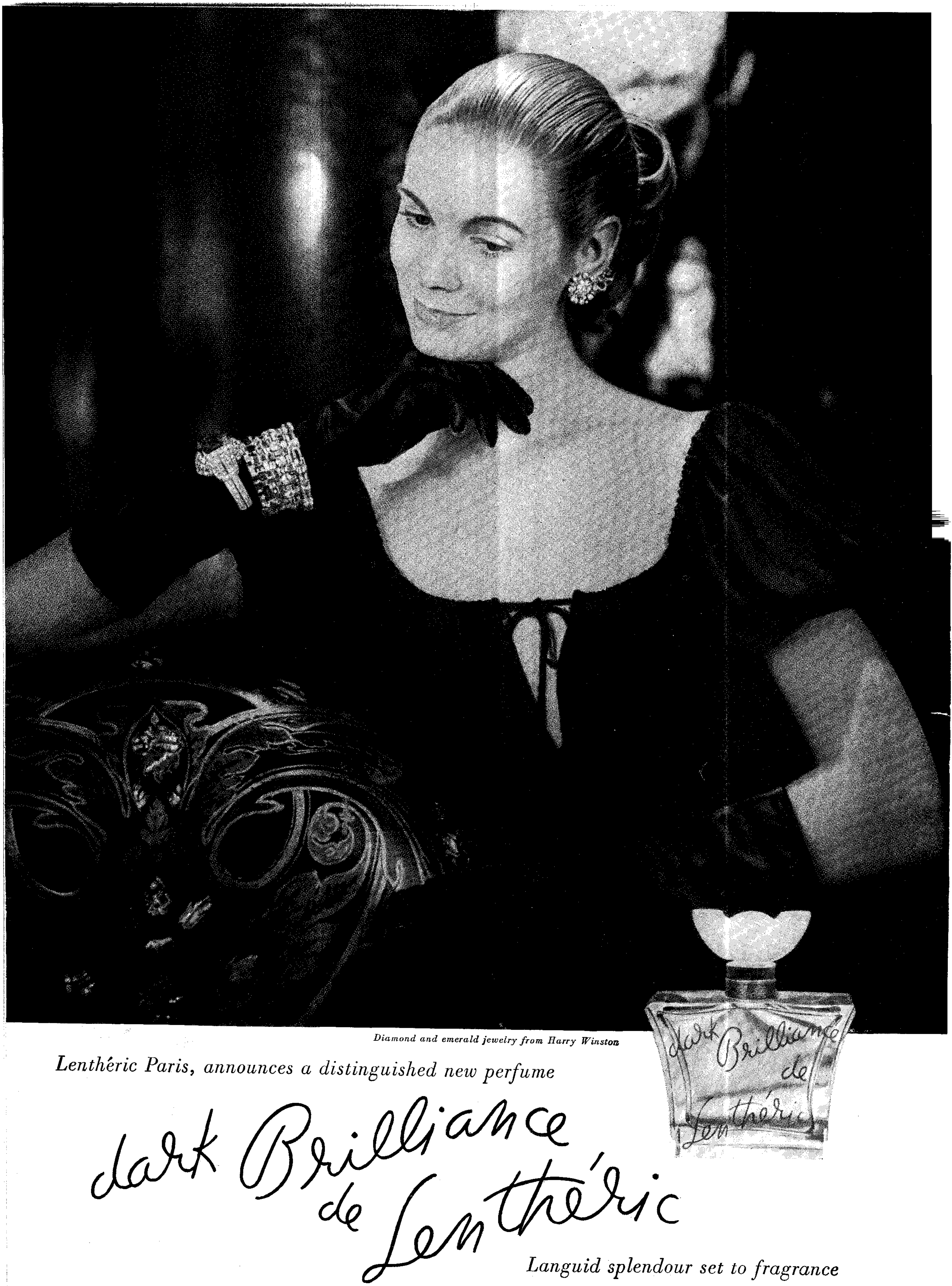
BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Olsen and Johnson, in a typically vast and aggressive charivari; dance music for those who survive the bedlam. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Ruth Etting, who causes many a patron to weep nostalgically over his lost youth; Paul Winchell, a ventriloquist; and a floor show. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Florence Desmond, John Buckmaster, and the Ellis Larkin Trio—all of whom can do no wrong. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Day, Dawn, and Dusk, Josef Marais and Miranda, and other entertainers. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This old and honored dugout is made inviting by the presence of Maxine Sullivan, Pete Seeger, and the Three Flames; dancing. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th



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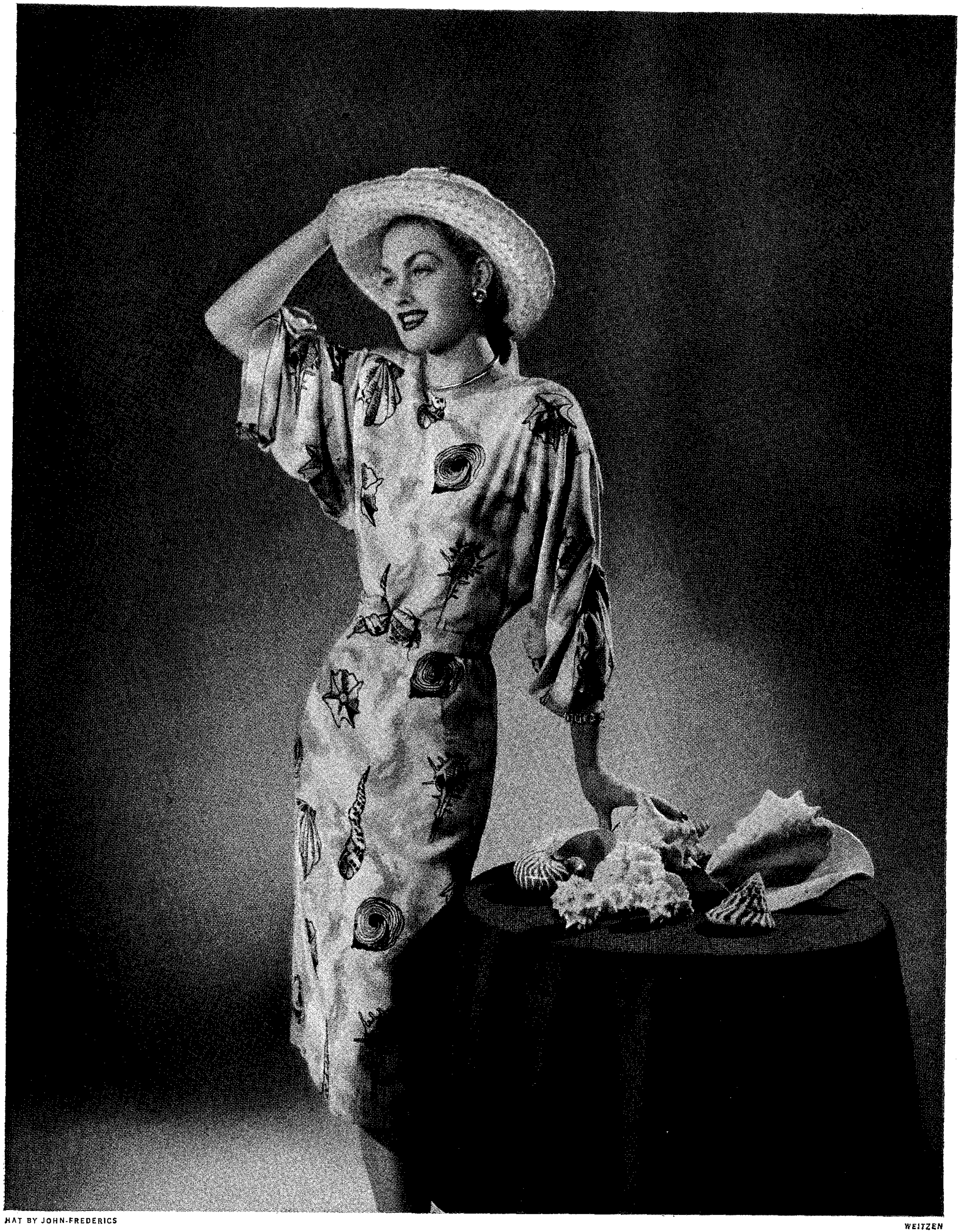

HAT BY JOHN-FREDERICS

WEITZEN

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Enka Rayon 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

St. (PL 3-9425): One of those narrow East Side caverns, done up in red and white stripes, and sporting a trio for dancing and a singer named Doris Day.... SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Stella Brooks, the sandy-voiced philosopher; Daphne Hellman, the decorative harpist; and Spivy herself perform late in the evening in this venerable rookery.... ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright, who makes agreeably bitter fun of some female celebrities.... JIMMY RYAN'S EAST SIDE, 55 E. 54th St. (EL 5-7845): Just a chink in a Fifty-fourth Street wall, warmed by the singing of Bunty Pendleton.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A number of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and Joe Sullivan. Tuesday nights are untrammelled free-for-alls, with performers from the outlands dropping in to take a hand.... NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Ernie Caceres, and their colleagues, all blowing good and loud.... DIXON'S, 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): The Joe Mooney Quartet will wind up its sessions of souped-up chamber music on Saturday, March 29.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's Trio, making a very satisfying racket in this familiar standby. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon at five.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Jack Edwards' orchestra.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra.... PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra.... ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

Louis Bosa—People trying to have a good time (nuns sleigh-riding, a golden-wedding party, and so on), sympathetically and humorously painted. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.: through March 29.)

Russell Cheney—Bland, civilized landscapes and portraits, in a memorial exhibition. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Giorgio de Chirico—Paintings, mainly of the last twenty-odd years, that show his almost embarrassing flounderings after abandoning his early, Surrealist style and taking up politics. (Acquavella, 38 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Corot—Eleven paintings, beautifully selected to cover the various stages of his long career. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Drawings—Sketches and scraps by Tiepolo, Gainsborough, Daumier, and other European masters. (Schaeffer, 52 E. 58th St.; through March 29.)

English Painters—A small collection of lesser-known landscapes by Constable, Gainsborough, and others. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.; through April 14.)

Max Ernst—A leading Surrealist shows new paintings, which are less fearsome but more forceful than his earlier efforts. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through April 12.)

French Painters—Works by Bonnard, Rouault, Matisse, and other twentieth-century artists. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Theodore Fried—Contemplative figure studies in soft, pale tones. (Chinese, 38 E. 57th St.; through March 28.)

German Painters—A loan show of rarely seen fifteenth-century paintings, much more Gothic in feeling than their Italian counterparts. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Eric Isenburger—Still-lifes and figure pieces, skillfully accented and painted in a deliberately blurred technique. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Dong Kingman—A water-colorist, formerly of San Francisco, takes a look at New York, concentrating on its animation. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through March 29.)

Maxim Kopf—New paintings, more fluent than his previous ones. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through March 29.)

Myron Lechay—A retrospective (1921-46) by a landscapist of thin talent but of competent and graceful workmanship. (Valentine, 55 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

Irving Lehman—Girders, traffic lights, and such, worked effectively into abstract conceptions of the city. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St.; weekdays, 12 to 6 P.M.; through March 29.)

Lewitin—Collages, in which snippings from old copies of *Fortune*, baked-bean ads, etc., are pasted up to make an entertaining group of abstractions. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Nan Lurie—First solo show of paintings that are bright in color and delicate and wispy in style. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through April 9.)

Nicholas Mocharniuk—Elongated wooden sculptures, some of them carved from chair legs and all of them bizarre but engaging. (Marquié, 16 W. 57th St.; through March 29.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Work in all media by members of the Academy, adding up to a real welter of academicism. The second half of the hundred-and-twenty-first annual exhibition. (Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 13.)

Woldemar Neufeld—Cheerful little water colors of a tidy countryside. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Walter Pach—Oils and water colors, by a critic whose style is not quite so advanced as his opinions. (Laurel, 48 E. 57th St.; through April 4.)

Edwin Avery Park—Cape Cod landscapes, showing a pleasing reticence of line and color. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through April 5.)

Fernando Puma—New paintings, very vigorous and bombastic. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

Georges Rouault—Thirteen paintings, just arrived from France. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

Josef Scharl—Religious drawings, done in a mixture of Oriental and symbolic styles that carries great conviction. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Georges Seurat—A small but sumptuous loan show of his too seldom exhibited drawings. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

René Seyssaud—An eighty-year-old French artist, new to this country, shows a group of violently colored landscapes and still-lifes. (Binet, 67 E. 57th St.; through March 28.)

Moses Soyer—More of this artist's quiet, expert figure studies. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones—Fancy interpretations of mythological and Biblical subjects, painted in water color on canvas. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through March 29.)

Hugo Steiner-Prag—A memorial exhibition of this artist's work from 1880 to 1945. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through April 5.)

Still-Lifes—A really fine collection, both French and American, including a new Braque and two new Picassos. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

War Paintings—Sixteen battle scenes, commissioned by the Chrysler Sales Corporation. (Chrysler Building, 405 Lexington Ave., at 42nd St.; through April 30.)

Nina Winkel—Terra cotta and stone figures, imaginatively executed. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through April 19.)

Ben Wolf—Stormy seas and Ryderesque clouds in a combination that is frequently quite successful. (Luyber, Hotel Brevoort, 15 Fifth Ave., at 8th St.; through March 29.)

William Zorach—First showing in four years by one of our major sculptors. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through March 29.)

Groups—At the HUGO, 26 E. 55th St.: Modern

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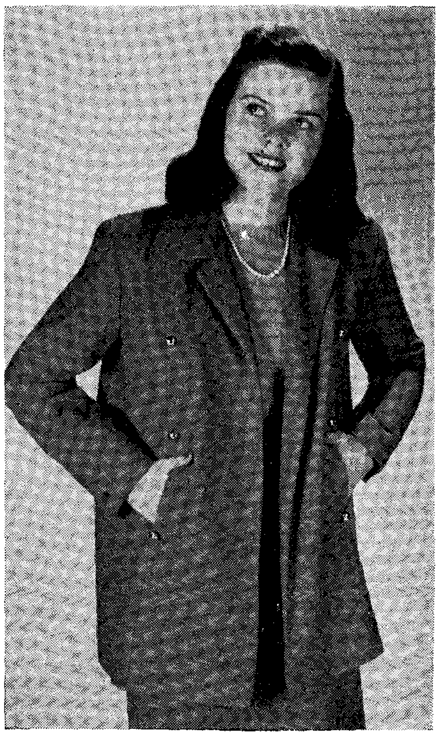

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings and sculptures by Wifredo Lam, Isamu Noguchi, and others, in a setting (by Frederick Kiesler) that tends at times to overshadow the exhibits; through March 29. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: A thoughtfully chosen collection of abstract paintings, the majority by Paul Klee and the rest by Mark Tobey, Henry Moore, and others; through March 29. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by artists under twenty-five, most of them much better than you might suppose; through March 27. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Pleasantly varied paintings by Enrico Donati, Julio de Diego, and Margaret Stark; through April 5. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Drawings by Robert Gwathmey, Marío Carreño, and twenty-five others; Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 4 P.M.; through March 30.

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Cézanne; through April 26. . . . **ART OF THIS CENTURY**, 30 W. 57th St.: David Hare; through April 19. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Hans Hofmann; through April 12. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French paintings; through April 19. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: Joseph DeMartini; through April 12. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Ben-Zion; through April 19. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: John Steuart Curry; through April 12. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Werner Drewes, John von Wicht, and four others; through April 11.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A fiftieth-anniversary show of newly acquired paintings, prints, and sculptures; through April 6. . . . ¶ The Museum's first annual print exhibition; through May 4. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and fifty photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, an able and discriminating man with a Leica; through April 6. . . . ¶ Forty-six recent lithographs by Picasso; through April 6. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings by twenty-six artists, including Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Contemporary Sculptures, Water Colors, and Drawings Annual. An exceptionally lively show. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 17.)

MUSIC

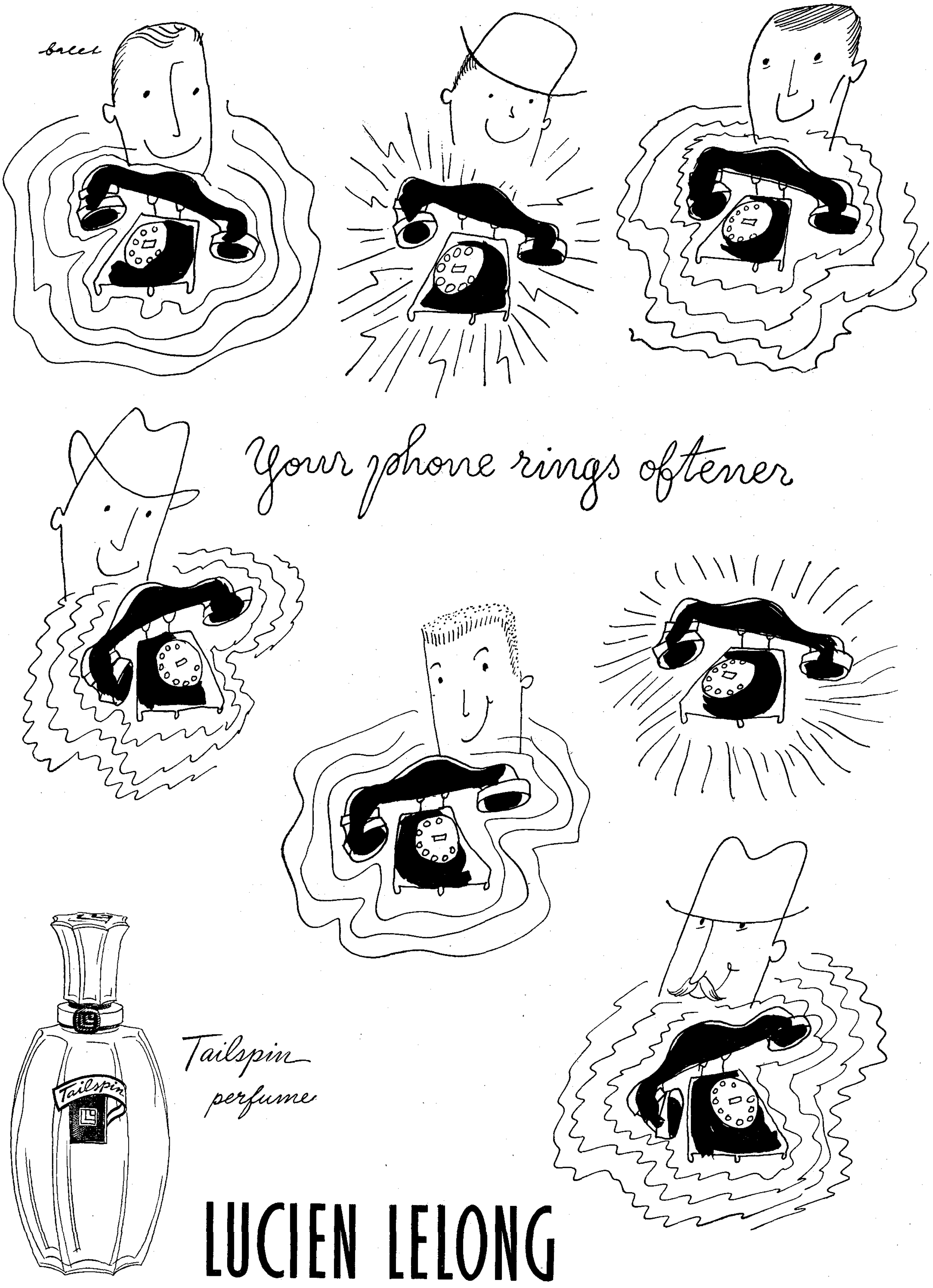
(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday evening, March 31, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Lucielle Browning, Leonard Warren, and Ferruccio Tagliavini. . . . ¶ Tuesday matinée, April 1, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel," with Martha Lipton and Nadine Conner, and the ballet "Valpurgis Night." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 2, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Rose Bampton, Set Svanholm, and Dezso Ernster. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Jennie Tourel and Raoul Jobin. . . . ¶ Friday matinée, April 4, at 1: "Parsifal," with Rose Bampton, Lauritz Melchior, and Dezso Ernster. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Daniza Ilitsch, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 5, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patrice Munsel, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Salvatore Baccaloni.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Efrem Kurtz conducting: Thursday evening, March 27, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, March 28, at 2:30, both with Jascha Heifetz, violin; Saturday evening, March 29, at 8:45, with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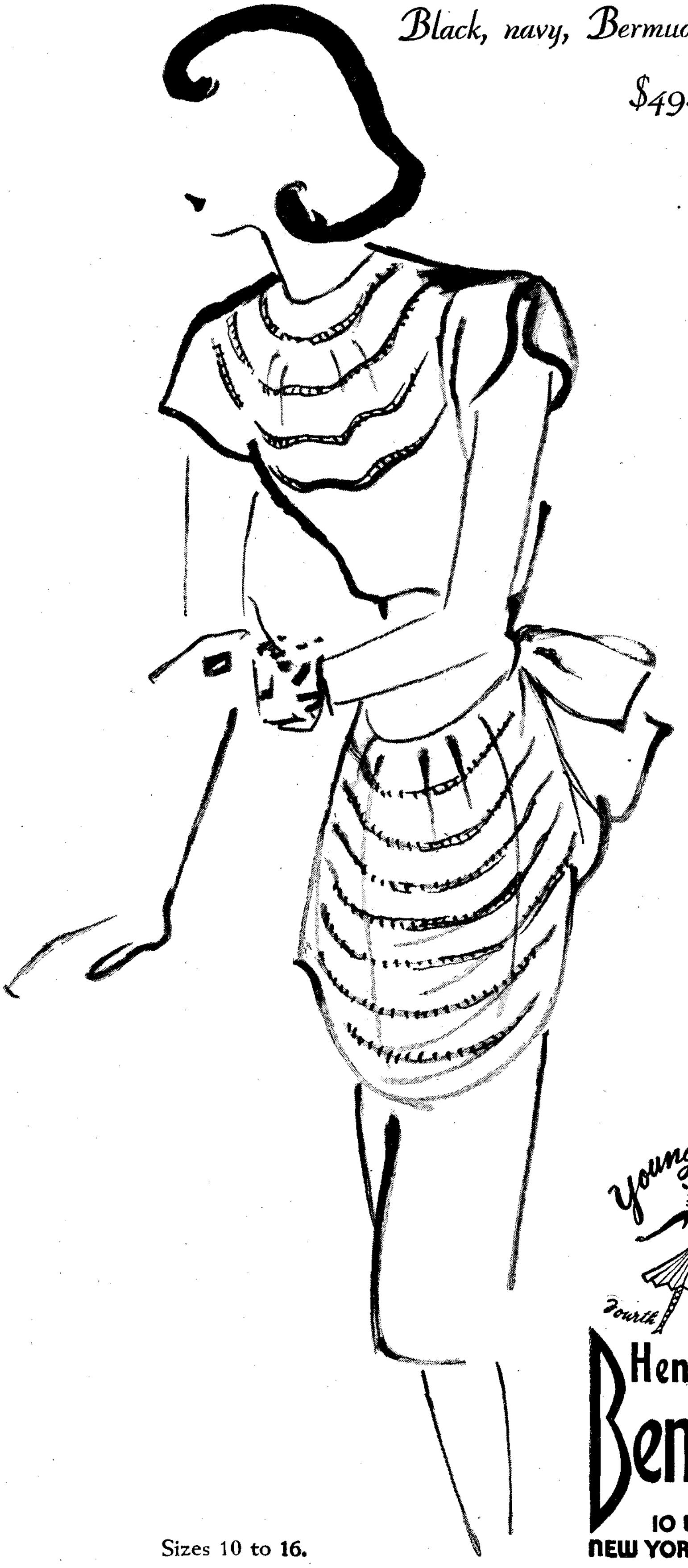

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ania Dorfmann, piano; Sunday afternoon, March 30, at 3, with Jascha Heifetz, violin. . . . ¶ Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, April 3, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, April 4, at 2:30 (no soloists).

Choral Music—Temple Emanu-El Choir, directed by Lazare Saminsky, plus two other choirs, in a series of three concerts. (Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Ave. at 65th St. RH 4-1400. Friday afternoon, March 28, at 2:30 and 5, and Saturday morning, March 29, at 10:15.)

Upsala College Choir—Annual concert. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 29, at 3.)

Museum Concert—David Mannes conducting the second program in his annual symphonic series. (Metropolitan Museum. Sunday afternoon, March 30, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

New York City Symphony—In a Gershwin memorial concert, Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Monday evening, March 31, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, April 1, at 8:30.)

Schola Cantorum—In Bach's "Passion According to St. John," directed by Hugh Ross, with Desi Halban, soprano; Mona Paulee, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, April 2, at 8:45.)

Jazz Concert—Mildred Bailey, Mary Lou Williams, Dave Tough, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 28, at 8:30.)

Tom Scott—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Friday evening, March 28, at 8:30.)

Richard Tauber—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Georges Enesco—Violin, in two concerts for the benefit of Rumanian relief. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Sunday and Monday evenings, March 30-31, at 8:30.)

Leonard Bernstein—Lecturing on "Contemporary Music for the Theatre," with piano illustrations. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday evening, March 30, at 8:40.)

Harold Kohon—Violin. (Town Hall. Monday evening, March 31, at 8:30.)

Maggie Teyte and René Le Roy—Soprano and flutist, in a program for the benefit of French relief. (Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. Tuesday afternoon, April 1, at 3. For tickets, call RE 4-3160.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

College Basketball—East-West College All-Stars, a benefit for the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 29, at 8 P.M.)

Boxing—Marcel Cerdan, of France, vs. Harold Green, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 28. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Fencing—Metropolitan Open Championships, team competition: Women's Foil, Thursday, March 27, at 7 P.M.; Electrical Épée, Saturday, March 29, at 2:30 P.M.; Sabre, Thursday, April 3, at 7 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.) . . . ¶ Wilkinson Sword Tournament. (Waldorf-Astoria. Saturday, April 5, at 4 P.M.)

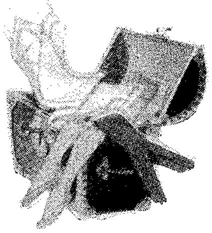
Hunt Races—Camden Race Meeting. (Camden, S.C. Saturday, March 29, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Deep Run Hunt Club. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 5.)

Indoor Polo—Squadron A vs. Ramapo, and West Point Officers vs. another Ramapo team. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30 P.M.)

Racing—The Jamaica meeting will open Saturday, April 5. (The Paumonok Handicap, April 5.)

Indoor Tennis—Jean Borotra and Marcel Bernard vs. Frank Shields and Don McNeill, in a

Van Raalte



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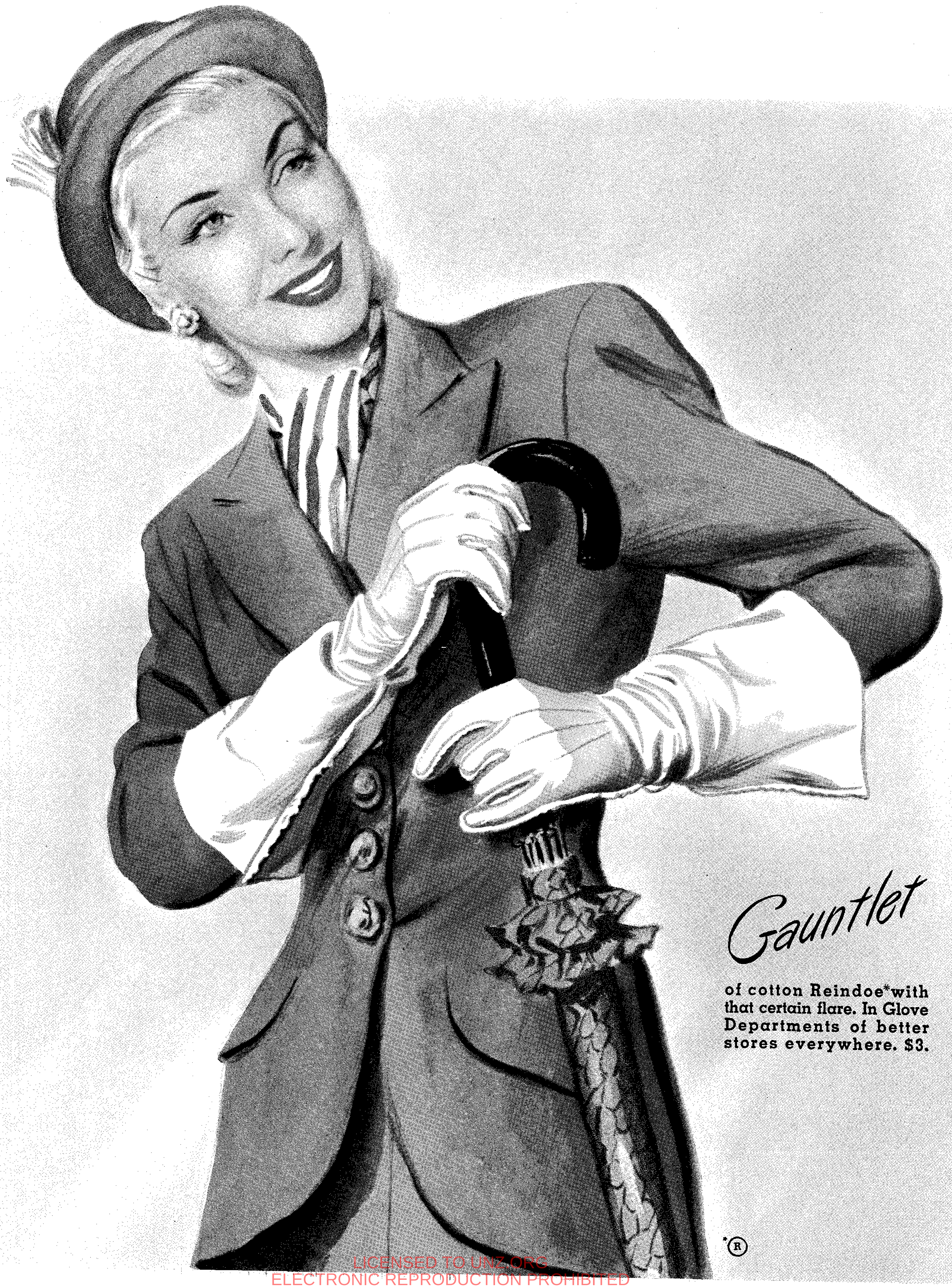

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

benefit match for the Indoor Tennis Club of Paris. (Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200. Thursday, March 27, at 8:30 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS MEETINGS—The Economic and Social Council is in plenary session, and two hundred and fifty unofficial spectators are admitted to all open meetings. The Security Council, of course, continues to function, and the same number of visitors are allowed to sit in. Two hundred and fifty onlookers can also be accommodated at meetings of the Trusteeship Council. If you are thinking of attending any of these sessions, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around three in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next one is to be held. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Park W. at 76th St.—Woodcuts of famous news events, which were used before the day of the flash bulb to keep gazette readers up on such matters as the Johnstown flood, the death of President Garfield, the burning of Barnum's Museum, and the firing on Fort Sumter.... ¶ There is also a side exhibit of old hospital records, medical treatises, tooth extractors, and such Hippocratic memorabilia, going back to the American Revolution. (Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

PLANETARIUM—Reopening on Saturday, March 29, with a new demonstration, called "The Easter Star Parade." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Early American glass and eighteenth-century American furniture, owned by Richard Loeb. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Auction, Thursday, March 27, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ French furniture of the eighteenth century and objects of art, from the collections of Mrs. Millicent H. Rogers, Mrs. de Lancey Kountze, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St. Exhibition, Thursday, March 27, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ Paintings by modern French artists, including Vlaminck, Utrillo, and Dufy. (Kende Galleries, at Gimbels, Broadway at 33rd St. Exhibition, Thursday through Monday, March 27-31, except Sunday, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; auction, Monday, March 31, at 8 P.M.)... ¶ The Four Folios of Shakespeare, autograph letters of Napoleon, and other literary curiosa, from the library of the late Fred W. Allsopp. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Thursday through Monday, March 27-31, except Sunday; auction, Tuesday, April 1, at 2 and 8 P.M.) ... ¶ English eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, from the collections of the late Bernard Voss, the late Mrs. Walter B. James, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Saturday through Tuesday, March 29-April 1, except Sunday; auction, Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Sunday, March 30, at 3 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sunday, March 30, at 5 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, March 29 and April 5, at 5 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, April 1, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. ... ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, William Steinberg conducting, Saturday, March 29, at 3 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Marian Anderson, contralto, Monday, March 31, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.... ¶ Howard K. Smith, from Moscow, Sundays at 1:45 P.M., WCBS.

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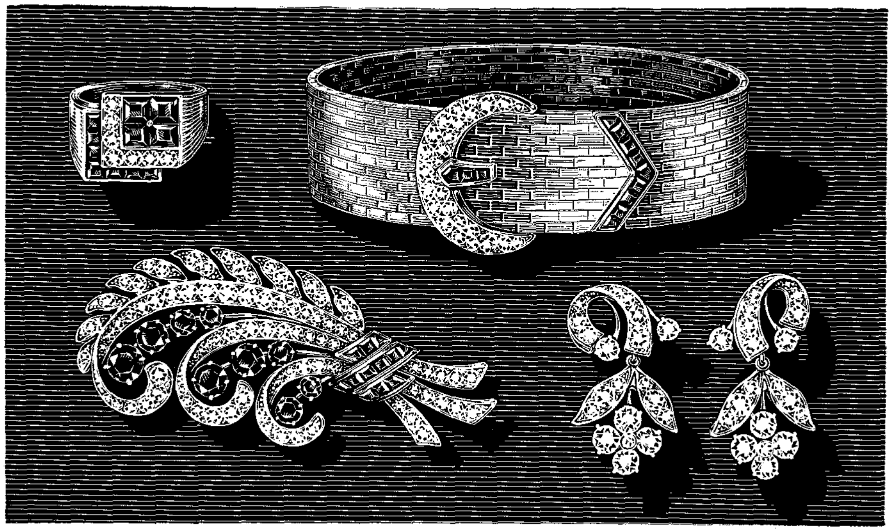

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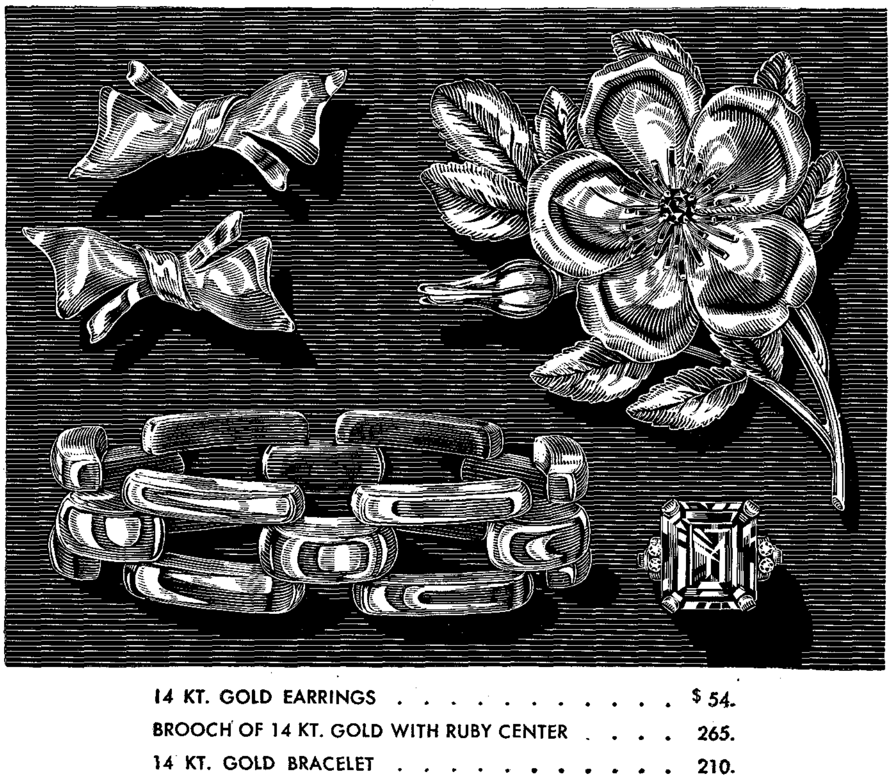

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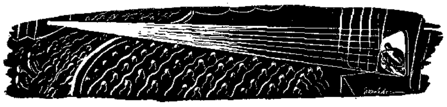

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Angel and Sinner—Guy de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi," combined into a funny tale of a half-dozen collaborationists of 1870, who look rather tawdry when contrasted with a noble prostitute who gives her all to a German officer in the name of *La Patrie*. In French. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Best Years of Our Lives—In spite of all the excited comments you've been hearing about this account of the postwar difficulties of three veterans, it is often just slick and pretentious. However, there's some reasonable dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some excellent acting by Fredric March. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Boomerang!—Courtroom doings designed to prove that you can't always trust eye-witnesses at a murder trial and that a prosecuting attorney doesn't always have it in for the defendant. Both propositions have been spun into a neat melodrama, with Dana Andrews, Lee Cobb, and Arthur Kennedy. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; March 27....¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 1.)

Brief Encounter—A tender and touching British film for grown-up moviegoers. It tells the story of a married woman and a doctor she meets by chance. Beautifully played by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—The Shaw play, happily transposed to the screen, with Claude Rains as an affable and witty Caesar. It's a little extended, perhaps, but brightened by Technicolor and Vivien Leigh. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 1.)

Henry V—A magnificent rendition of Shakespeare's historical drama. In the triple capacity of producer, director, and protagonist, Laurence Olivier is splendid, and the cast that supports him is pretty splendid, too. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sundays at 3 and 8:40 P.M.)

Ivan the Terrible—The trilogy that Eisenstein is putting together about the Czar gets off to a slow start in this first part. Massive and cumbersome, it presents Ivan as a friend of the common man and just about the noblest tyrant you ever ran into. (Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st, WI 7-9686.)

Lady in the Lake—By substituting the camera for the eyes of the hero, who remains invisible through most of the proceedings, this film, directed by Robert Montgomery, tries to introduce a touch of originality into the usual Hollywood private-detective formula. (Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200, through March 31....¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through April 1....¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 2.)

The Late George Apley—Not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Marquand novel, but an engaging item, which follows the stage play in most details. With Ronald Colman, Percy Waram, and Mildred Natwick. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Open City—A superlative account, made in Rome, of the Italian underground. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Rendezvous with Annie—A modest, moderately funny comedy about an Air Forces corporal who gets caught in a mixup involving a three-day pass and the paternity of his child. With Eddie Albert, William Frawley, and Wallace Ford. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 1.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—A French piece that treats seduction and its embarrassing consequences with lots of gaiety and understanding. The late Raimu is admirable in the picture. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

The Years Between—An English film that succeeds, by adult dialogue and good acting, in making something entertaining out of a hoary plot concerning a husband who turns up alive when his wife is convinced that he is dead. Michael Redgrave and Valerie Hobson are in it. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

REVIVALS

Blockade (1938)—War, Spain, and spies. Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through March 29.)

Having Wonderful Time (1938)—A screen version of Arthur Kober's play. Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 30-31.)

The Hurricane (1937)—Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, and Mary Astor caught in a Sam Goldwyn storm. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 30-31.)

Kings Row (1942)—Life in a small town during the nineties. With Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 27.)

Lady in Distress (1942)—British melodrama about a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; through March 28.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley playing an old actor who has taken to the bottle. Also with Ida Lupino. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through March 30.)

M, the Kidnapper (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. A German film, with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 28-31.)

Mrs. Parkington (1944)—Louis Bromfield's study of robber barons and their wives. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 30-April 1.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—James M. Cain's melodrama of murder and passion. With John Garfield and Lana Turner. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; March 27.)

The Spiral Staircase (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 27.)

Street Scene (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sidney. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 29....¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting April 1.)

Strike Me Pink (1936)—Eddie Cantor and Ethel Merman in an amusement park. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 27.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429; through April 2.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 1.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the tedium of a dreary marriage by the war. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 27....¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; March 30-April 1.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St., CI 5-8900) is showing movies from its collection on the following schedule. March 27, at 4 P.M.: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), with Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone. ... ¶ March 28-30: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, and Charlie Ruggles.... ¶ Starting March 31: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. Showings, unless otherwise noted, are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"It Happened in Brooklyn," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Peter Lawford, Jimmy Durante.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Johnny O'Clock," Dick Powell, Evelyn Keyes.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Red House," Edward G. Robinson.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Angel and the Bad Man," John Wayne, Gail Russell.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Nora Prentiss," Ann Sheridan, Kent Smith.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"The Locket," Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum, Brian Aherne.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"My Favorite Brunette," Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Farmer's Daughter," Loretta Young, Ethel Barrymore, Joseph Cotten.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
March 27: BOOMERANG!
From March 28: "Carnival in Costa Rica," Dick Haymes, Vera-Ellen.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through April 2: "The Strange Woman," Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Pursued," Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
Through April 2: THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, revival.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), Arletty.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Desire" (in Swedish).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
ANGEL AND SINNER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE YEARS BETWEEN.

Republic, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
"Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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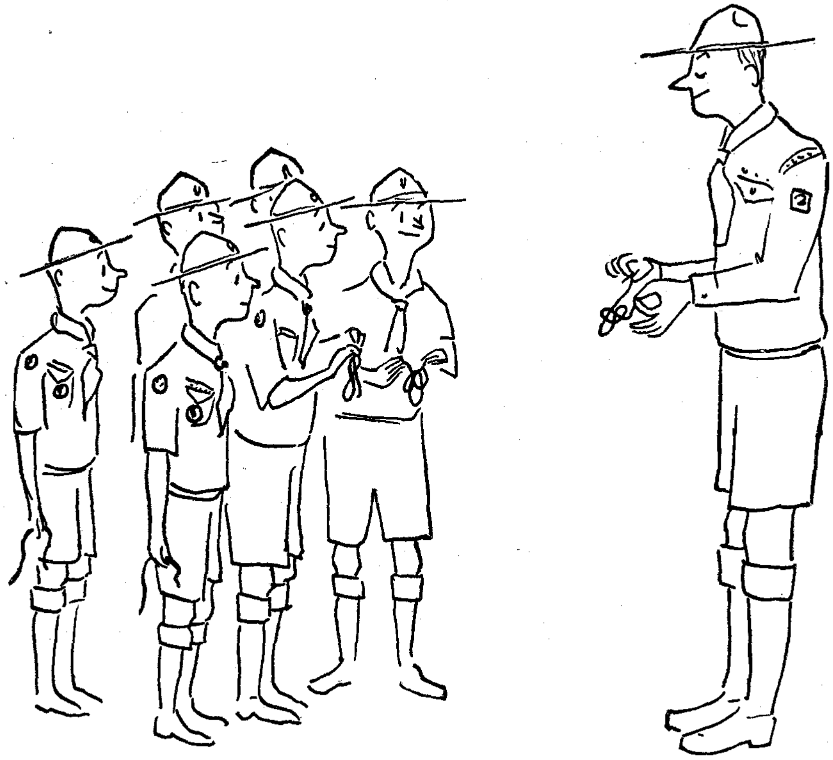

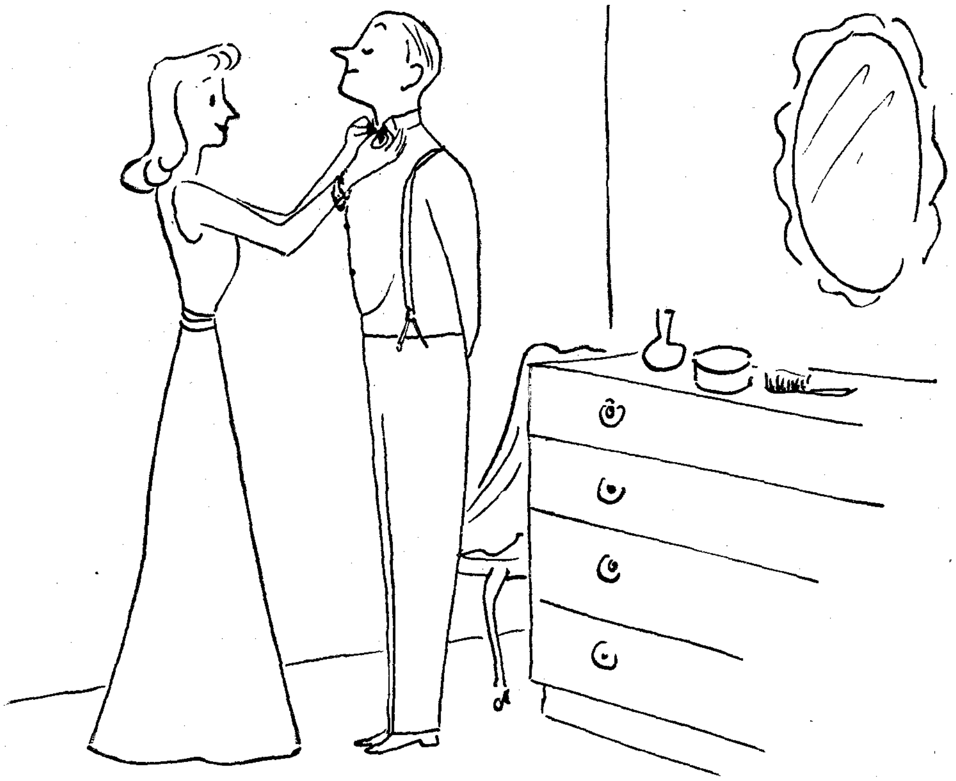

Nor the Power of the Magazine Women Believe In!

In the first 4 months of 1947, advertisers have invested 42% more money in the Journal than in the same period of 1946 —the largest revenue year in the Journal's 63-year history.

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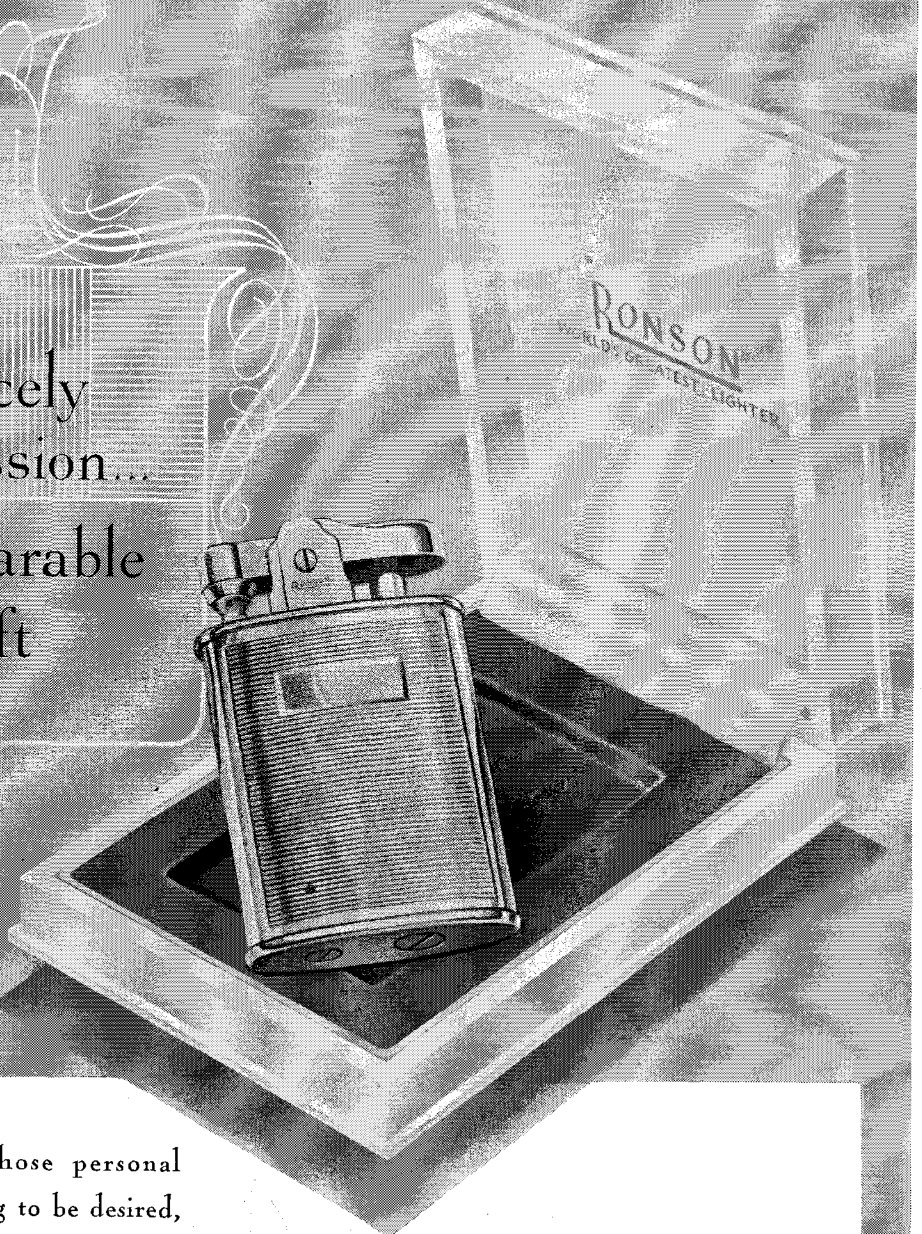

The New Ronson "Banker"
in 14 Kt. Gold
Two Hundred Dollars
(TAX EXTRA)

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Created in 'limited editions' only . . . and well worth waiting for, if not presently available at your dealer.

The 'Banker' is not just a lighter with only an outer shell of gold. It is a precision Ronson, executed through and through in 14kt. gold, except for *some functional parts.* Deep-cut decorative ribbing on front and back, polished monogram shield.

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Featuring the Famous, Patented Ronson Safety-Action

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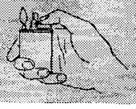

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personalized colognes

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Four appealing fragrances...
Flowers of Devonshire, Gardenia,
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Mary Dunhill, Fifth Avenue, New York

"Mommy's gone to have her fur coat Hollanderized"

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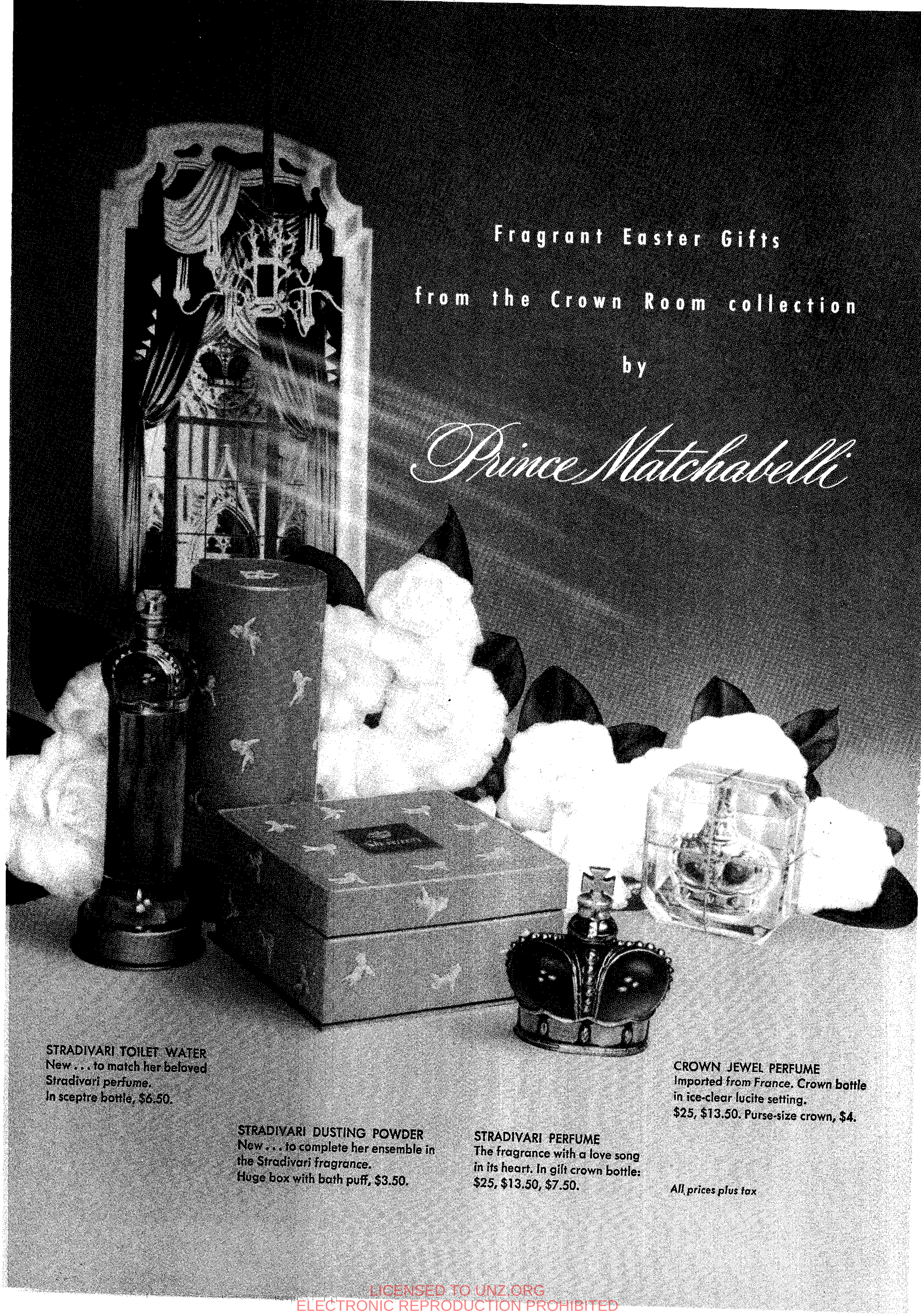

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STRADIVARI TOILET WATER
New . . . to match her beloved Stradivari *perfume.*
In sceptre bottle, $6.50.

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New . . . to complete her ensemble in the Stradivari *fragrance.*
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Golden Fleece
4-Ply
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The Jewel of Facial Tissues!

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Golden Fleece tissues are made only
from the silky fibres of [illegible]
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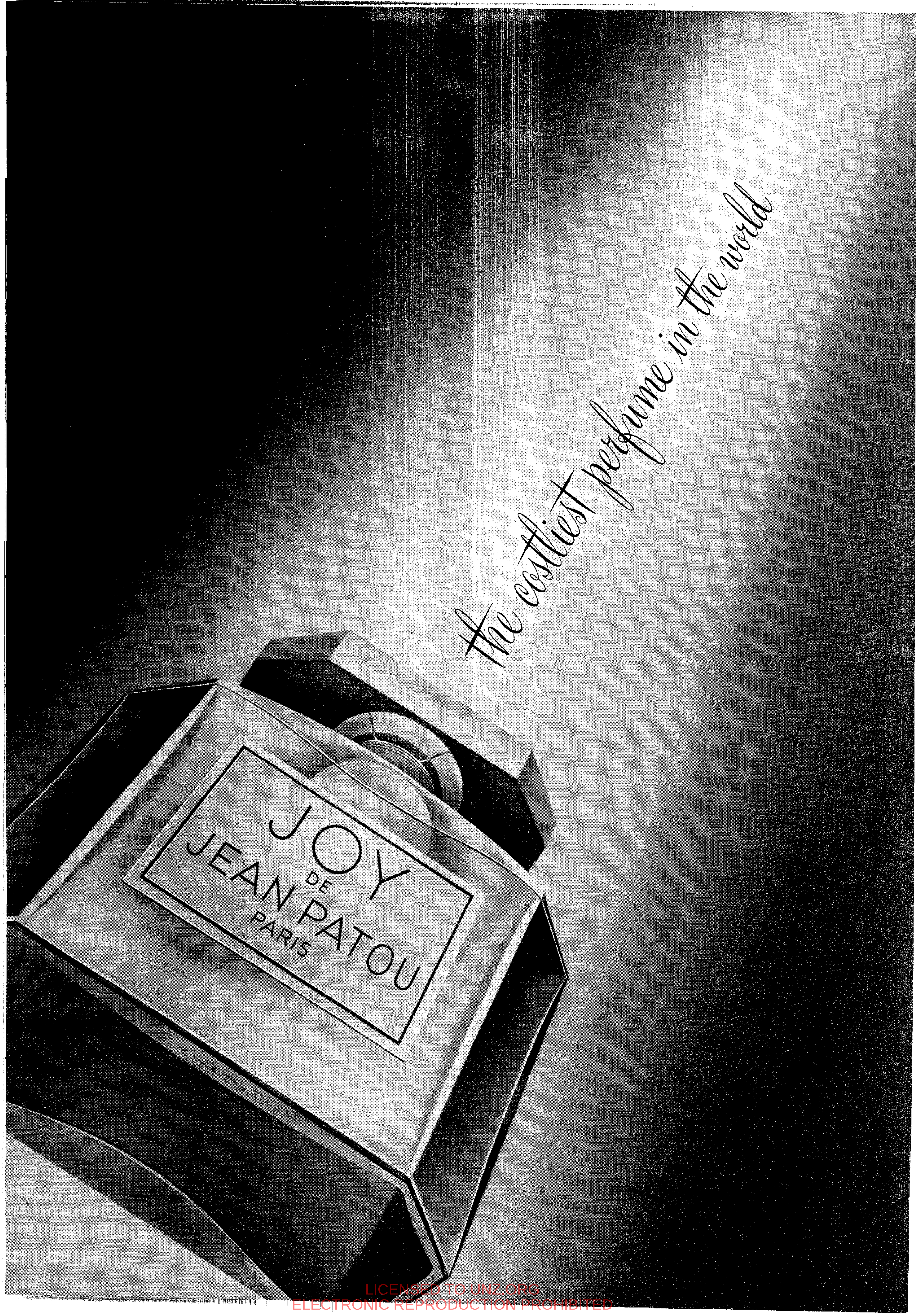
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BY PRINCE MATCHABELLI . . . A PRECIOUS FRAGRANCE, A GIFT TO MAKE THIS EASTER UNFORGETTABLE. THE REGAL CROWN BOTTLE EXQUISITELY ENCASED IN A CUBE OF CLEAR LUCITE.

1 oz. 30.00 1/2 oz. 16.20 2 dram size (not in lucite) 4.80.

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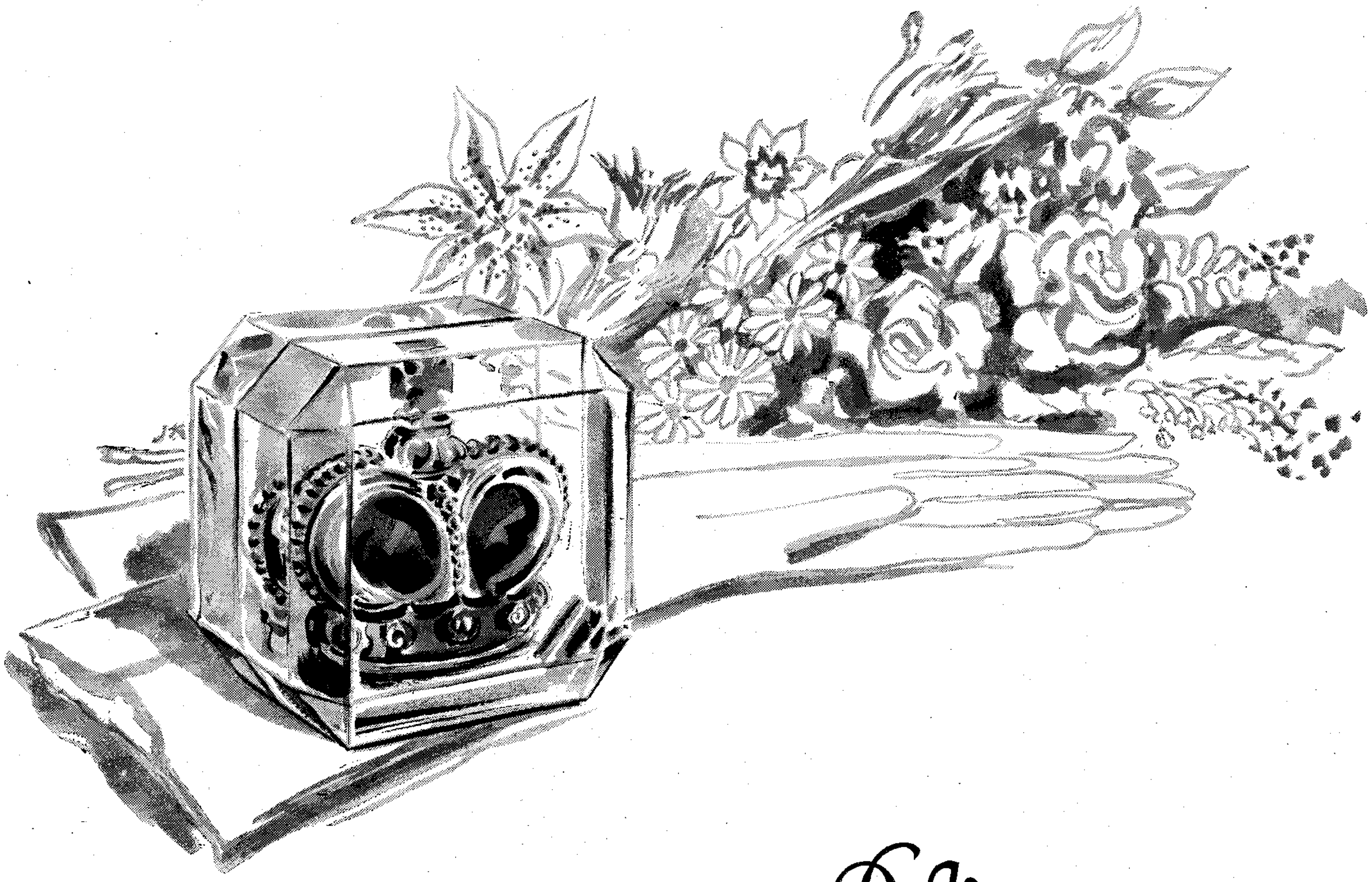


B. ALTMAN & CO. **FIFTH AVENUE**

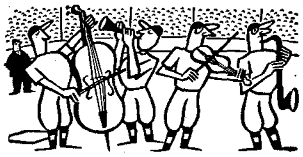
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

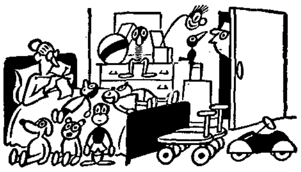
Moving Finger Note: The Atomic Energy Commission has taken over the office space in Washington that the United States Public Health Service was using as headquarters.

Colonel Larry MacPhail's announcement that the Yankees are going to sponsor a symphony program on the radio next season in order to get more ladies interested in baseball seems to us perfectly splendid. This musical come-on will be broadcast for an hour every afternoon the Yankees play. According to the *Times*, "only occasional interruptions will be made, then only to give the latest Yankee score, a few details about how the Yankees—or the opposing club—has scored, or some other incident of interest at the ball park." One art serving as handmaiden to another is a cultural doubleheader that cannot but win approval, and we suggest that the Boston Symphony, or possibly the Philadelphia Symphony, reciprocate by forming a league of ball clubs, with musical offerings, such as "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune Qui Vient de Frapper un Texas Leaguer," between innings. Colonel MacPhail's project leaves us with three reservations. The first of these we have because of his statement that occasionally one of the Yankees will be introduced on the program and interviewed on musical, rather than baseball, matters. We wonder whether Joe DiMaggio and Charlie Keller will be up to this, even with coaching. Our second is that an umpire may be killed at some game in mid-program and that such an incident of interest, reported to the listening ladies, may take their minds off music for the rest of the hour. Our third is that the program will be so good that some musical baseball fans, who intended originally to go to the game, will stay home instead to listen to it. The Colonel is an old Army man, however, and he has doubtless considered these possibilities and dismissed them as calculated risks.



"The past academic year has been one of reconversion from war to peace," Mr. Charles Seymour, President of Yale University, announced in his latest annual report to the alumni. "Still committed to war schedules which could not be ended hastily, we have also been busied with preparations for the future." "Busied" is the word we admire here, and its choice is the reason for our reprinting this passage. "We have been busy with preparations for the future" is the way a president of a bank, of a cement company, or of Princeton would probably have referred to similar activities, thus conjuring up a humdrum picture of tidy charts, brisk stenographers, dictaphones, and prefabricated houses for employees or undergraduates. President Seymour, with an extra, gentlemanly squiggle of his ivory quill pen, leads us into a world of urbane planning conferences in the windowless confines of the Russell Trust Association building and before the glowing grate of the Elizabethan Club—a world of long clay pipes, portentous throat clearing, and a complete set of the Loeb Classical Library for every returned bomber pilot.

Having assumed until we reached a fairly advanced age that toys were made under chilling but stable conditions at the North Pole, we read with agitation a story in the *Wall Street Journal* last week saying that the bottom had fallen out of the toy business—a revelation that led to our going over to the Hotel McAlpin to call at the forty-fourth annual Toy Fair, which was just winding up operations, and talking with a few of the eight hundred-odd manufacturers who had been displaying their bright wares there. We were at least patchily reassured, though our uneasiness was at first increased because of the fact that the exhibits were held in ordinary bedrooms, and we couldn't help feeling a certain embarrassment at peering through an open doorway where, despite the glittering commercial clutter within, we half expected to find an elderly lady sitting up in bed knitting. It didn't help our orientation, either, to be plunged abruptly into a world without guideposts, made up wholly of teeter-totters, jointed cows, clicker pistols, musical Nativity sets, Jolly Giant Play Balls, Zowie Plastic Horseshoes, Pal-O-Mine Pla-Kars, Whitney Personality Bean Bags, Supersonic Express Wagons, and Glub-Glubs, the last being those maddening composition birds that hover over a tumbler of water and rock back and forth in bold defiance of what we recall as being the second law of thermodynamics. (We asked the lady in charge of the room full of nodding Glub-Glubs what made them work, and she said, "Chemicals in the tail—moist head—change of temperature—heat. *I* don't know what makes them work.")



We were so dazzled by this profusion of toys—this child's dream raised to the tenth power—that we took refuge in the barest room we could find, which proved to be the headquarters of the Consolidated Novelty Company. The man in charge, who looked anything but polar and was smoking an indefensible cigar, welcomed us heartily. When we inquired about business, he assured us that he was the only man at the Fair who wasn't crying. "Sure the others are crying," he said. "They've had a lot of lookers and no buyers. So what? So they got to go out and hop a train again. They got to sell. For five years now, a lot of these guys never been on a train. No wonder they cry. With us, it's different. We got a nice line—Christmas novelties. Nobody ever went wrong putting a new twist in Christmas." Farther down the corridor, we came on a salesman lying in bed. He sat up and insisted on our looking over his exhibit. "I sleep here and show here," he said, "and the way things are this year, I sleep more than I show. My line is chemistry sets. We got what we call the Practical Chemist. No atom-bomb stuff, but the kids can make what they really want to make—hand lotions, vanishing cream, bubble-bath liquid, and things like that."

Shaking our head over the decadence of present-day child chemists, we next paid our respects to a representative of Richard Appel, Inc., manufacturers of dummy cigarette butts, foaming sugar, rubber frankfurters, false noses, itching powder, and other equipment for the witty adolescent. We found the representative in comparatively good spirits. "Maybe things aren't like last year," he said, "but as long as there's a single joker left in the world, we're going to have a market for dribbling water glasses and hot toothpicks. All we got to worry about is for people to keep a keen sense of humor."

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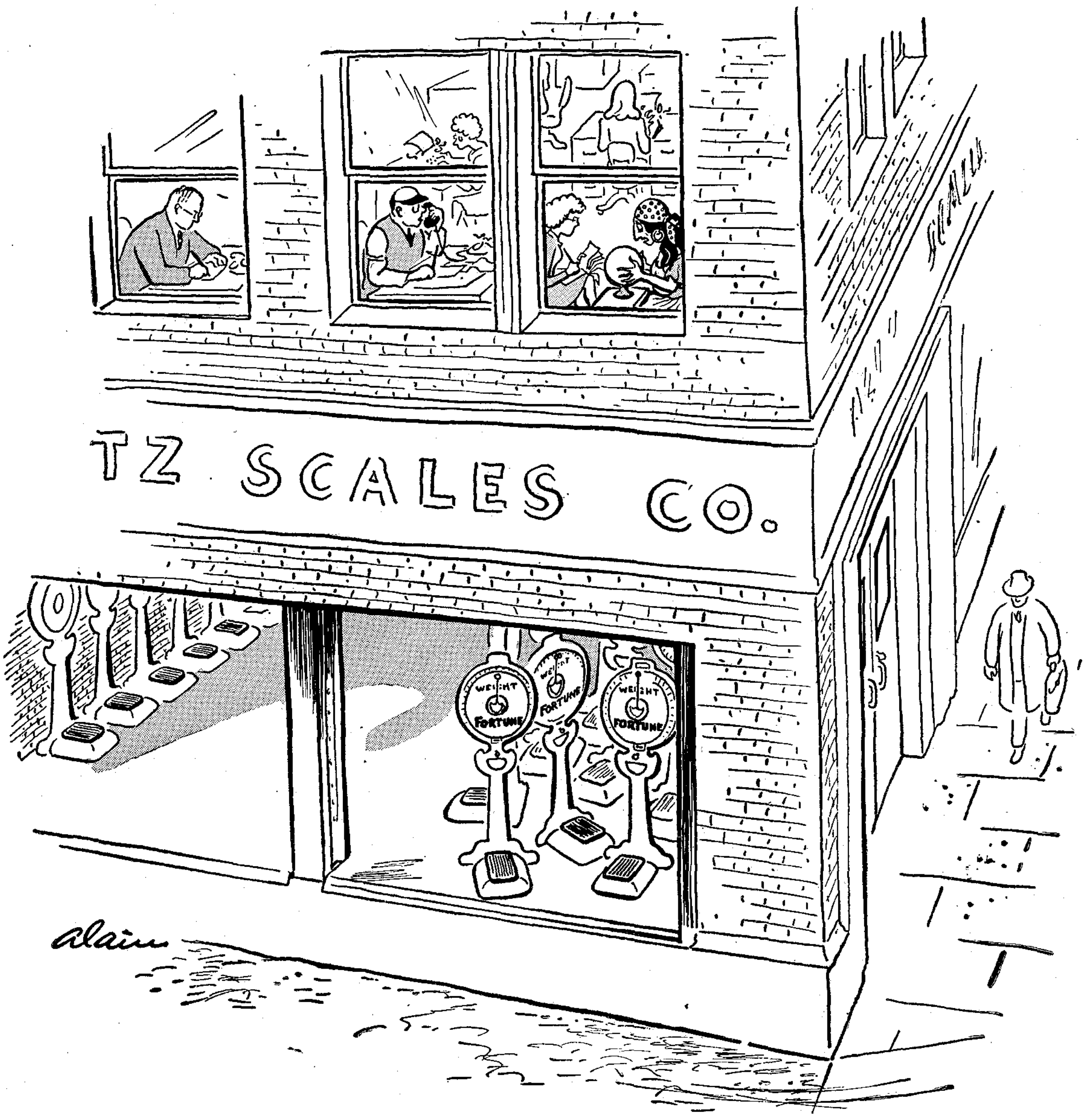
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a sign in a bar near Smith College, in Northampton, that reads, "Not Responsible for Loss of Clothing."

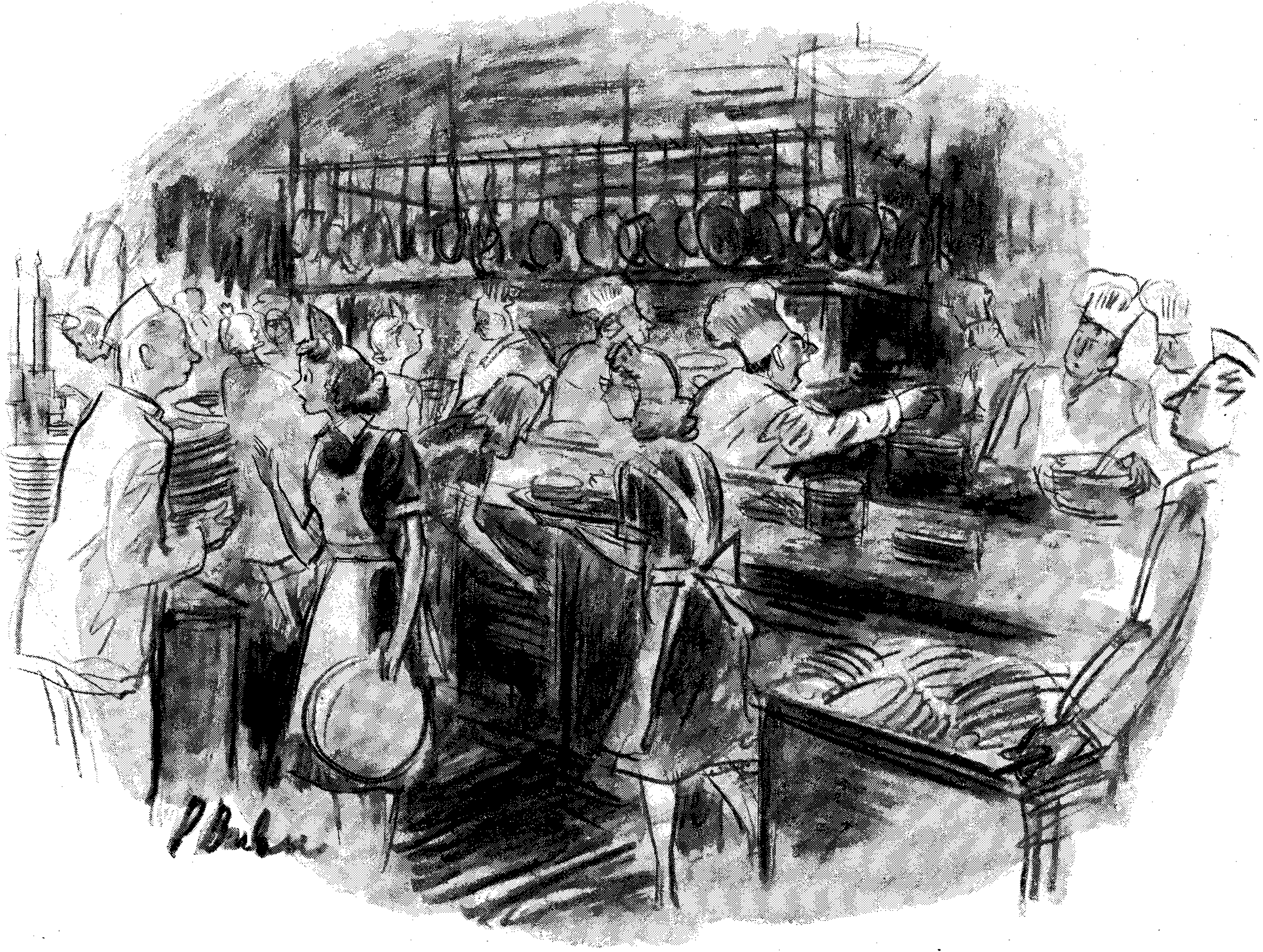
A cemetery in Tacoma, Washington, is advertised as being "owned and operated by the people it serves."

Rubber Man

FRANCIS A. TRUSLOW is glamorous to us *not* because he is the new president of the Curb Exchange but because of his wartime adventures. Tapped for the Rubber Reserve Company, an agency of the government, in mid-1942, he left his Manhattan law office on two days' notice and flew to Lima, Peru, from which he directed the development of the wild-rubber industry in tropical South America, including the Amazon Basin, which is almost as big as the United States. "The Japs took ninety per cent of the world's rubber in two months," he told us while discussing his experiences recently, "and most of what was left was in utterly wild areas. We got the thing set up so everyone down there had to work rubber. The natives had been working various jungle products, such as Brazil nuts. We stopped Brazil nuts by buying up all the nuts on the market, dumping them, and refusing to allow an export license on any more. Then, in conjunction with the governments of sixteen countries, we established joint-financing programs for advancing credit to the local merchants, so they could grubstake the tappers at the beginning of the *zafra*—that's the producing season. We also sold tapping cups, machetes, shotguns, mosquito nets, and other tappers' equipment to the merchants in proportion to the amount of rubber they agreed to supply, thus clamping a sort of economic inducement on them. Little by little, we got the rubber coming in. By 1945, we had a hundred and fifty thousand people working for us. Altogether, we got around a hundred thousand tons of rubber out. To give you an idea, Peru produced thirty-four tons in 1941 and twenty-five hundred in 1945. The Japs never thought we could do it."

Truslow flew to some of the wildest areas himself, crossing the Peruvian Andes at an altitude of twenty-four thousand feet in a single-engine chartered plane. Eventually, his organization had a dozen Catalinas at its disposal. Prepared for such activity only by membership in the American Geographical Society, Truslow walked





"How do I give the chef somebody's compliments?"

• •

through the jungle and went up its rivers in dugouts, marking out rubber-tapping areas and setting up trading posts. "I knocked off two hundred and fifty thousand miles, mostly in back regions," he told us. "We recruited technicians from all over. Some of our men lived for two and a half years at a stretch on those back rivers. The South American countries were simply wonderful, not only increasing their rubber output incredibly but cutting their consumption by a higher percentage than we did here." The Rubber Reserve outfit's extra-U. S. procurement was delegated to the Rubber Development Corporation in 1943, and Truslow became president of this the following year. When the bomb fell on Hiroshima, he was deep in Anglo-Dutch plans for the invasion of Malaya and Sumatra. "One night, I flew from Amsterdam to Croydon," he said, "and from there I shared a taxi with a British brigadier of artillery, just back from the South Pacific. He took me to his club around midnight and was groaning about what the bazooka had done to artillery when we got the Hiroshima news. That poor old artilleryman! He just put his head in his hands. I saw Mountbatten that morning, a few hours later. The Malaya campaign had been scheduled for August and he had had no prior knowledge of the bomb. I don't think MacArthur had had, either."

Truslow is a Yale man and the second member of his class (1928) to head a major stock exchange. (William McC. Martin, Jr., former president of the New York Stock Exchange, is the other.) He is an expert skier and the father of four, and became a counsel for the Curb Exchange early in 1942, a few months before going to Peru. He told us he took no precautions in the jungle, drank river water whenever he felt like it, had a cook who had leprosy, and never had a day's malaise till he got to Holland in the summer of '45. There a couple of British officers he was working with thought he looked worn and sought to bolster him up by taking him on a picnic on the dikes outside The Hague. A game developed, which consisted of taking running jumps off the dikes onto the sand. Truslow overjumped the sand, landed on rock, and broke two vertebrae. He kept going a few days by plunging into hot baths every two hours, and then flew home, where the Medical Center people put him in a steel jacket, which he wore for seven months. No snake ever bit him, but once when he expressed polite admiration for a twenty-four-and-a-half-foot anaconda skin displayed in a Peruvian village, the owner insisted on giving it to him. His wife has had pocketbooks and suitcases made out of it and still has a good deal of skin on hand.

Break

LADY went into Tiffany's one morning last week and asked to be shown some silver bar spoons. The salesman who waited on her raised his white old eyebrows and said, "Tiffany has no bar spoons, Madam, but may I—may I ask what their purpose is?" Feeling slightly abashed, the lady said that, well, they were frequently used for stirring Martinis. "Oh, those!" the salesman said. "Tiffany calls those lemonade spoons."

New Procedure

OUR readers doubtless read that the "Forever Amber" case was decided in favor of the book, which was a victory for Macmillan, Miss Winsor's publishers, but we doubt if they realize how many precedents it established. Well, it was the first trial for an alleged violation of a 1945 Massachusetts statute under which proceedings are brought (this time by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts) against a book itself, not a bookseller. In the old, pre-"Forever Amber" days, the Massachusetts prosecution usually had to prove merely that a book brought into question had been sold by a bookseller to a certain person, and the Watch and Ward Society often succeeded in persuading such a seller to plead guilty, on the understanding that he would get off with a light fine. Such trials were generally over in fifteen minutes. Moreover, the statute under which "Forever Amber" was tried and exonerated provided—for the first time in the history of legislation—for the admission in evidence of the testimony of experts, as well as proof of the literary, educational, and cultural values of the suspect book, and for the consideration of facts pertaining to the publication, distribution, and sale of same. In this case, evidence on the first point was supplied by book reviews, ranging from one in the *Times* ("written with only moderate skill . . . rich with historical background") to one in *Harper's* ("real achievement in characterization and romantic story telling"), and by statements of a raft of authorities, ranging from Lewis Gannett ("I cannot imagine it tempting any modern girl to imitate the way of life of its chief character") to Charles Hanson Towne ("I can see nothing harmful in [it]"). The moral climate of the territory in which distribution took place was made an issue, and Macmillan was able to show, thanks to a young lady in its employ who did some zealous legwork, that various public libraries and bookstores in Massachusetts (including Springfield, where the complaint originated) had on their shelves such sexually-aware volumes as "The Decameron," "Moll Flanders," "The Well of Loneliness," "The Postman Always Rings Twice," and the complete works of Rabelais, and that Boston itself had a public library that circulated nude pictures by Botticelli, Rubens, Titian, and others; a burlesque theatre offering "sexual humor in the broadest and coarsest form;" and store windows featuring brassières, panties, and girdles on lifelike models.

Furthermore, the case blazed a trail in that it utilized the testimony of psychiatrists about the book's effect on average adults ("Nothing objectionable"—Dr. A. A. Brill; "It will inform the ignorant and weary the intelligent"—Dr. Foster Kennedy); was the longest court trial involving literary censorship (three and a half days); and was the first trial since 1900 in which a book or a bookseller was vindicated by a higher court in Massachusetts (the Superior Court in Equity). Furthermore, furthermore, the Watch and Ward people, who made the original complaint against Miss Winsor's baby, failed to show at the trial.

We are indebted for these facts, and for a good many others, which we have tied up in a bundle and deposited in our bottom drawer, to Mr. Alexander Lindey, an attorney of the New York firm of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst, which was retained by Macmillan. According to Lindey, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" were once charged with corrupting the morals of children, much of Shelley's work was adjudged pornographic, Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" were attacked, and Walt Whitman was kicked out of the Department of the Interior after he wrote "Leaves of Grass." "The pendulum is always swinging," Mr. Lindey told us, speaking for the crusaders against censorship, "but I don't think we'll lose the ground we've gained here. It's a milestone in the history of jurisprudence. It's about time courts stopped judging books in a vacuum and put them down in the context of our daily life—the language we use, the clothes we wear, the plays and movies we see, and our general social behavior. A man in the locker room of a golf club thinks one thing; put him in a jury box, and he's suddenly the keeper of the morals of the world." Mr. Lindey hasn't joined a golf club, but he plays occasionally, going around in the low nineties and with an ear cocked.

Limited

A Conservative old gentleman spent a recent weekend with his daughter and son-in-law on Long Island. When his daughter opened his bag after his arrival, she found pinned to a nightshirt this neatly written note from his Negro valet:

Folks:

Hope I got in everything. If I may take the liberty, I suggest that on Sunday Mr. Walker wear the following:

Light Jacket
Dark Brown Pants
Light Yellow Shirt
Dark Brown Tie (the one with the bears on it).

I realize it is not such a gay combination, but it is the best I could do.

Harris

Through the Iron Curtain

MOST Russian doctors and scientists who visit this country these days are taken in hand at some point by Dr. Abraham Stone, a Russian-speaking infertility specialist who is secretary of the American-Soviet Medical Society, which was formed three years ago to promote a greater exchange of medical information between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. During the last few months, we learned in a talk with Dr. Stone, he has acted as guide, interpreter, and host to such Soviet scientific notables as Professor A. I. Serebrov, director of the Moscow Academy of Medical Science's Institute of Oncology; Dr. R. E. Kavetski, vice-director of the Bogomolets Institute of Experimental Biology and Pathology, Kiev; Professor Mikhail N. Pobedinski, chief gynecologist of the Ministry of Health; Dr. N. N. Blokhin, chief of the department of orthopedics of the Kirov Medical Institute; Dr. Valentine D. Soloviev, professor of epidemiology at the Central Institute of Epidemiology and Microbiology, Moscow; Dr. Nikolai N. Priorov, director of the Central Institute of Orthopedics and Traumatology of the Ministry of Health, Moscow; Anatoli A. Smorodintsev, director of the department of virusology, Institute of Experimental Medicine of the Academy of Medical Sciences, Leningrad; and Dr. Vasili D. Chaklin, director of the Moscow Research Institute of Prosthetics. Dr. Stone takes them to "Oklahoma!," "Annie Get Your Gun," Carnegie Hall concerts, and the Met. "Language is a barrier," he told us, "but musical comedies and opera seem to get across."

He often drives visitors to his farm in New Jersey. On these occasions, they are usually impressed by the quality of our highways, the number of automobiles on them, the splendid appearance of the cars, and the means of controlling traffic. In town, the Russians especially favor the Empire State Building and the electric-eye-operated doors in Penn Station. They generally walk through the doors three or four times, saying "My!" in Russian. They are surprised at the extreme friendliness of Americans and at the alacrity with which hospital facilities are shown and explained to them. They try to avoid political discussion but openly deplore the attitude of most American papers toward Russia. According to Dr. Stone, they feel that our therapy and equipment beat theirs but believe that their socialization of medicine gives them an edge in the preventive field.

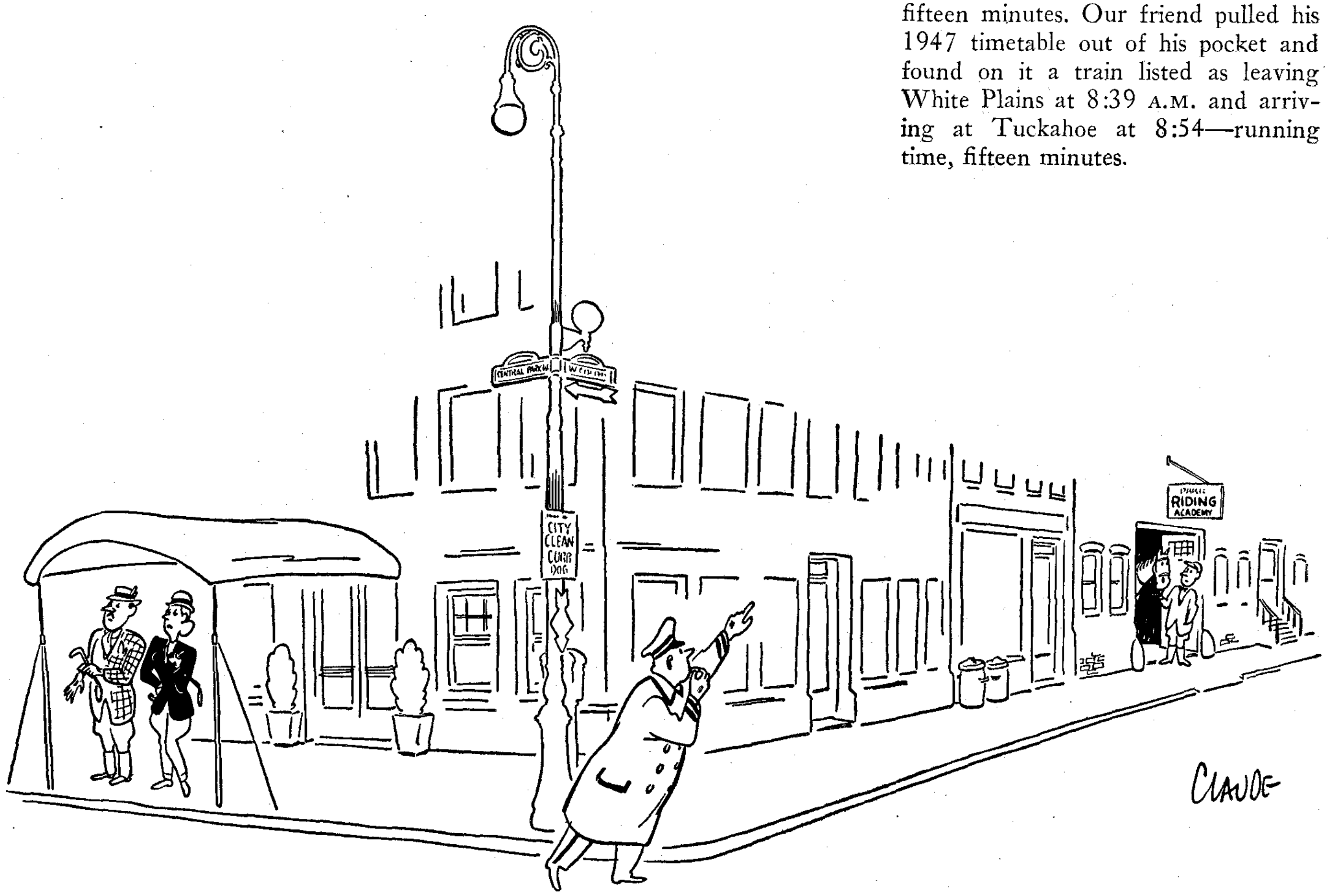
The Society arranges for the exchange of Russian and American medical films. While the war was on, it once assigned Dr. Stone to act as interpreter when a Soviet surgical picture was shown to some top Army doctors in Washington. "The film flashed on," Dr. Stone told us, "and the surgeon in it made an incision. Then the sound went off, and, not being able to lip-read in Russian, I had to stand there improvising an interpretive line of talk about an operation I'd never seen. Halfway through, the film turned upside down, and I found myself saying, 'The Russians have also done a good deal of experimenting with operations performed while standing on their heads.' "

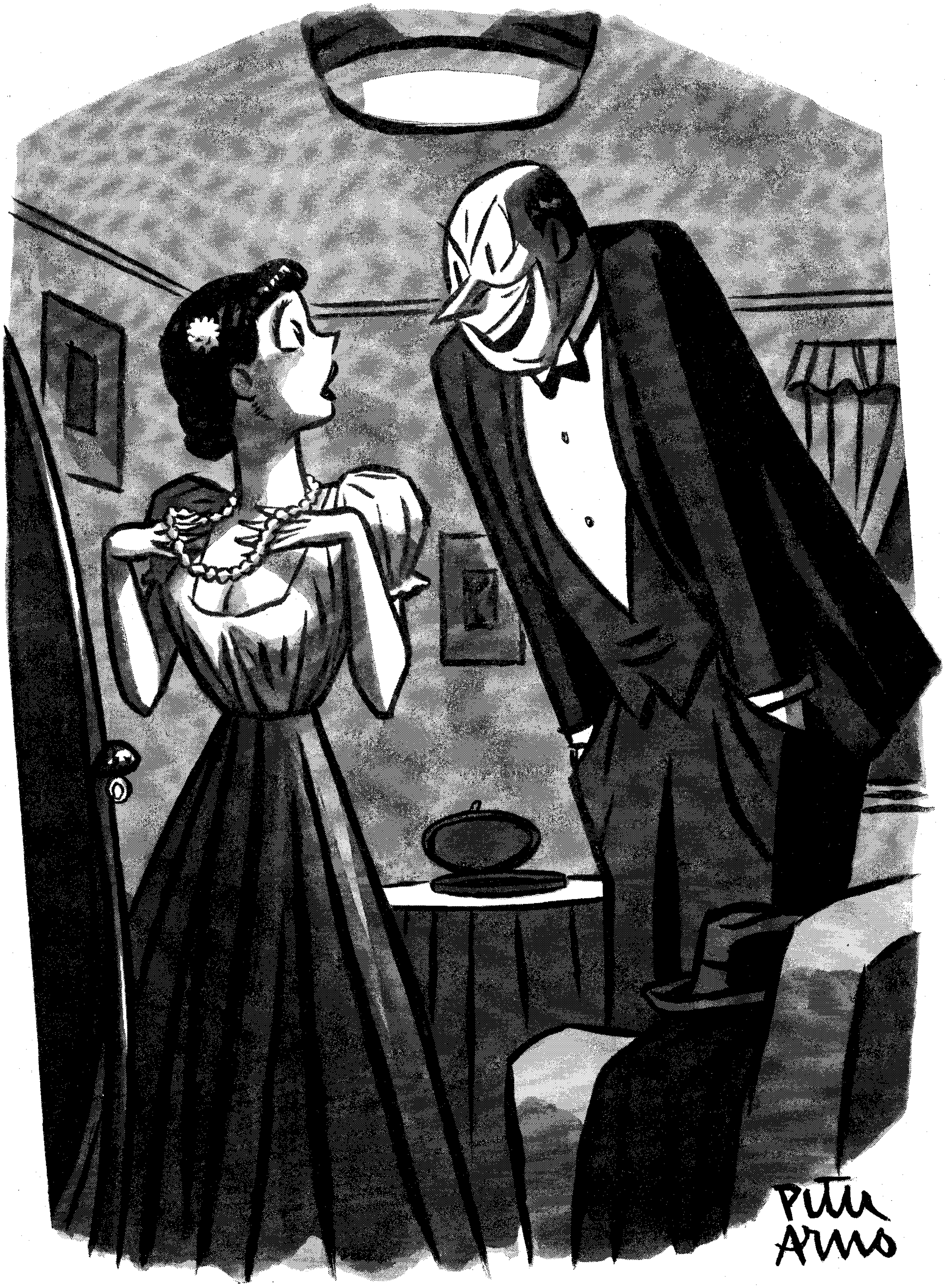
Dr. Stone had no sooner told us this medical anecdote than he whisked us off to lunch with Dr. Vasili V. Parin, secretary general of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Medical Sciences, who was just back from the West and full of praise for our scenery out there, especially Yosemite National Park. The West reminded him of Russia, he said. He speaks English amazingly well, considering that he has never been in an English-speaking country before. Dr. Stone had given him the musical-comedy treatment, which hadn't taken too well. "Some of the shows I do not like so much," he said. "It sounds not like music to me." He doesn't understand American billboards. "The other day, I see a sign about salt," he said, "and how in all the world is not such salt anywhere. Tell me, how does one salt get better than any other salt? It is all salt. In Russia, salt is salt. Also ice cubes. All ice cubes here are better than other ice cubes. Why?"

Dr. Parin told us that American newspaper reports about Russian scientific discoveries have prompted many Americans to dispatch odd letters to his colleagues. "They read that Negovski has resuscitated first dogs and then soldiers," he said, "and soon rich New Yorkers are writing Negovski to come over and resuscitate some relative who has died six years ago. Bogomolets the same. In Russia, we have a story. A citizen comes from far off to see Bogomolets and says, 'Citizen, I want to live a hundred and fifty years.' Bogomolets explains his work is still in laboratory stage, and to give the citizen some advice for his long trip he tells him to stop smoking. The citizen says he does not smoke. 'Well, Citizen,' Bogomolets says, 'drinking is hard on the system.' The citizen says he does not drink, and as Bogomolets goes on, he says no, he is not married and has no interest in women. 'Citizen,' Bogomolets says, 'why for you want to live a hundred and fifty years?' " This was a big story in Russia, Dr. Parin said, and Bogomolets liked it.

After Ninety-Nine Years

A TUCKAHOE commuter stopped off at the Transportation Museum in Grand Central last week and noted on exhibition there a New York & Harlem Railroad timetable published in 1848, on which a train was listed as leaving White Plains at 8:35 A.M. and arriving at Tuckahoe at 8:50—running time, fifteen minutes. Our friend pulled his 1947 timetable out of his pocket and found on it a train listed as leaving White Plains at 8:39 A.M. and arriving at Tuckahoe at 8:54—running time, fifteen minutes.





"And now, Miss Evans, I wonder if I could take a small liberty?"

THE PASSION OF LANCE CORPORAL HAWKINS

Lance Corporal Alfred Hawkins stood on the Haifa dock, his fingers wet on the long nightstick in his hands, the unaccustomed helmet heavy on his head, watching a naval launch slowly bring in the two-masted schooner Hope, its decks and tattered rigging swarming with people, who looked like clustered dark bees, so far away, and not like people at all. Please, Lord, Hawkins prayed to himself, standing at ease with his platoon, warm in the yellow Mediterranean sun, please, Lord, keep me from hitting any of them.

"Don't take any nonsense from the buggers," Lieutenant Madox said, standing in front of the platoon. "Whack 'em a couple of times and they'll behave like bloody gentlemen." He turned and peered at the shabby schooner slowly approaching the dock, and Hawkins was sure that the look on the Lieutenant's thick red face was one of pleasurable anticipation. Hawkins looked at the other men of the platoon. Except for Hogan, you couldn't tell anything from their faces. In London once, during the war, Hawkins had overheard an American Air Forces major saying, "The British would watch Hitler hanging or their daughters marrying into the Royal Family or their own legs being chopped off at the knee and not change expression by one twitch of the eyebrow. You can't beat an army like that." The American had been drunk, of course, but, looking around him now, and remembering other times, too—like the day outside Caen and the day on the Rhine and the day his company went into the concentration camp at Belsen—Hawkins could understand what the American had been talking about. In ten or fifteen minutes, the men around him might be in the middle of a very mean fight on board the schooner, against clubs and knives, perhaps, and maybe even homemade bombs, and except for Hogan, again, all of them looked as though they were merely lined up for a routine roll call outside their barracks in the morning. And Hogan, of course, was an Irishman, and not the same thing at all. He was a small, thin boy, with a tough, broken-nosed, handsome face, and now he was fidgeting uneasily, his jaw rigid with excitement, pushing his helmet back and forth on his head, shifting his nightstick, breathing loudly enough to be heard over all the small noises of the harbor and the platoon around him.

They were singing now on the schooner. The rising and falling, chanting, foreign melody came thinly and defiantly across the oily green water. Hawkins could understand several words of Hebrew, but he could not make out what the song was about. It sounded wild and somehow menacing, as though it should not be sung in sunshine and in the morning or by women's voices but late at night, in the desert, by lawless and desperate men. Esther had translated two or three Hebrew songs for Hawkins in the last few weeks, and he had noticed that the words "freedom" and "justice" figured in them prominently, but those words did not seem to fit with the flat, dangerous, hoarse music hammering across the harbor from the slowly moving old boat.

Hawkins wished they wouldn't sing. It made it harder if they sang and you knew they were singing about freedom or justice. After all, they were singing to him, and to the other men around him, and what did they expect him to do?

Hawkins closed his eyes, as though by shutting out the sight of the dark-clustered boat inexorably being pushed to the dock, and the clubs, and the transport waiting to take them to the stockade on Cyprus, he could somehow also shut out the sound of the rough, challenging voices of the Jews.

He closed his eyes, his youthful, almost childish face, sweating under the hot helmet, painfully composed, painfully disclosing nothing to the Lieutenant or the men around him or to the eyes of the fugitives he was expected to punish. He closed his eyes. He was uncomfortable in his wool battle dress and the tight canvas belting, and was sorry he was in Palestine, sorry he was in the Army, sorry he was an Englishman, sorry he was alive. This was not what he had expected when he had reënlisted, six months after the war was over. He didn't know exactly what he had expected. He had just known he did not want to live in Southampton, in the foggy weather, among the ruined docks and the torn buildings; in the same house with his father, who had had his arm torn off during a raid in 1941; in the same house with his sister, whose husband had been killed at Bari in 1943; in the same house in which he had lived for such a short while with Nancy, who had later divorced him and married an American sergeant in the port battalion—and that was a soft job for a soldier, wasn't it, during a war. He had just known that after four years in the Army, ever since he was seventeen, he did not want to start looking for a job as a longshoreman on the wrecked wharves, he did not want to stand in a queue collecting the unemployment dole, he did not want the bitter weather of unheated winter England after glimpses of Africa and summer France. And the only thing he had known was soldiering. They had made it a little more attractive—they had raised the pay and promised many rather vague benefits—and, if the truth must be told, the only time anyone had ever really taken care of him was in the Army. It was certain no one was really going to take care of you as a civilian, Socialist government or no Socialist government. Though he had voted for them, of course. He had read all the pamphlets and he knew what he was doing, a common soldier in the Army of the King, the son of a workingman, the grandson of a workingman, the great-grandson of a workingman. That was another thing about the Army. It had given him the chance to read for the first time in his life. Especially the two periods he'd been in the hospital, first with the bullet in his hip and then with the piece of shrapnel he'd picked up twelve days before the end of the war. The hospital library had had a complete set of H. G. Wells, and he had slowly and studiously gone through it all, soberly agreeing with the energetic arguments of the old man. By the time he'd got out of the hospital, he had become a confirmed Socialist, believing that education could change the world, and that violence was a hangover from primitive times, and that year by year the human race was certain to improve. He opened his eyes for a moment and looked at the schooner. It was much closer now, and he could smell it, too. There were perhaps three hundred people jammed onto it, men and women, and they had obviously not had the most complete sanita-

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tion facilities. He wished H. G. Wells were on the dock in the uniform of an infantry lance corporal today; it would be interesting to see what he would do.

It had been so much simpler during the war. There were the Germans across the fields, or up on a hill two miles away, and you shot them and they shot you. They had bombed your home and torn the arm off your father's shoulder and killed your brother-in-law, and there were no further decisions to be made about them. And all the men around you felt exactly as you did, no matter who they were. But now . . . There was Lieutenant Madox, who hated all Jews and was delighted with this duty on the dock this morning. Of course, Lieutenant Madox hated everybody, except Englishmen, and if he had been in India or Malaya or France, he would have looked forward to cracking Indian or Malayan or French skulls with equal pleasure. But he happened to be in Palestine, and he happened to be looking forward to hitting Jews. Then, there was Private Fleming, a quiet, capable man of thirty-five. Private Fleming was a Communist. Communists, Hawkins knew, did not think much of Zionism, but certainly they didn't believe in braining Jews, and yet there was Private Fleming, an excellent soldier, standing quietly at ease, ready to do his duty, gripping his nightstick like all the others. And there was Hogan, who was one of Hawkins' best friends, with whom he drank beer in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, and who was a Catholic, like Hawkins, and went to Mass on Sunday morning with him, and whose father had been killed by the British in the trouble in Dublin in 1916. Hogan often went out with him and Esther, too. Esther would bring a friend and they would swim on the beach at Tel Aviv and go to the movies at night when they played musical pictures. Hogan hated the Jews, though, because his second cousin, who was in the Sixth Airborne, had got his foot blown off by a Jewish mine on the Rehovoth Road two months before. What would H. G. Wells have made of the Dublin orphan on the sunny dock this morning, tense with pent-up fury as he glared at the naval launch slowly pushing the tattered, dark, chanting refugees toward him?

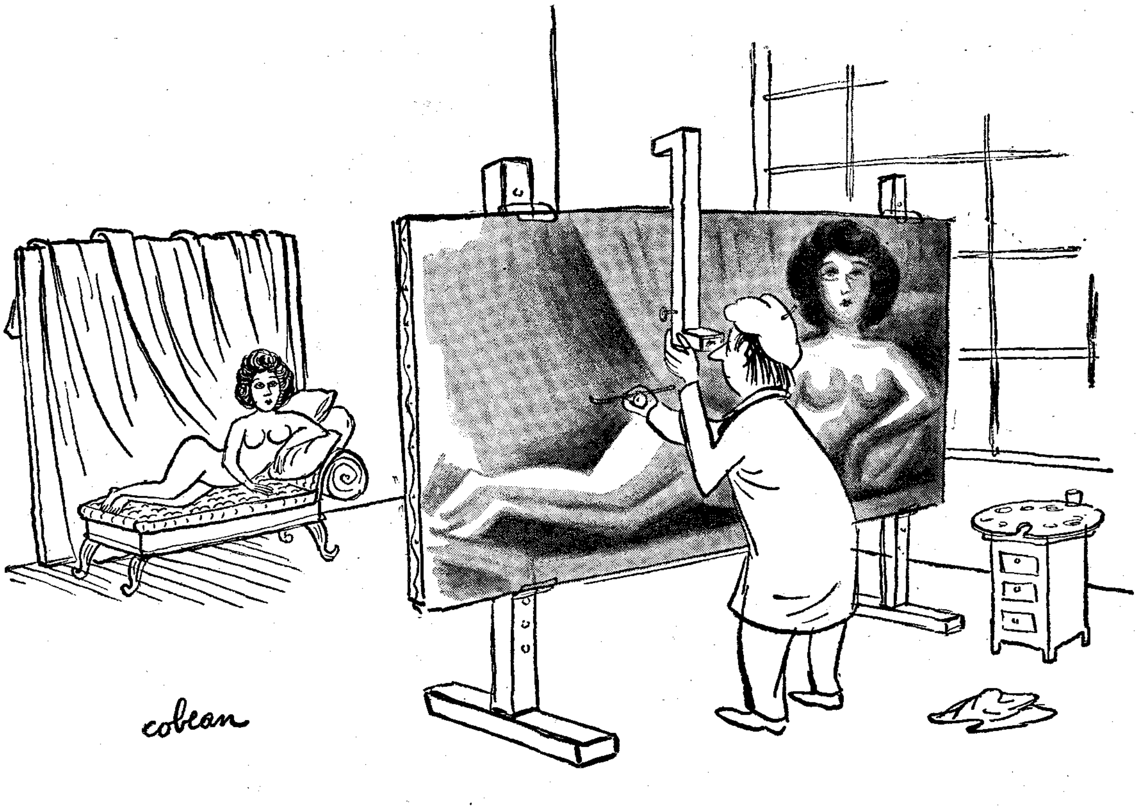
And, supposing H. G. Wells had been a Jew, and were standing on the deck of the Hope this morning, after the years of murder in Germany, after the displaced persons' camps, after the illegal journey across Europe and the crooked voyage down the Mediterranean, what clever, hopeful statement would he make then, waiting there like an old bull in the knacker's yard, waiting for the clubs and the Cyprian wire?

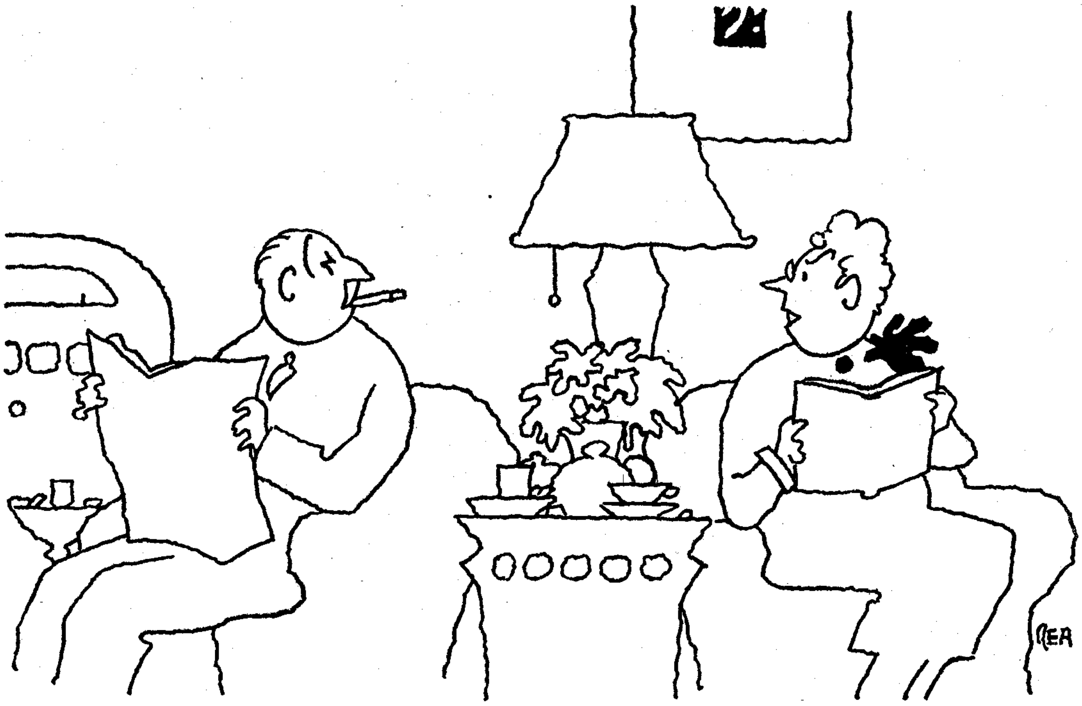
An Arab laborer walked by, rolling a wheelbarrow. He put the wheelbarrow down in front of the platoon, his long, skinny arms dark mahogany, dangling out of his tattered shirt. He had a little black scraggly beard, and he didn't smell so good, either. He grinned at the soldiers. His teeth were not all there, but when he smiled, he looked childlike and ingratiating, and some of the men smiled back at him. The Arab looked over his shoulder at the approaching boat, grinned more widely, and moved his finger across his Adam's apple in the gesture of throat slitting.

"Get out of here, you filthy old rascal," Lieutenant Madox said, smiling broadly. "Go ahead. Out of the way. We'll have no international incidents on this dock."

The Arab bobbed his head, the grin fixed on his face, and made the throat-cutting gesture again, like a child who repeats a trick that he sees has pleased his elders. Then he bent and picked up the handles of the wheelbarrow again and trundled it off, giggling to himself.

Hawkins didn't remember what H. G. Wells had had to say about the Arabs. He was sure there must have been something on the subject, because there was something on every subject in the old man's books, but he couldn't remember. The Arabs, Hawkins had to admit, were much more pleasant to have around than the Jews. For one thing, they did what you told them. For another thing, they weren't likely to get you off in a corner and engage you in a loud political argument. Esther lived in the same house with a family by the name of Freedman, who were German refugees and whose two sons had been in the Jewish Brigade during the war. The two boys lay in wait for Hawkins when he came to call for Esther and battered him with questions like "Why doesn't Britain live up to the Balfour Declaration?" and "Why does Britain allow the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who worked with the Nazis during the war, to come back to lead the Arabs from Cairo?" It was very queer, sitting in the small white living room of the apartment house, with your rifle leaning against the wall (from time to time, Division Headquarters ordered that all troops be armed when they left the barracks), drinking tea and eating little sweet cookies that Mrs. Freedman kept pressing on you, debating politely with the two fierce young veterans, who were probably members of the Jewish underground and





"You know, Robert, there are times when I think Ellery Queen underestimates me."

had probably blown up a sergeant major in the morning.

"It's not fair," he had said to Esther after one such session, when he had finally managed to get her away from the house. "They talk as though I was personally responsible."

Esther had glanced at him obliquely, then looked away. "Maybe," she said softly, "maybe that's what they think about every British soldier."

"Is that what you think?"

Esther had shaken her head and gripped his arm more firmly. "No," she had said gravely, her low, soft voice solemn and warm. "No, I do not think of you as a British soldier." They had been walking along the quiet, white street, in the clear, foreign evening air—his boots making a hobnailed clatter on the pavement and his rifle sling pulling at his shoulder and the girl beside him in a thin white dress with a blue sweater over it, her hair blowing gently, soft and pale brown, in the stirring wind.

"Listen to them sing," Hogan said, his voice nervous and angry. "The murderin' heathen! They'll sing a different tune an hour from now, they will!"

Hawkins opened his eyes. The ship was much closer now, and the songs clamored across the water from the packed ship, with the soprano of the women shrill and glittering over the menacing bass of the men's voices. Hogan, Hawkins remembered, also sang songs in another language—in Gaelic—and the words "freedom" and "justice" figured prominently in them, too. They were songs Hogan's grandfather had taught him in memory of his dead father, shot through the throat on a Dublin pavement by men in the same uniform that Hogan was wearing now so far away, seventy-five miles north of Jerusalem.

Hawkins closed his eyes again. It would do no good to watch the boat come nearer, foot by foot. There would be time enough to look, later. He thought of Esther. He had arranged to meet her that night in Tel Aviv and take her to a movie if he got off duty early. He had not known what the duty would be, though, and he doubted if he would tell her later on. Matters were complicated enough with Esther as it was. She looked so cheerful and agreeable, so pretty and young, like the very nicest kind of girl you might meet by a lucky accident at home, but there had been the terrible times when she had suddenly broken down, for no apparent reason, and wept in his arms, wildly and inconsolably, clutching him as though to make certain again and again that he was there and alive. She was a German girl, whose mother and father had been killed in Munich, and whose husband had been caught by the British near Haifa unloading illegal immigrants in 1939. He had been put into a camp, where he had caught typhus and died. The authorities had permitted Esther to visit her husband the day he died, and once Esther had told Hawkins about it, although most of the time they avoided talking about things like that. The husband, who was twenty-four years old and had been a robust, laughing young man (Hawkins had seen his picture), had been wasted by the disease to ninety pounds and was screaming in his delirium when Esther finally saw him. He did not recognize his wife at all when she came into the room, and that, somehow, was Esther's bitterest memory—the screaming, skeleton-like boy turning his head senselessly to the wall in the bare, barred room. Then, after that, all through the war, Esther had been kept under house arrest and had not been permitted to go out into the streets from sunset to dawn. When Hawkins had first known her, she had been quiet, almost fearful, and perhaps it was because she had matched his own shyness and fearfulness so well that he had begun to love her.

For the past several months, whenever Hawkins was waiting somewhere, and closed his eyes, as he was doing now, he had had a recurrent daydream. It was winter in the dream, a cold, windy night, and he and Esther were sitting before a warm fire in their own house. He could never decide whether the house was in England, in a quiet village, or on a farm in Palestine, cupped in the small, old hills, among the orange orchards. They were reading, and occasionally they looked up from their books and smiled at each other, not having to talk, in the firelight. After a time, there was a knock on the door and guests began to come in; not many of them, just good friends. Hogan, with his wild hair plastered down politely. Fleming, with the schoolteacher wife from Leeds he talked about so often. Robinson, who had been in Hawkins' platoon in Africa—it was always hard to remember, especially in a daydream, that Robinson was dead, buried in the small, windy cemetery near Constantine. They talked quietly in the warm room, and Hawkins opened up the tall bottles of heavy beer, and after a while Hogan sang, in his hoarse, accurate boy's voice, the sad, thrilling songs his grandfather had taught him in his father's honor, songs whose words no one understood but whose melodies made you somehow melancholy and proud.

Hawkins blinked and refused himself the pleasure of taking the daydream through to its quiet ending. It was ridiculous to allow himself to moon like that, and it only made it worse when he finally opened his eyes and looked around him. There he was, on the dock, in the hot, bare sun, with the nightstick, waiting for Lieutenant Madox to order him to fight. And in the hills behind him, among the orange groves, people were hiding rifles and knives and machine guns to murder each other in the long winter nights. And in England, from all the letters he got from his family, they were preparing to starve and freeze to celebrate their victory in the war. He was sorry he was not older. Perhaps if he were thirty or forty or fifty, he could understand it better. During the war they had been warm, during the war they had been fed, during the war the Russians had loved them, the Americans had admired them, the French had kissed them when they came into a town; wherever they had gone, they had been heroes and saviors. He remembered the day that the election returns came out. He was still in Germany, in Hamburg, and an American sergeant had come over to him and said, very solemnly, "Soldier, my name is McCarthy. I'm a paid-up C.I.O. member from Indianapolis. I decided I wanted to tell some Englishman how wonderful I think they are, and you're the first one I've come across since I made the decision. You've shown the whole world how civilized human beings should behave." The American had been drunk, of course (was it possible that Americans appreciated other people only when they had ten drinks under their belts?), but he had shaken Hawkins' hand sternly and clapped him on the back, and Hawkins had walked away grinning and feeling proud because he had voted for Attlee and the others who were going to prove that a country could be run for the benefit of the workingman without violence or disaster. He was glad the American wasn't around to see him standing on the dock today with helmet and nightstick, in this land of widows and orphans, in this land where there were no whole families, only survivors, in this land where everyone—every girl on the street, every child in a schoolroom, every farmer plowing a furrow—had a story like Esther's, memories like Esther's, nightmares like Esther's, where the memory of the furnace flickered across every face, the knocking of the midnight arrest broke into every dream, where agony was so commonplace that no one even remarked it. What a puzzling, sad thing it was to be an Englishman today, Hawkins thought, staring at the boat, which was so close now. If he was in England, he was caught between cold and hunger, in Palestine between Jew and Arab, in India between Hindu and Moslem, in the East Indies between Dutchman and Javanese, and no friends anywhere, no approval anywhere, just the helmet and the nightstick, the barbed wire and the Lieutenant, the songs in the strange languages hurled at your head like hand grenades. You could read all the pamphlets, vote all the elections, pray all the Sundays, and each day it became worse, each day made you more of a villain, each day your uniform was cursed on the streets of more cities, in more languages. He closed his eyes.

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Every need analyzed, each personal problem weighed, carefully, and solved according to the circumstance of each
(No investment too great. No question too small)
In confidence, at no cost, embarrassment, or obligation to you—

Offering maximum safety
(With 5% yield),
Full protection against change and chance, rust, moths, and the erratic flesh
(Trusts in perpetuity. Impartial executors of long-range wills)
Year after year, security in spite of the treacherous currents of impulse, yours and others,
Despite the swiftest tide of affairs—

Rails, chemicals, utilities, steel,
Listed or unlisted, let these stand guard until the end of time,
The heavy parchment with its exact phrases proof you shall walk this day's path, identically, tomorrow,
That as long as you wish you may see these streets and parks with the same eyes,
The same mood as today—

As though your features, yours, were stamped on the wind, yet more lasting than bronze,
The voice, free as always, yet recorded forever,
Your being, yours, still with its problems stronger than even the chemicals or the steel—

Decades of experience behind each portfolio can protect that future,
Filled with its unfinished business, incomplete desire, and still with the stubborn will to protect the future—

All of this, plus 5% of this, until the end of time.

—Kenneth Fearing

• •

"Hawkins!"

Hawkins jumped and straightened up. Lieutenant Madox was standing in front of him. "Damn you, Hawkins!" Madox was saying. "Will you keep your bloody eyes open! Get over here!"

"Yes, sir," said Hawkins. He gripped his club and moved to where two sailors were swinging a gangplank up to the railing of the boat. The boat was tied to the dock now, and a terrible stillness had settled over the people on it.

"Spread out, spread out," Madox was shouting to the platoon. "Don't let anyone jump onto the dock. Make 'em all come down the gangplank."

The smell was awful now, and in the silence the Jews stared down at the Lieutenant and the men of the platoon with cold, devouring hatred. Over a loudspeaker came a cool, pleasant voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the voice said, and it sounded like at least a colonel in the Guards, "we wish to do this in as orderly a fashion as possible. You

STUDIO E
ON THE AIR
REHEARSAL

will please come down the gangplank in twos and march to your right and go aboard the vessel moored directly behind your boat. You are going to be transferred to Cyprus, where you will be taken care of in British Army camps. Your sick will be treated and you will be given every consideration possible. Now, if you please, start leaving your vessel."

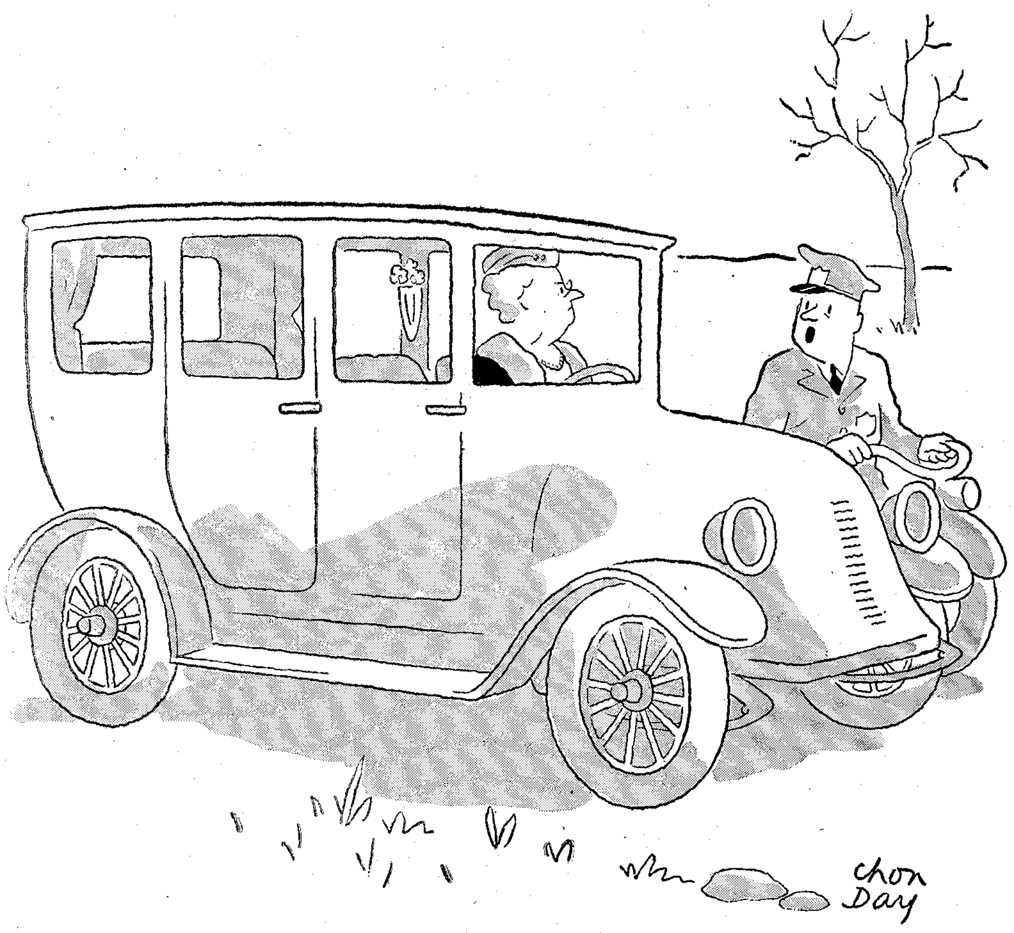
The voice halted in a mechanical crackle. No one moved.

"All right," Madox said. "Let's get on board."

Slowly and deliberately, the men of the platoon started up the gangplank. Hawkins was right behind the Lieutenant, with Hogan at his side. For a moment, at the top of the gangplank, he stopped. He looked down at the deck of the schooner. There was a blur of eyes, dark, staring, wild; a confusion of gaunt, ravaged faces; a wavering mass of tattered clothing such as might have been recovered from the corpses of a dug-up graveyard. Hawkins tottered momentarily, feeling, dizzily, this has happened to me before. Then he remembered. Belsen, he thought—wherever you turn, it is Belsen. In Belsen, he remembered, there had been the smell, too, and the same eyes, the same clothes, and there had been the old man (although later Hawkins had found out the man was only thirty) who had opened a door of one of the huts and come slowly out, holding his hands in front of him, his hands like claws, his face twisted skull-like and horrible in what Hawkins had later realized the man had meant as a glorious smile of greeting but which at the moment had seemed weird and threatening. Then, just as he had reached Hawkins, he had dropped to the ground, and when Hawkins had bent over him, he had died. But no one here approached Hawkins; there was no expression here that might later be deciphered into a smile. On the other side of the deck, there were the women, and standing, facing the gangplank, were the young men, and then Hawkins knew there was going to be a fight. Crazily, he thought: I'll bet there are some of these people here who will recognize me from Belsen. What will they think of me?

"Come on!" Madox was shouting furiously. "Come on, Hawkins, get in there!"

Slowly, with dreamy obedience, Hawkins moved toward the first line of men. I am not going to hit them, he thought as he walked through the stinking, unreal silence. No matter what, I am not going to hit them. Then he saw Hogan swing and there was the flat, awful noise of the stick hitting a shoulder. Then the screams began, and the shouting, which closed around you in a savage, wild, echoing vault of sound, and the bodies slamming into you, and the spurt of someone's blood, hot and slippery, in your face, and the confused flailing of arms and the black gleam of wood flashing against the yellow sky and a form dropping with a scream out of the rigging. Hawkins tried to keep his arms over his head, so that he wouldn't be pinned in helplessly, but hands grabbed at his club, and stabbed into his face, and he had to move his arms furiously to keep the club from being torn away. Then, suddenly, there was a pair of hands at his throat and he was staring into a dark, grimacing face, the eyes, just six inches from his, pitiless, mad, as the powerful fingers pressed and pressed. Hawkins tried to pull away, but there was no escaping the hands. Oh, God, Hawkins thought, feeling the blood pounding in his head, oh, God, he is going to kill me. No, he wanted to say, you don't understand. I am not doing anything. I was at Belsen. I was one of the people at Belsen. But the hands gripped firmer and firmer, the eyes stared coldly and triumphantly close to his own, as though the man who was



"I know it sounds ridiculous, but you were speeding."

choking him were finally taking vengeance for the ghetto in Poland, the death of his children, the locked cars, the whips, the furnaces, the graves of Europe. Hawkins felt his eyes clouding, his throat being torn, his knees slowly crumpling, as he pressed back and back, with the screams and the wet smashing of blows all around him. With his waning strength, he wrenched away. Then he hit the man. The man did not let go. Hawkins hit him again, across the face, and the man's face disappeared in a fuzz of blood, but still the fingers gripped, as strong as ever. Then, again and again, with all the desperate strength in his arms and body, Hawkins lashed out at the man who was trying to strangle him. The man's face seemed to crumble in a red, dissolving tissue, his jaw hanging queer and sidewise in a broken leer, only his eyes, steadfast and full of hatred, still glaring into Hawkins' own. There was a last, convulsive spasm of the fingers at Hawkins' throat; then the man slowly and silently slid down and away. Hawkins stared at him, then fell on top of him, and something crashed across his head, and when he opened his eyes again, he was lying on the dock and everything was very quiet, except for the weeping of women, soft and far away.

HAWKINS sat up. The fight was over. Now they were taking the women down the gangplank, and that was where the weeping was coming from—from the raddled bundles of living rags being carried by troopers onto the soil of Palestine and back onto the other ship, thirty-five feet away. Hawkins felt his throat. It was terribly sore, and blood was still oozing from a cut under his ear. He felt sick and lightheaded. He turned his head away from the women. He did not want to look at them. Lying next to him on the dock, very quiet, face downward, was a man. He had on an American Army shirt and a pair of Royal Air Force pants. He was barefooted and his feet were terribly cut and swollen, black with blood. Slowly, Hawkins took the man's shoulder and rolled him over. The eyes were still open. The face was smashed, the jaw leering and dislocated, the teeth broken and red at the roots. But the eyes were open and they were the eyes of the man who had tried to kill Hawkins on board the schooner Hope.

Hawkins stood up. It was hard to walk, but he moved slowly over to the gate in the barbed wire at the other end of the dock. Madox was there, sweating but looking pleased.

"Very well done, Hawkins," Madox said. "I watched you. Are you hurt?"

"A little, sir," Hawkins said, surprised at the croaking, strange noise that came from his throat. "Not too bad."

"Good," said Madox. "It's just about finished here. We'll be going back to camp in a minute." He looked solicitously at Hawkins' torn throat. "You're in rather bad shape. You'd better not go with the others in the lorry. I'll take you with me in my jeep."

"Yes, sir," said Hawkins flatly. He walked slowly over to where the jeep was parked and laboriously climbed into the back. He leaned against the canvas. He closed his eyes, thinking of nothing.

Ten minutes later, Madox and his driver got into the jeep, and the jeep rolled slowly through the gate. Hawkins did not look back purposely, but he could not help seeing the dock, the two boats, the old, silent, broken, deserted schooner, and the full transport, beginning to work up steam for the voyage to Cyprus. They were singing again on board the transport, but softer now, and wearily, and Hawkins thought, I must get Esther to translate that song for me. And on the dock, with the Arab laborer, still holding his wheelbarrow, standing curiously over him, lay the dead man, flat and alone. Hawkins closed his eyes as the jeep spurted away from the waterfront.

I wonder, he was thinking, slowly and painfully, because his head did not seem familiar or normal to him any more, I wonder if I can get off tonight to go into Tel Aviv to take Esther to the movies. Then there was the explosion, and even as he felt himself slamming through the air, Hawkins thought, They must have got hold of some Army mines. Then he hit. He moved with crawling, broken slowness, feeling everything slippery and sliding all around him, thinking with dull persistence, I must tell them, they mustn't do this to me, they don't understand, I was at Belsen. Then he lay still.

—Irwin Shaw

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On the other hand, youthful filmgoers who were mere babes in Lindberg's salad days (and we were talking to a youngster recently who didn't even know who Lindberg was) will probably find . . .—*Bosley Crowther in the Times.*

We'll bite. Who was he?

THE SENSE OF TIME

THE change, when it came, was so gradual that at first it was hardly noticeable. Simply, more and more people stopped using revolving doors. They were too slow, they said, and in point of fact the movement in and out of the big office buildings, department stores, and other public and semi-public structures had grown so great as to lend justice to this complaint. In those nervous, hurried days, people had no time (or thought they hadn't) to wait fractionally while the two or three persons ahead of them made their way through the whirling panels, and, as a result, the old-fashioned hinged doors which usually flanked them on either side, and which until then had been left to the elderly and cautious, or to tradesmen with bundles, now began to carry the major portion of the traffic.

That was in the winter of 1946-47, and buses by that time were falling into general disfavor. They were still to be seen on the streets, of course, and in, if anything, greater numbers than ever before. They were always crowded. But the would-be passenger, if he was at all observant, soon discovered that they were invariably crowded *before* they reached the corner where he was waiting—by a strange class of people who apparently travelled continuously from one end of the line to the other, and whom Professor Arthur G. Elderly, in his admirable monograph on the subject, aptly christened "Pre-Positional Passengers"—and since taxicabs also were always occupied, it was the exceptional wayfarer indeed who was able to obtain conveyance for himself about the city.

Incidentally, Professor Elderly was not the only scientist of note to attack this problem. Dr. Weary, of Yale, devoted much attention to it (his "Some Aspects of the Visibility Factor, as Applied to Occupants of Taxicabs" being especially notable), and Professor Session-Sierra, of Harvard, did much good work on the subject. But their treatises, scholarly though they were, offered no solution to the immediate problem of getting from place to place, and the average individual, if he was at all pressed for time—and few weren't—found it ordinarily both more expedient and more expeditious to walk.

In a number of other instances, the mechanics of civilization began to give way beneath the sheer pressure of time. Elevators had in part given way to escalators, particularly on the lower floors of department stores, between levels of express subway stations, and in other places where it was necessary to move large numbers of people vertically. This was done because the escalators were thought to be quicker, since they were constantly in motion, but they were still not quick enough, and once on them most persons simply used them as stairs, walking up (if the escalator was going up) or down (if it was going down). It was early in 1949 that an alert official of one of the subway systems, observing this, ordered all the escalators in his various stations slowed down gradually and then stopped—thus effecting a saving in operation costs of some fifty-six thousand dollars a year. As he had shrewdly expected, no one noticed. People kept on running up (or down) them as before, though possibly a little faster.

Telephones, too—particularly the pay-station, or coin-box, variety—were becoming largely unusable in that epoch, the time factor again being responsible, for the lines were so crowded with calls that mechanical means had to be devised to delay them; the customer was required to wait, after depositing his nickel, until a buzzing signal, called the "dial tone," indicated that the lines were free. This caused further fretfulness, and when mistakes happened in the mechanism's functioning, the results were correspondingly emphatic. Most psychologists now agree that there is no known frustration so violent in its effects as that which was induced in a man who had waited eighteen minutes for his turn to get into a phone booth, waited four minutes more, after depositing his nickel, for the dial-tone signal informing him that he might now dial his number, did then dial, and got a wrong number.

Such occurrences, obviously, did little to improve the general morale, which was already shaky. But they had a further, more deep-seated influence in that they gave the man afoot somewhere in midtown Manhattan and already late for several appointments a strange feeling of being lost, truly lost, and cut off from all communication with humankind.

Speaking generally, however, people simply had no time to telephone any more, and it was in the fall of 1950 that a shrewd young businessman, casting about for a means of making his fortune, found a way of capitalizing on the situation. He did this by organizing a corps of youngsters to hang around the phone booths and, finding a man who couldn't get his number (or, as more often happened, couldn't even get into the telephone booth to try to get it), take his message and deliver it for him.

The organization, small and rather inefficient at first, was later taken over

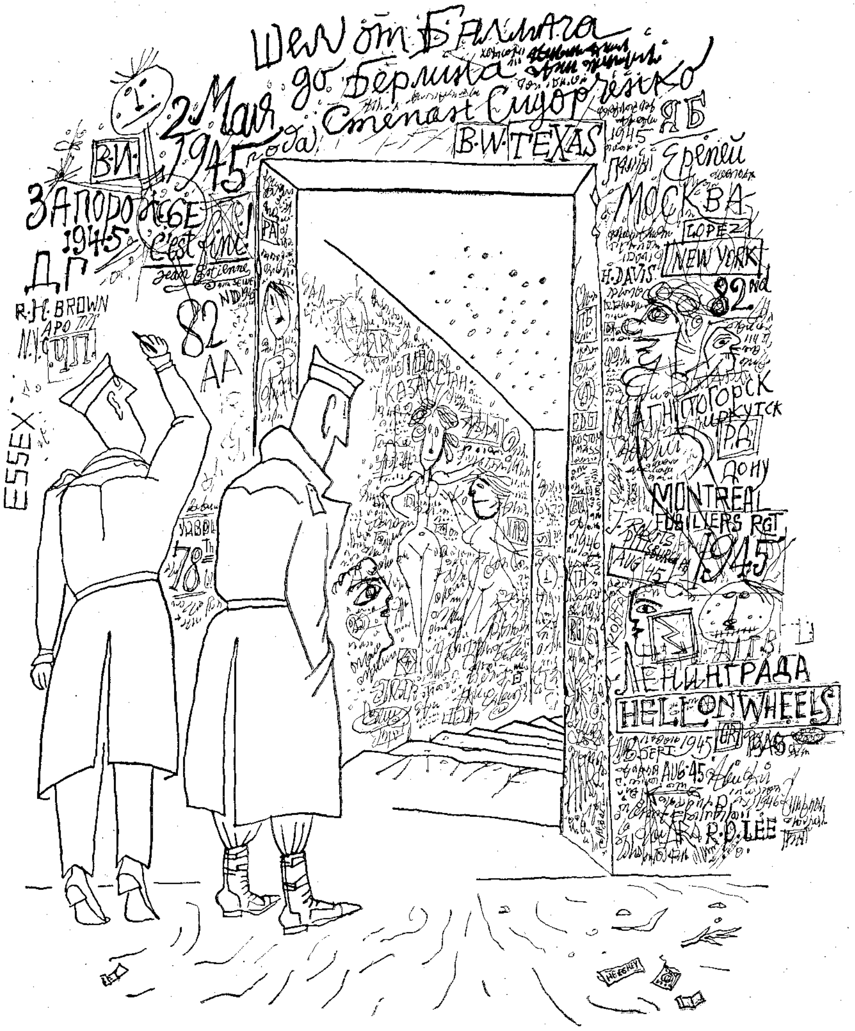
at a good price by the Telephone Company itself and systematized. The boys were called Pony Riders and, as a tribute to their distinguished heritage from our frontier past, wore a uniform that was cleverly designed to simulate the buckskin breeches and furred hat of pioneer days. A few rode horses, but the majority used bicycles, and it was perhaps because of their example that a number of executives, whose time was far too valuable to be spent waiting on street corners for buses or taxicabs, took to riding to work on bicycles, too. And with them to lead the way, the custom quickly spread to the lesser ranks, to the minor executives, office managers, bookkeepers, secretaries, even office boys—people quite unimportant in their way but to whom time was still important and, as in the cases of their superiors, far too valuable to be spent on street corners, waiting for buses.

IT was, curiously enough, a healthy life that evolved. People cycled to work, or walked, and walked about their various errands. Restaurants had for long been more trouble than they were worth—owing again to overcrowding, and to the fact that no one had time to wait his turn for a table—and it followed quite naturally that more and more people took to carrying their lunches in a black tin box with a bulge at the top for a thermos bottle, which they carried slung over the handle bars of their bikes.

A few lunched at their desks, but the majority preferred the outdoors, and when spring came along, Bryant Park, in the midtown section, and, downtown, the Bowling Green were pleasant sights indeed at the noon hour. There was something, even, almost sylvan about their aspect—the grassy sward and the lunchers sprawled upon it or scattered here and there on the benches; in the background, perhaps, the cheery gleam of a fire in an improvised outdoor fireplace, with a gay group gathered around it, roasting frankfurters or boiling coffee; bicycles stacked in ranks beneath the trees, their spokes glittering; and on all the picnickers' faces the bright, unmistakable glow of ruddy health and serenity, while their actions at times, as they moved in the lively cadences of a rustic dance, bespoke the confident ease and rhythmic grace that come only with a thoroughly well-conditioned body.

It was wonderful. It was lovely. And the odd thing was that everybody seemed to have plenty of time.

—ROBERT M. COATES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до Берлина
2 Мая 1945 года
B·W·TEXAS
ЗАПОРОЖЬЕ 1945
C'est fini
R.H. BROWN
82
AA
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МАГНИТОГОРСК
ИРКУТСК
МОНТРЕАЛ
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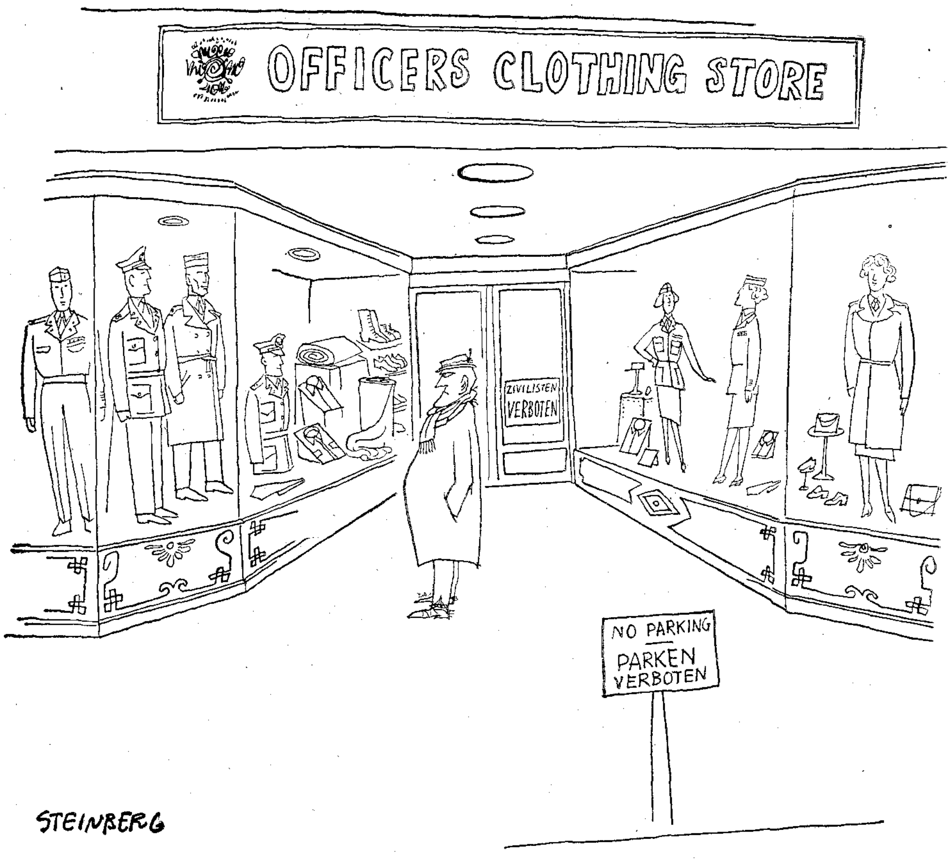
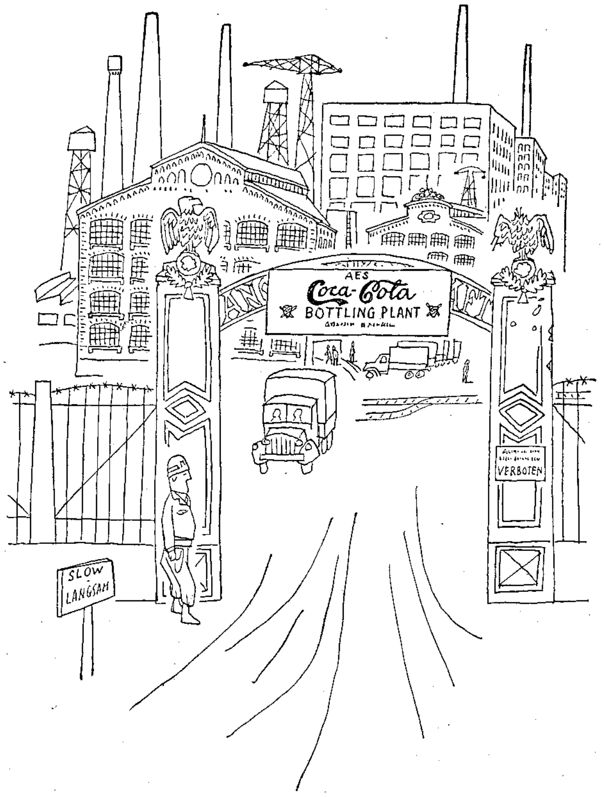
HELL ON WHEELS
AUG 45
R.D. LEE
HERSHEY

Hitler's Bunker


OFFICERS CLOTHING STORE
ZIVILISTEN VERBOTEN
NO PARKING
PARKEN VERBOTEN
STEINBERG

BERLIN


AES
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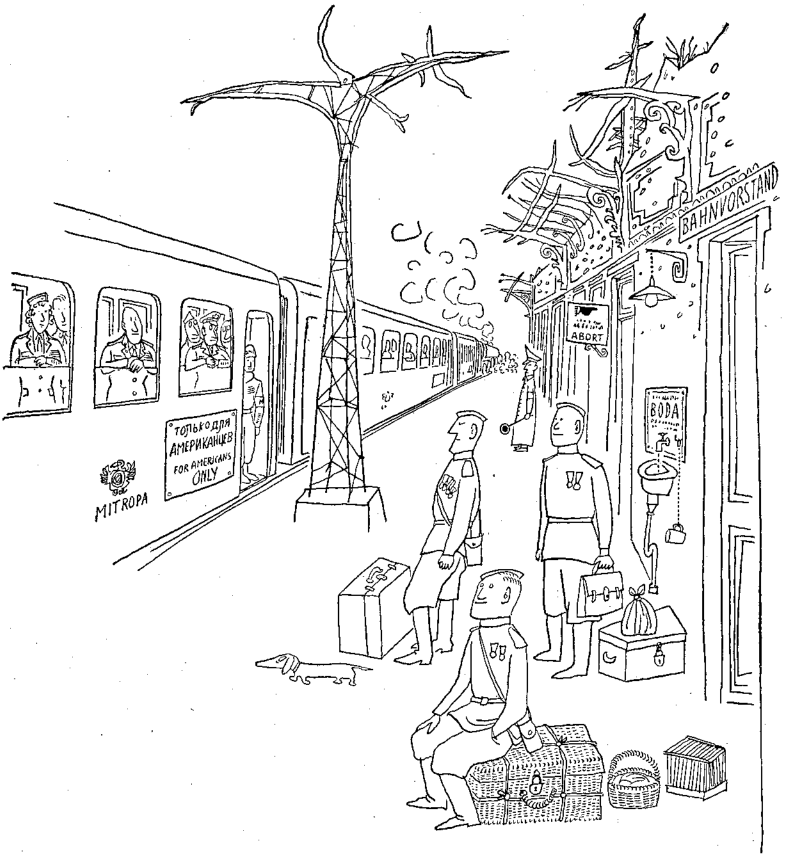
BAHNVORSTAND
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ТОЛЬКО ДЛЯ АМЕРИКАНЦЕВ
FOR AMERICANS ONLY
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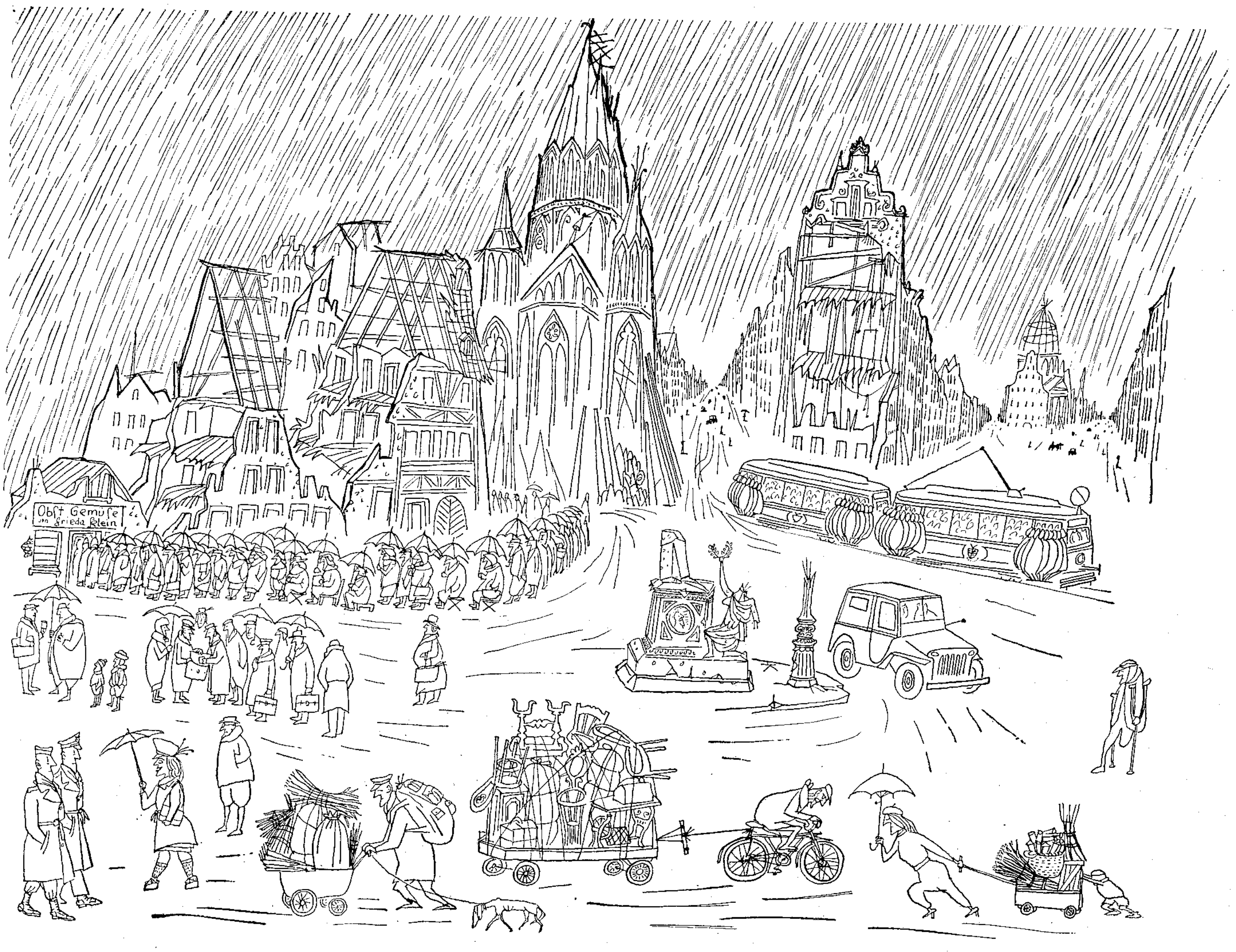
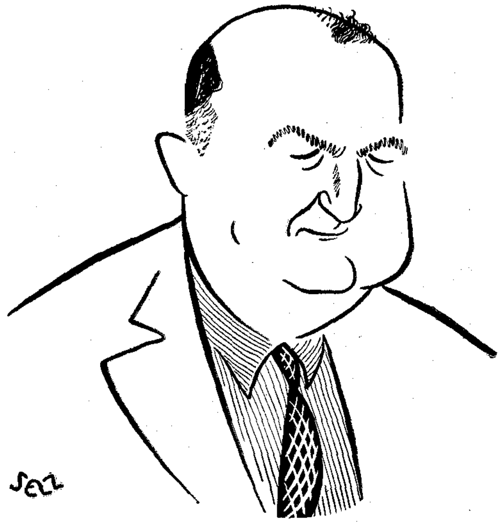
Russian Zone


Obſt Gemüſe
Frieda Klein

PROFILES ⁂

THE GREAT EXPURGATOR



Al Rosen

EARLY in the mayoralty campaign of 1945, a plane from Hollywood arrived at LaGuardia Field and unloaded a short, moon-faced man with a cowboy walk and knowing gray eyes. Soon after his arrival, he was having high words with William O'Dwyer. People in an outer office heard the candidate shout, "No, a thousand times no!" The stranger said something in a rusty voice that was proof against eavesdropping. "Not except over my dead body!" roared O'Dwyer. The visitor's rejoinder was again unintelligible through the door, but it had the unmistakable whipcrack of authority. The candidate began to change his tune. He could be heard pleading, practically begging. The little stranger kept getting meaner and meaner. Finally, the door swung open. "You want to be Mayor, don't you?" snarled the fierce little man. "Not that much," said O'Dwyer. "Get going," said the visitor. O'Dwyer put on his hat and tottered off in the wake of the little dictator. The O'Dwyer men in the outer office were stupefied. They had never before known the candidate to be bulldozed, browbeaten, or even successfully remonstrated with. He was supposed to have only one vanity—a belief that he could reject suggestions faster than any other man. Tammany bosses, reform bosses, first citizens, continental brains, and planetary brains had tried to play Dutch uncle to him, but they generally left O'Dwyer headquarters with what has been described as an air of suddenly acquired unimportance. It was natural that after the little bully had figuratively wet his finger and picked O'Dwyer up with it, the question at O'Dwyer headquarters was "Who is this little bully?"

The answer merely substituted one mystery for another. The stranger was identified as Al Rosen, the new genius of the theatre, who had been much written about by a great Abraham Lincoln scholar—Lloyd Lewis, of Chicago. Al is the Great Expurgator. He made a fortune by expurgating the bawdy old farce "Ladies' Night," better known as "Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath." Al has his own method of expurgating. He expurgates everything that fails to shock. He blue-pencils every line that a censor would O.K., O.K.'s every line that a censor would blue-pencil. With the help of this formula and some new raw material, Al caused the old Turkish-bath farce to run a hundred weeks in Chicago and more than a year in various other American cities. This thumbnail sketch of Al Rosen, however, failed to explain his hold on O'Dwyer. Granted that Al was the greatest expurgator who ever lived, how did that qualify him to dictate to O'Dwyer? Granted that Al's discovery might revolutionize literature by taking out the respectable padding, how did that entitle the moon-faced little stranger to shove O'Dwyer around?

The nature of the argument between Rosen and O'Dwyer soon became known. Al had bullyragged the candidate into going to a local motion-picture studio and placing himself in the hands of a makeup artist in order to be painted, crayoned, pencilled, and primped for some newsreel pictures. O'Dwyer blustered and protested, but finally did as Rosen ordered. Al explained that the idea was not to turn O'Dwyer into a Conover magazine-cover beauty but to make him resemble himself. According to Al, unless the makeup artist is patronized, newsreels make a man look like an animated passport photo. "It takes an hour and a half in the hands of a makeup artist," said Al, "to get rid of that WANTED FOR MURDER look that everybody has. It takes two hours to fix a man up with a good likeness of himself." Insiders later came forward with additional information explaining Rosen's unique power to lay down the law to O'Dwyer. This had nothing to do with Al's achievements as an expurgator. It resulted from the fact that Al is a celebrity fancier and has a genius for discovering future greatness. In the early twenties, Al met O'Dwyer, who was then a uniformed policeman, and instantly detected a celebrity under the trappings of a harness bull. He began to lionize the twenty-five-hundred-dollar-a-year cop as if he were a ten-thousand-dollar-a-week Hollywood star. Al used to walk O'Dwyer's beat with him just to be able to converse with his unhatched celebrity. Even in the early stages of their friendship, Al was furious at the Constitution, because, on the childish excuse that O'Dwyer was born in Ireland, it cheated him out of the Presidency.

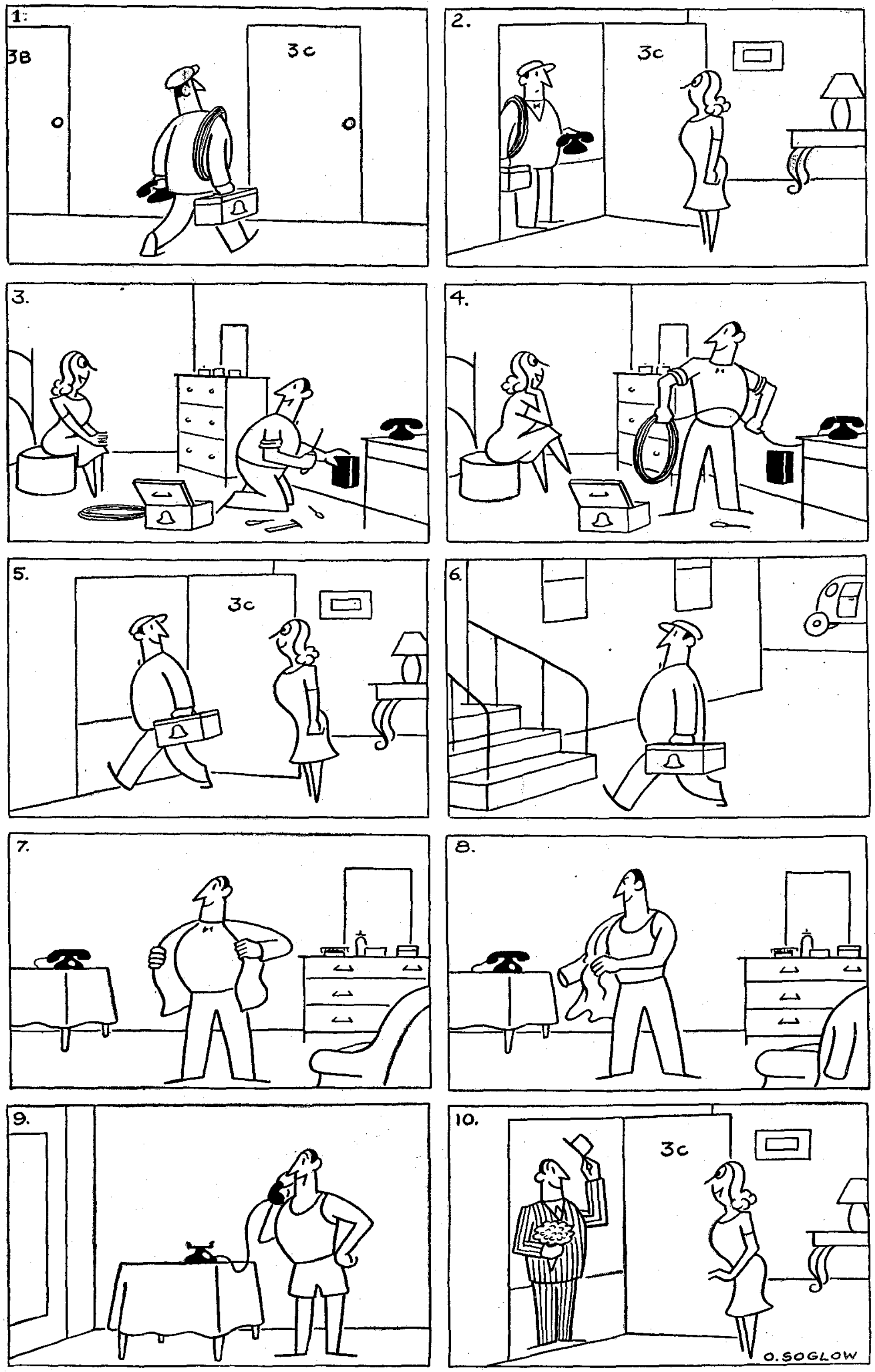
Rosen and O'Dwyer have been close friends ever since their first meeting. About twenty years ago, Al left Broadway to become a Hollywood agent, but he maintained his contact with O'Dwyer. When O'Dwyer decided to run for Mayor, he spent a week at a ranch near Indio, in the Imperial Valley, during which he talked over plans for the campaign with Al. Al called on his entire collection of celebrities, which contains a few minor Croesuses, for help in the O'Dwyer campaign. At that time, Al was putting together a new show—he was about to expertize seventeen miles of bathing beauties in search of Ziegfeld types—but he agreed to drop everything and go to New York to help with the motion-picture and theatrical side of the campaign. His first act was to order O'Dwyer into the hands of the makeup man. With a carefully painted green, blue, and reddish-brown portrait of O'Dwyer on O'Dwyer's own face, the candidate made a dashing impression in his newsreel pictures.

Al converted some movie and theatre magnates from Goldstein to O'Dwyer. Then he organized a drive to enlist grocers and butchers under the O'Dwyer banner. The opinions of grocers and butchers amounted to something in that day of shortages. They talked to innumerable housewives. Al argued that their chatter would sound like the united voice of myriads. He flooded the town with emissaries who told grocers and butchers that O'Dwyer's blood boiled every time anybody alluded to them as "blacketeers." Rosen started another drive, to line up elevator operators; his reasoning was that one big O'Dwyer button on the lapel of an elevator operator would be seen by thousands of people and that a few hundred O'Dwyer buttons on elevator operators would create the effect of an irresistible trend working itself up into a tidal wave. The election odds were not far from even money when Rosen started and were 10–1 for O'Dwyer before Election Day. Al doesn't claim, as hundreds of others do, that he practically appointed O'Dwyer to the position of Mayor. All he says is that he merely did what any good Hollywood agent would have done—that he merely sold O'Dwyer to the public as he would sell a client to a studio.

ROSEN, who is forty-nine, has been mingling with notables for more than forty years. For most of the time, he was what Sam Blythe called a "reflected-glory boy," but one morning he woke up and found that he was a celebrity himself. He was being saluted as a great box-office showman by the headlines "ROSEN MURDERS THE THEATRE BUT MAKES IT PAY," "ROSEN MAKES BIG TURKEYS LAY GOLDEN EGGS," and other breathtaking compliments in big type. Two of Al's shows—"Good Night, Ladies" and "Mary Had a Little"—have broken box-office records by the dozen.

Al started out in life as an infant celebrity himself—shrillest-voiced newsboy in his native Long Branch, and mascot of the Long Branch baseball team. His first idols were athletes and prominent citizens of Long Branch. He cultivated them in his infancy but shed them like milk teeth when he discovered a colony of big-time celebrities at Port-au-Pec, on Pleasure Bay, across from Long Branch. Some of the headliners of Port-au-Pec had summer homes in the vicinity; others came down from New York on their yachts. Under the pretext of selling them the Wall Street editions of New York papers, Al scraped acquaintance with a cast of characters that included Diamond Jim Brady, Ketchup King Jeff Livingston, Theda Bara, Raymond Hitchcock, Elsie Ferguson, Senator Guggenheim, Mortimer Schiff, Al Woods, Richard Carle, and William C. Reick, publisher of the *Sun*. At this time, Al discovered Al Rosen's Law—that it is just as easy to hobnob with the celebrated as it is to hobnob with the inglorious and obscure. Celebrities generally feel lonesome unless there are eight or ten hero worshippers around. Anybody can become a celebrity's man Friday. It is solely a matter of getting started.

The celebrities of Pleasure Bay were, for the most part, wealthy and lavish. It was routine for Al to get a dollar when he sold a paper to a twenty-four-carat notable. Drinking caused the tips to soar. Glamorous rummies sometimes gave him five-dollar bills for five-cent newspapers. He collected so much in lavish overpayments that he was able to contribute to the support of a grocery business that was ruining his parents. But, even though celebrities were most profitable to Al when they were drunk, he admired them most when they were sober. As he developed his own Westminster Abbey of live heroes, he



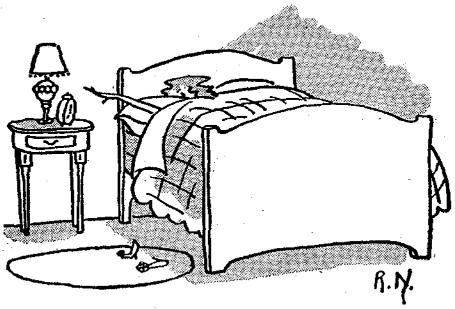
couldn't bear to see them deteriorate after a few highballs. It gave him a lifelong aversion to alcohol. Teetotalism became Al's college and postgraduate school. One of the best formulas for getting educated is to be a nondrinker among drinkers. At all stages of his career, Al has had important alcoholic pals—bonded warehouses of knowledge. For forty years, he has had his antennae out while others have been broadcasting. Catacombs and necropolises could be constructed out of his knowledge of where the bodies were buried. He could write a book on Who's Behind Who, whether grammarians liked it or not.

The Port-au-Pec celebrities took a fancy to Al because of his toy-bulldog physique and his King Solomon eyes. There is a look of excessive wisdom about his eyes, and it didn't get there by mistake. When he was a child, he cultivated his golden acquaintances with mature cunning and calculation. Learning that Reick published the *Sun*, Al hid the other papers and sold only the *Sun* whenever Reick was around. If anybody asked for the *World* or the *Globe* within Reick's hearing, Al would give seven reasons why the *Sun* was the only paper worthy of an intelligent man's attention. Reick offered Al a job on the *Sun*. Al was wildly elated. It was the great day of star reporters. Al had seen them—lovable devils who outwrote Kipling, outdressed Beau Broadway, repulsed duchesses, fooled confidence men, arrested cops, broke down district attorneys, and corrected the grammar of college presidents. Al would have joined the *Sun* but for Diamond Jim Brady. That king of drummers, sparkling like Tiara Night at the opera, was Al's No. 1 idol. When the boy had finished selling his papers, he used to sit in the glare of the great salesman and worship silently. Diamond Jim had started life as a bellboy at the aristocratic old St. James Hotel, and he had a fellow-feeling for the newsboy. He told Al to forget about newspapers, that journalism was nothing compared to the automobile industry. "Pack up," Diamond Jim told Al one day, and he shipped him West to be taught the auto business at the training school of the Maxwell Motor Company, in which Brady was a big stockholder.

Al received a salary of twenty-five dollars a week while he learned the business, from changing tires to writing sales contracts. He became an expert diagnostician of the ailments of Maxwells and held clinics for the instruction of dealers. But he met no celebrities. Life without celebrities was but a scene of horror. Al couldn't stand it. He came home in 1917, and was preparing to hunt celebrities on Broadway when the war broke out. Al enlisted the day war was declared, and served in the Army aviation ground service.

FOR a few months after the war, Al sold automobiles and helped his father in the grocery business at Long Branch. He is unmarried. His father lives with him now in Hollywood. Dabbling in autos and groceries in the daytime, Al began to haunt Times Square at night. He was soon in the business of managing night-club entertainers. One of his friends was then Jack Gorman, Headquarters detective and buddy of O'Dwyer. It was through Gorman that Al met the future Mayor.

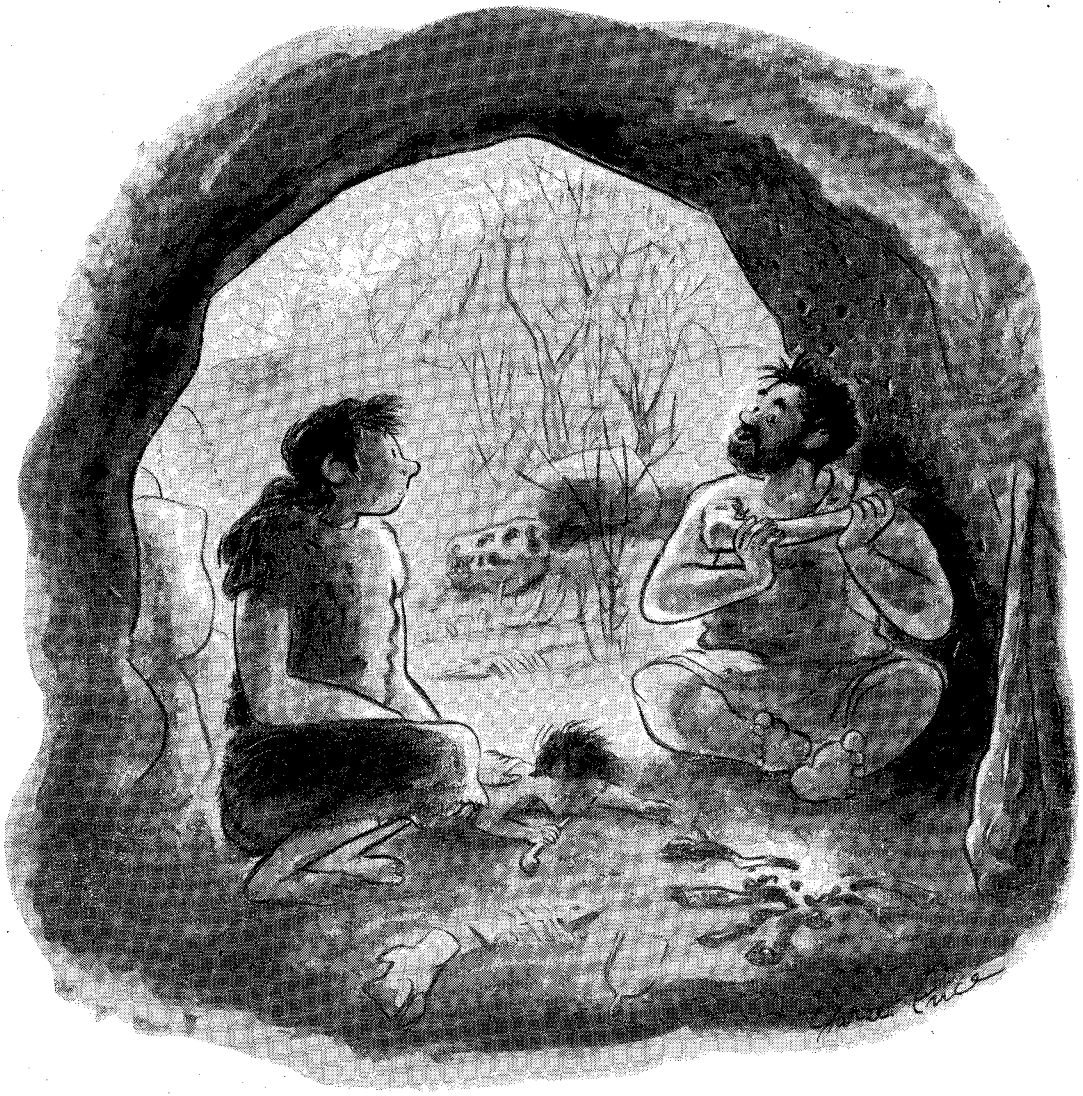
In 1922, Al made a premature attempt to promote talking pictures. Taking movie executives around to see and hear Dr. Lee De Forest's Phonofilm, he succeeded in working them into agonies of indecision, but they always wound up by saying "No." In 1924, one of Al's old Long Branch celebrities put him into journalism. Ketchup King Jeff Livingston and Oil King E. L. Doheny had become the anonymous angels of a projected New York paper to be called the *Bulletin*. It had a simple policy: it was to be one hundred per cent for Tammany locally and one hundred per cent for the Democratic Party nationally. At that time, some of the local Democratic papers were ninety-nine-per-centers. That lingering one per cent of independence caused them to be considered reformers at heart and undependable in a crisis. The *Bulletin* promised to be one hundred per cent in favor of any scalawag who was a Jeffersonian scalawag, and Tammany agreed to back the *Bulletin* to the limit. The Ketchup King was a rich playboy, and a newspaper is a kind of toy that no bored multimillionaire can easily resist. It was different with the Oil King. Doheny wanted a newspaper that would create the next President of the United States. Doheny was mixed up in the Teapot Dome affair, and it looked as if he might need a Presidential pardon. He had been shopping around for a President. He gave a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar retainer to William Gibbs McAdoo, the most likely-looking Democratic candidate, but McAdoo refused to stay retained. The Oil King then decided that the *Bulletin* would back Al Smith, in the hope that he would prove grateful.



For the sake of old times at Port-au-Pec, the Ketchup King put Rosen, then twenty-five years old, on the *Bulletin* as idea man and manager of dubious advertising. The *Bulletin's* status as a hundred-per-cent crusader for Tammany Hall threw Rosen into the bosom of the Wigwam and enabled him to collect new celebrities, like Boss Olvany and Robert Wagner. Always violently loyal to his celebrities, Al put on a personal campaign in favor of Snider's ketchup, which was Jeff Livingston's brand. Al would go to one of the most expensive restaurants and order the most expensive steak. When it was served, he would ask for ketchup. If the wrong brand was produced, he would say, "Give me Snider's." If the place didn't have Snider's, Al would cry, "I can't eat it without Snider's!," make a scene, and walk out. The theory was that the restaurant would never again be without Snider's. That is the kind of service that Al gives to all his illustrious comrades.

The first issue of the *Bulletin* came out on June 19, 1924, when the Democratic National Convention was getting ready to assemble at the old Madison Square Garden. It scooped the press of the world every day with the news that a landslide was starting for Al Smith. Thousands of copies of the *Bulletin* were given away at Madison Square Garden and at the hotels of the delegates. Whenever Smith lost a vote, thousands of extra *Bulletins* were rushed to the Garden like reserves to a crumbling battlefront. In the heat of the struggle, the *Bulletin* forgot that it was one hundred per cent in favor of all Democrats. It began to picture the Ku Klux Klan patting the head of a Uriah Heeplike figure labelled "McAdoo." The unkindest cut of all (coming from Doheny) was a cartoon of McAdoo in a checked suit, each check containing the word "Oil." The *Bulletin* was a full-sized, highly departmentalized, and substantial-looking paper; a stranger in New York might have supposed it to be more important than the *Times*. Al was one of the very few who knew that what sounded like the voice of the people was only the voice of petroleum and tomato sauce. The *Bulletin* actually did have its share of the power of the press, but it was power in an unmanageable form. Like the Good Duke Alfred's colossal cannon, it mowed down its own faithful followers in its recoil and never inflicted any casualties on the enemy. Hundreds of delegates were Ku Klux Klansmen. They were infuriated by the insults to their beloved society. Under ordinary circumstances, some of them might have swung over to Smith, but they were so embittered by the *Bulletin's* treatment of the dear old K.K.K. that they would rather die than vote for him. Four years later, without any *Bulletin* to help him, Smith easily carried off the Democratic nomination, with a minimum of K.K.K. trouble.

When John W. Davis was nominated as a result of the Smith-McAdoo deadlock, the Oil and Ketchup Kings lost interest in their paper. Having dropped a million dollars, they let the *Bulletin* die. Its disappearance made a hole in New York life like that caused by the closing of "The Ladder." Al Rosen was apparently the only gainer from the *Bulletin*. During its brief life, he added many big people to his legion of sworn brothers. He began to run a sort of casting agency for celebrities. He has seldom been more gratified than when Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky came running to him in great dismay. They were throwing a super-Belshazzar's Feast in New York in honor of their greatest star, Gloria Swanson, and hadn't been able to land a single national figure for the event. Al forwarded a very decent consignment of statesmen. He does things like that for nothing. There is a sublime disinterestedness in Al's relations with the inmates of his private Hall of Fame.



"It looks like spring is really here. I saw a pterodactyl today."

• •

WHEN the talking pictures did come in, Al decided to be a Hollywood agent, or ten-per-center—a profession Felix Young had invented a few years earlier. In 1928, Al landed his most important client, Fredric March, who was then playing San Francisco in a road-show edition of "The Royal Family." Hearing that a movie studio was interested in March, Al hired a plane and flew to San Francisco to sign him up before the studio representatives arrived. Flights of that kind were not routine events in 1928. March was impressed and made Al his agent. The connection worked out pretty well, although the client was occasionally puzzled by his agent's methods. "He would never go through a front door if there was a side door or a subterranean passage," March has recalled. "We would dart up an alley, ease our way through a portal that said 'For Employees Only,' stumble along a dark passage, muscle through a door that said 'No Admittance,' kick open another, which said 'Keep Out,' and then we would find ourselves in Louis B. Mayer's office, or Adolph Zukor's. We never had an appointment. Al was never expected anywhere, but never unexpected anywhere. I would be getting nervous about being arrested for unlawful entry when the door would open and Mayer or some other great magnate would come in. His face would light up and he would greet Al as an old friend, and they would start arguing as to whether the studio could live without me."

Al had a faculty—like that of Tammany Young, One-Eye Connelly, and other historic gate crashers—of always seeming to be present for the purpose of performing some routine but necessary function. He had learned a little of the gate-crashing technique at Long Branch, where he used to get past lookouts in order to sell his newspapers in gambling joints and other forbidden places. G. K. Chesterton based a Father Brown story on the theory that nobody pays any attention to a postman, and Irvin Cobb wrote a mystery on the premise that few people are aware of the identity of a waiter. Al developed the postman's or waiter's power of deadening attention. Gatekeepers, guards, receptionists, and secretaries had a blind spot for him. They always seemed to take him for the man who owned the place, or the man who swept it out.

Because of the amount of inside information he appeared to have overheard, Al was accused not only of deadening the attention of secretaries but of hiding in studio offices so that he could eavesdrop on important conferences. Rival agents claim that Hollywood's interest in Fredric March came to Al's attention when Al was hiding, with his ear glued to a keyhole, in a closet opening into Adolph Zukor's conference room. That story is probably the highest compliment ever paid to a ten-percenter. Al has never taken any bows on it. He claims that he gleaned his inside information by incessantly getting around and being an agent eighteen or twenty hours a day.

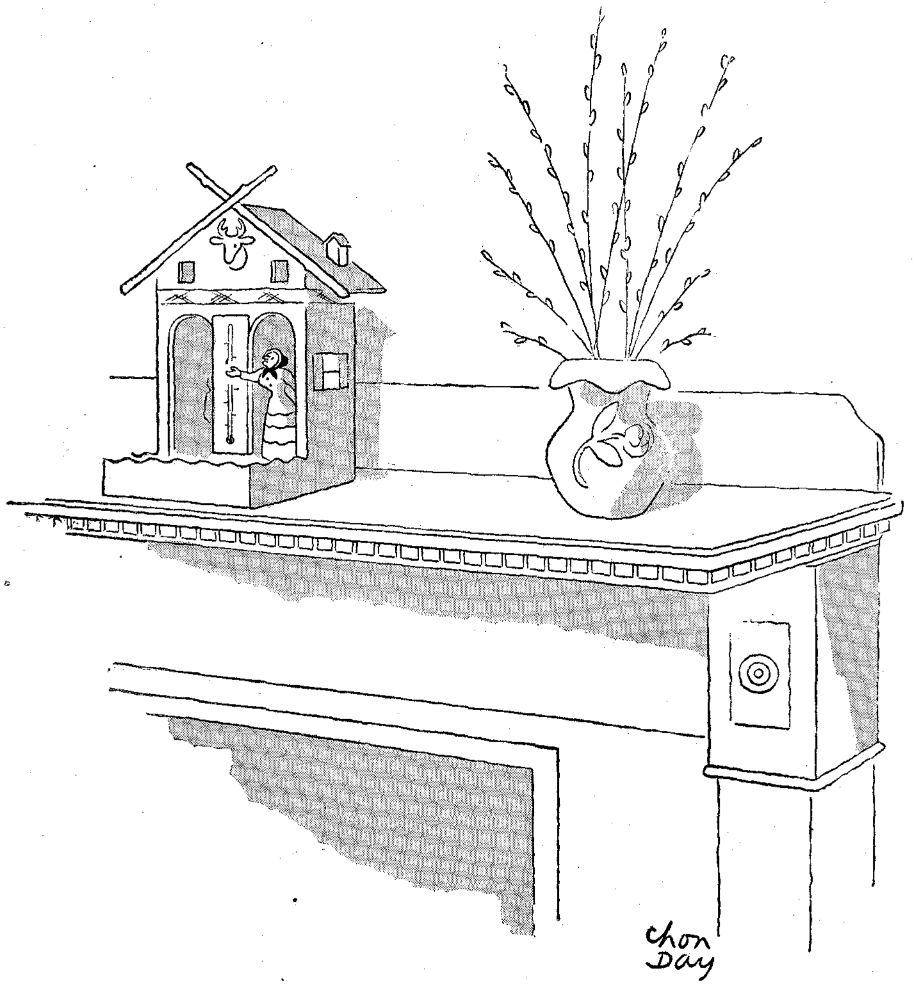
Al landed a seven-year contract for March, starting at a thousand dollars a week and rising to thirty-five hundred. In a few years, March became a great star. If he hadn't had the contract, he could have collected ten thousand dollars a week. That would have meant a thousand a week for Al instead of three hundred and fifty. Al discovered that the studio had breached, shattered, pulverized, and annihilated the old thirty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week contract and he demanded a new, ten-thousand-dollar-a-week one. March wouldn't join in the demand, so the star and his agent parted. Al had no interest in a man who would tamely submit to thirty-five hundred dollars a week.

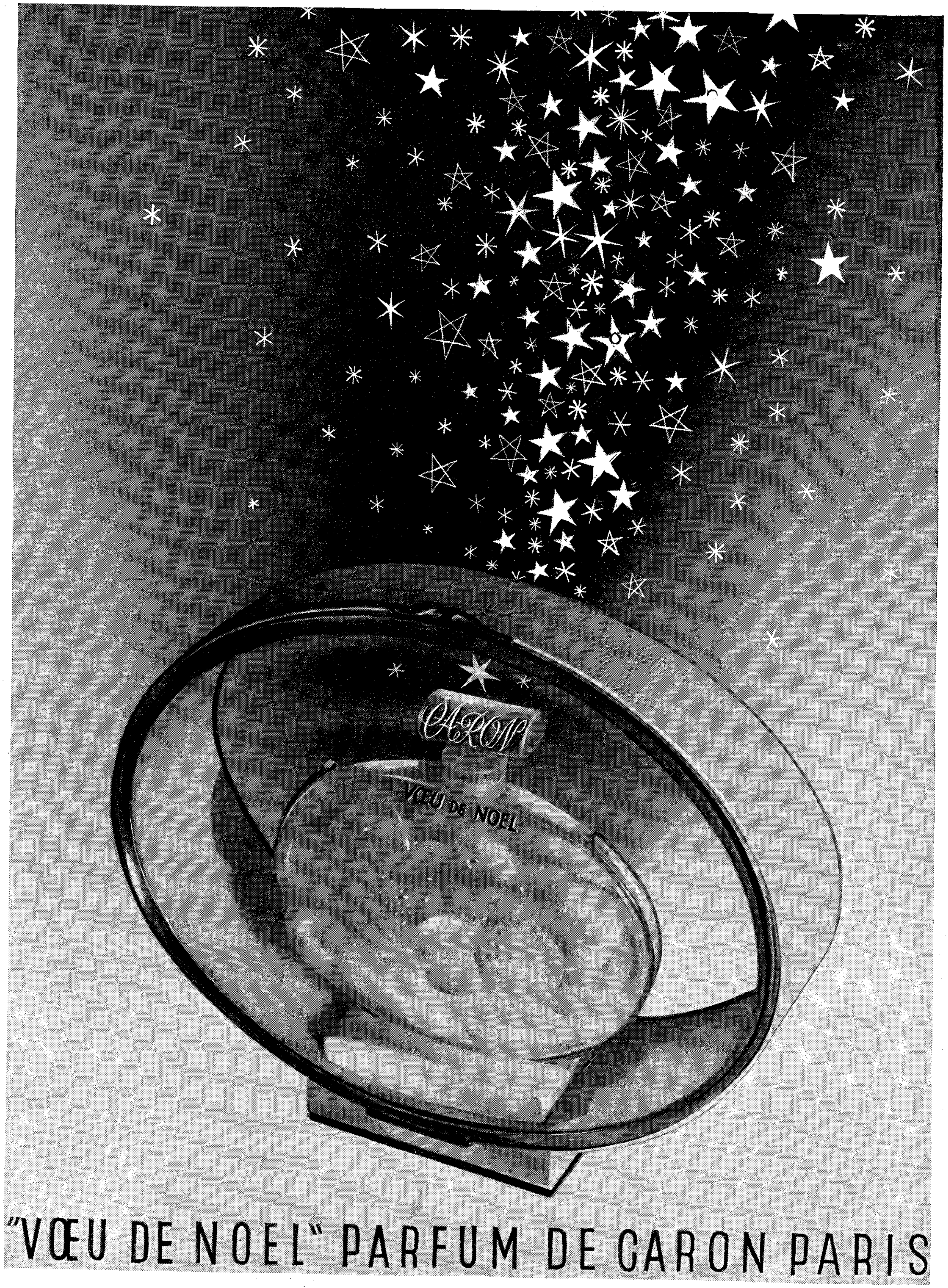
Al gradually recruited a miscellaneous rabble of clients. His primary ambition, however, was to produce movies and plays. A few years after Hitler came into power, Al tried to interest Hollywood in "The Mad Dog of Europe," a script written by Lin Root, in the hope of arousing the horror of the world and causing the early overthrow of Hitler. He tried to raise money to produce a Colossal Epic. Every time he interested some capitalists, however, Hollywood groups stepped in and spoiled the deal. The official Hollywood attitude was that to offend Hitler would cause the film industry to lose business in Hitler-dominated territory. Al made speeches accurately forecasting what Hitlerism would lead to, and in retrospect he appears to have had almost a monopoly on world statesmanship. Washington's attitude was that if Hitler was not rubbed the wrong way, he might develop a nice disposition and all world problems would clear themselves up spontaneously. The State Department had worn its fingers to the bone writing apologies for Mayor LaGuardia and others who were unkind to Hitler. Al and the Mad Dog idea completely upset the striped-pants brigade in Washington. Hollywood magnates said they had orders from the highest quarters to squelch him and make him stop annoying Hitler. At one Mad Dog conference, a great Hollywood baron shook his fist at Al and said, "You're only in this to make a buck anyway." That was unfair. Al was in it to make a million bucks.

Shortly after Munich, there was a change of heart in Hollywood's high places. Al was besieged by studios eager to back the Mad Dog project, but he had lost interest. He said the Mad Dog picture would be too late, because years of inertia had built up Hitler until only a world war could stop him.

Al now decided to switch from statesmanship to sex. His idea had been to make the world turn pale; he now wanted to make it turn red. For years, he had been arguing that fame and fortune awaited anybody who could make the people blush. He desired to produce an all-out testimonial to sex; he wanted to commemorate it with all his might. His idea was to do for sex what the Hudson-Fulton Celebration did for the steamboat, or what Buffalo Bill's circus did for the Wild West. He aimed to make audiences sink through concrete floors with embarrassment.

Al couldn't interest any playwrights in sex. They said it was as out of date as the three-toed horse. But old-timers had told Al that the thing had once excited considerable public interest, and he started to look it up in the archives. Haunting the Los Angeles Public Library, he read "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Twin Beds," "Up in Mabel's Room," "Getting Gertie's Garter," and other famous boudoir scuffles of a generation ago. To him, they were just a mass of Victorian hypocrisy. "I wouldn't give a nickel for a million of them," he said. He believed, however, that he detected the germ of an idea in Avery Hopwood's "Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath." It gave the spectator the illusion of having a ringside seat at a wild night in a Moorish harem. That was too platonic for Al. He was looking for something that would run amuck and make hash of the inhibitions. He wanted his show to be one prolonged moose call. But, insipid as it was, the ladies-in-the-steamroom business was the only meritorious




CARON
VŒU DE NOEL
"VŒU DE NOEL" PARFUM DE CARON PARIS

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RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
present
in association with JOSHUA LOGAN
"A REWARDING COMEDY."
—Barnes, Her. Trib.
John Loves Mary
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MR. LOGAN
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"A NEW HIT."—Morehouse, Sun
HELEN HAYES
in
"Happy Birthday"
A New Comedy by ANITA LOOS
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"MERMAN'S A WOW."—Chapman, News
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:30 • Matinées Wed. & Sat., 2:30

THE THEATRE GUILD and JOHN C. WILSON
in association with
H. M. TENNENT Ltd. of LONDON present
JOHN GIELGUD'S PRODUCTION
The Importance of Being Earnest
By Oscar Wilde
MARGARET RUTHERFORD
PAMELA BROWN JANE BAXTER
JEAN CADELL
ROBERT FLEMYNG
JOHN KIDD RICHARD WORDSWORTH
STRINGER DAVIS DONALD BAIN
JOHN GIELGUD
Decor by Motley
ROYALE Theatre, Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
"Lillian Hellman's fifth smash hit"—LIFE
"Another Part of the Forest"
PERCY WARAM • MILDRED DUNNOCK • WESLEY ADDY
"A brilliant, distinguished work, of enormous power and impact." —RICHARD WATTS, Jr., Post
FULTON, W. 46 ST. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

idea that Al found in months of scholarly research. After adding a strip-tease act and following it up with some really embarrassing scenes, he began to feel that he had the makings of a genuine antidote to false modesty. He was now able to interest a playwright, Cyrus Wood, in doing an entire new script. The original dialogue had consisted of practically nothing but imported postcards in conversation form, but in twenty years it had lost its power to shock. According to Rosen, the sprier part of the language undergoes a complete change every five years. He declares that today a man who mentions etchings or says "Come up and see me sometime" stamps himself as an obsolete old iceberg attempting to get sprightly, and yet only a few years ago those phrases were considered timesavers for fast workers. Authentic men-about-town once used them. The "Ladies' Night" dialogue, once jingling with rakish innuendoes, had lost its punch. Lines that would have caused Doll Tearsheet to hide her face behind a fan had become completely meaningless. Al was hopeful, however, about one of the old situations—that of a history professor, a sufferer from bashfulness and claustrophobia, who was accidentally locked in a small Turkish bath with a mob of "Follies" girls dressed up like Greek goddesses in intermittent clouds of steam.

With very little to start with, Al turned out a million-dollar show. Midwestern theatrical authorities credited him with combining the best box-office qualities of Al Woods, Ziegfeld, and Minsky. They reported that he had taken all the Sunday-school atmosphere out of the original steam-room comedy and stuffed it with the sublime and beautiful; that he had turned it into a monotonous landscape of epidermis, and occasionally increased the monotony with a strip-tease act; and that he had had practically no costume expenses except Turkish towels. Al was also credited with inventing the improved double-entendre. The old double-entendre was something in which an industrious mind could find an evil meaning. The Rosen double-entendre is one in which an industrious mind can find an innocent meaning. The double-entendre used to get a triumphant cackle of discovery from six or eight people, and then neighs, snorts, and giggles would slowly make their way around the theatre. There are no delayed fuses to the Rosen double-entendres. The laughs all come at once. The slowest mind in the audience is at no disadvantage against the quickest. Al's great ambition is to bring sophistication within the reach of everybody.

The hundred-week run of Al's show in Chicago broke all records. Lloyd Lewis wrote an article describing the bereavement of the "out-of-towners" when the run ended. Al Rosen's two million customers in Chicago were all "out-of-towners," just as the customers of New York hot spots are all "out-of-towners." Nobody hesitates to contribute to the delinquency of "out-of-towners." They constitute the greatest public for a showman to aim at. There are a hundred and thirty million people in the United States, of whom five hundred million are "out-of-towners."

Al then worked for a while on an original play called "Harem Scarem"—the story of a young American multimillionaire who, finding himself marooned in Arabia, buys a racing stable of camels and a ten-wife, forty-concubine harem, with accommodations for transients. He shelved this idea temporarily, because he thought he had a bigger laugh carnival on the theme of illegitimacy. Al was the first to discover the hilarious angles of being born out of wedlock. He produced his first unmarried-pregnancy riot twelve years ago and started a wave of comedies on the subject of crashing the gate of the human race, as William the Conqueror and Charles the Bastard did, without waiting to get a green light from a parson or justice of the peace. Al got his title for the new show by accident. In his spare time, he writes down adages like "It is hard to drive black hogs in the dark" and lines like Aimee's prayer, "Give me chastity but not yet," and studies them for hidden meanings. He studies only a few seconds when out skips an excellent vulgarism. One day, Al started to write, "Mary had a little lamb." The telephone rang. After finishing the conversation, he discovered that he had not quite finished the line; he had written only "Mary had a little." Al jumped up shouting, "Eureka! I've got it." He had accidentally hit upon one of the rarest of things—a natural-born multiple, or universal, entendre. Every evil mind in the country could put its own interpretation on it. "Mary Had a Little" opened last summer in San Francisco and became a box-office success in several cities.

Al regards bad notices as one of the secrets of his success. Few other plays have ever been denounced the way his smash hits have been. He opened "Good Night, Ladies" in Santa Barbara, knowing that it would be frightfully abused in that virtuous city. Santa Barbara's

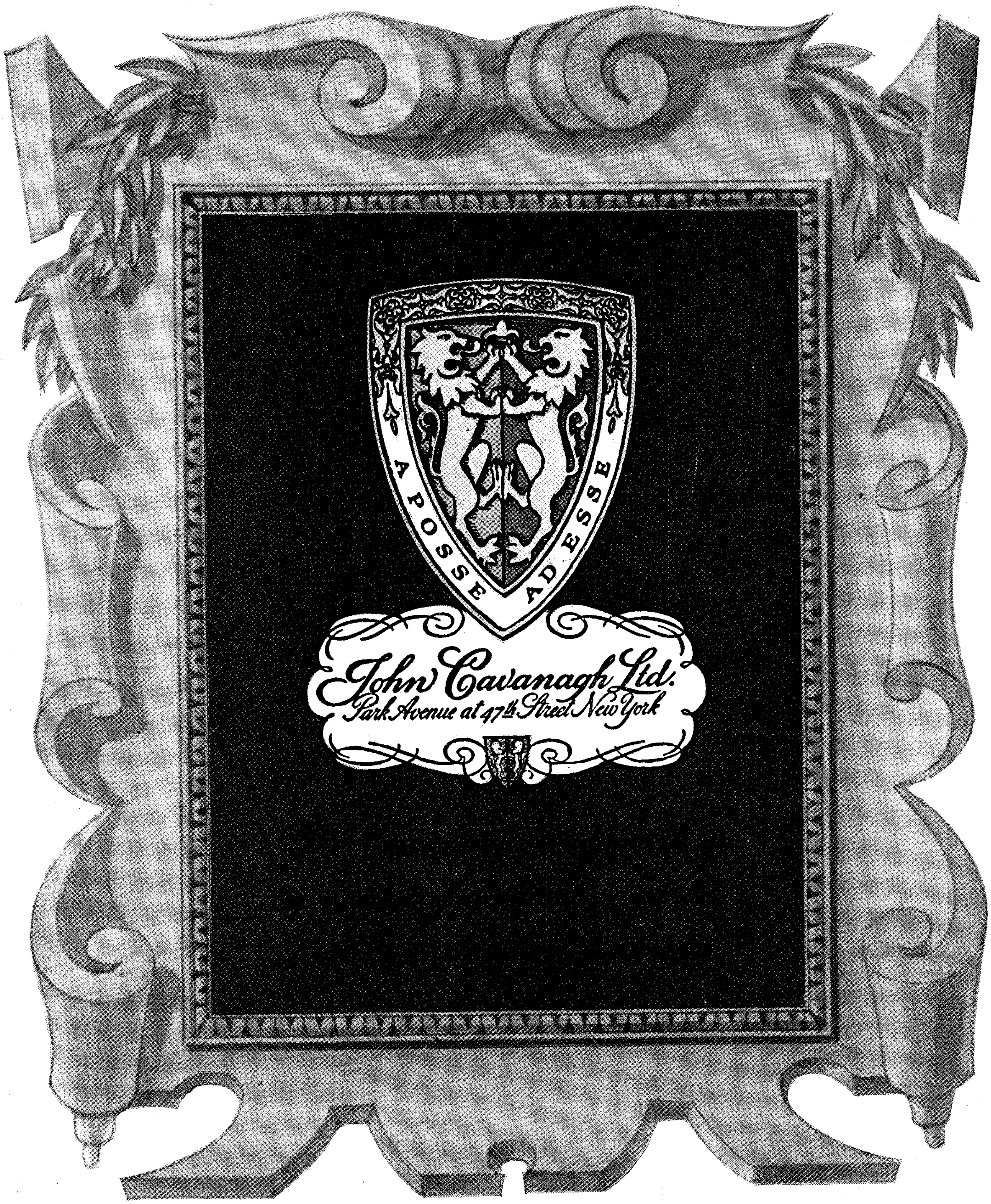
La Cross hands you a new idea!

Naylon, the new nail polish miracle! Genius designed this bottle that won't tip, tilt or topple. And genius made this Steady Stroke Applicator too. It's easy to hold as a pencil, applies polish as simply as you sign your name. Naylon itself is a *dream* nail polish...dries faster, lasts longer, is flexible as a fingernail. You'll find the colors tantalizing...especially flaming, vibrant Congo Magic. Yes, La Cross puts polish perfection at your fingertips...60¢ plus fed. tax.

and in a word it's naylon by La Cross

NAYLON TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LORD & TAYLOR


A POSSE AD ESSE
John Cavanagh Ltd.
Park Avenue at 47th Street New York

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Cavanagh Associates in other cities.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

EUGENE O'NEILL'S
"THE ICEMAN COMETH"
CARL BENTON REID • E. G. MARSHALL
NICHOLAS JOY • FRANK TWEDDELL
Directed by EDDIE DOWLING
Production designed and lighted by
ROBERT EDMOND JONES
Wks. of Mar. 24-31—National Thea., Wash.
Wks. of Apr. 7-14—Walnut St. Thea., Phila.

INA CLAIRE
in a Gay Comedy by GEORGE KELLY
THE FATAL WEAKNESS
MARGARET DOUGLASS—HOWARD ST. JOHN
Designed and Lighted by DONALD OENSLAGER
Wk. of Mar. 24—Nixon Thea., Pittsburgh
Wk. of Mar. 31—American Thea., St. Louis

OKLAHOMA!
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • Mary Hatcher • David Burns • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea., W. 44. Evgs. $4.80, 3.60, 3, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mat. Thurs.—$3, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mat. Sat.—$3.60, 3, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20

THE NATIONAL COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
Wk. of Mar. 24—Auditorium, Dallas
Wk. of Mar. 31—Auditorium, Ft. Worth
Wk. of Apr. 7—Conventional Hall, Tulsa

CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Henry Michel, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC THEA., W. 44th St. Evgs. $6, $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.

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ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
the Voice of the Turtle
NEW YORK—Morosco Theatre
BEATRICE PEARSON • ALAN BAXTER • VICKI CUMMINGS
CLEVELAND—Hanna Theatre
HARVEY STEPHENS • LOUISA HORTON • FRANCES TANNEHILL

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40th & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

"New York's grandest evening of merriment."—Atkinson, Times
PAULA STONE & MICHAEL SLOANE Present
BOBBY CLARK in
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Sweethearts
SHUBERT, 44th St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

wild outcries about vulgarity and indecency ensured a big run in San Francisco and got the play off to a flying start with the nation. The history of the show was mainly one of bad reviews followed by sellouts. Santa Barbara refused to allow "Mary Had a Little" to appear there at all—a better piece of promotion than ten bad reviews.

New York City has been an exception to the national pattern. "Good Night, Ladies" got enough bad reviews here for a three-year run, but it flopped. Al has stated that it was partly his own fault, because he made the mistake of bringing the show to New York during the brownout. But the main trouble, as he analyzed it, was that New York audiences are culturally at the awkward age. Millions of New Yorkers, according to Al, would have been deliriously happy at "Good Night, Ladies," but they didn't dare to commit the social error of being seen at a show the critics had labelled a mustn't. In Al's opinion, critic-cowed New Yorkers think that to attend a play that has had poor reviews will hurt their credit with the banks and cause the F.B.I. to write their names down in the little black book. He says that the theatrical producers have only themselves to blame, their great mistake having been to give critics an artificial importance by quoting rave reviews in big type in theatrical advertising. It is this big type, according to Al, that magnifies critics into oracles and dictators. Al has appealed to New York showmen to strike the critics out of the ads entirely. At present, he is arranging to bring "Mary Had a Little" into New York and is building up a sinking fund for it. He expects that review-scared New Yorkers will stay away from the show for a month but that the sinking fund will pay for an advertising campaign sufficient to neutralize the reviews and allow public taste to vindicate itself.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

•

VERSAILLES, March 8 (AP)—French peasants, fearful of their lives and crops, threatened today to block plans for the building of national experimental laboratories for atomic research on the Plateau of Saclay, twenty-five miles southwest of Paris.

The peasants' objections were serious enough to bring France's leading atomic energy expert, Frederic Joliot-Curie, to Versailles, where he told a public meeting that the proposed atomic studies would endanger neither the lives nor the crops of the peasants.

The peasants said they would think it over.—*The Herald Tribune.*

That's what all us peasants are doing.

2 PERFECT COMEDY TREATS
MAX GORDON productions
"A completely satisfying and enjoyable comedy." —Chapman, News
FREDRIC MARCH FLORENCE ELDRIDGE
In the new smash hit
YEARS AGO
by RUTH GORDON
Staged by GARSON KANIN
MANSFIELD THEATRE
"A very funny play, brilliantly written, acted & staged."—Garland, Jour.-Am.
BORN YESTERDAY
The Hilarious Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK
ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

"A Musical Sparkler!"—WALTER WINCHELL
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
▶ NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE
with JANE KEAN
▶ PITTSBURGH—NIXON THEATRE
with BETTY KEAN
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
in "Lady Windermere's Fan"
by OSCAR WILDE
with
PENELOPE WARD • DAVID MANNERS
JOHN BUCKMASTER • REX EVANS • REX O'MALLEY
and ESTELLE WINWOOD
Staged by CECIL BEATON—Directed by JACK MINSTER
CORT Thea. 48th St. East of B'way. Cl. 5-4289
Evgs. at 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

"WOWS THE HOUSE DOWN"—Newsweek
Bert Lahr
with Jean Parker in
BURLESQUE
BELASCO, 44th St. E. of By. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
(Now in its 3rd Year!)
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. N. Y. City. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JOE E. BROWN in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with MARION LORNE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
Now Playing HARRIS Theatre, CHICAGO.

THE THEATRE

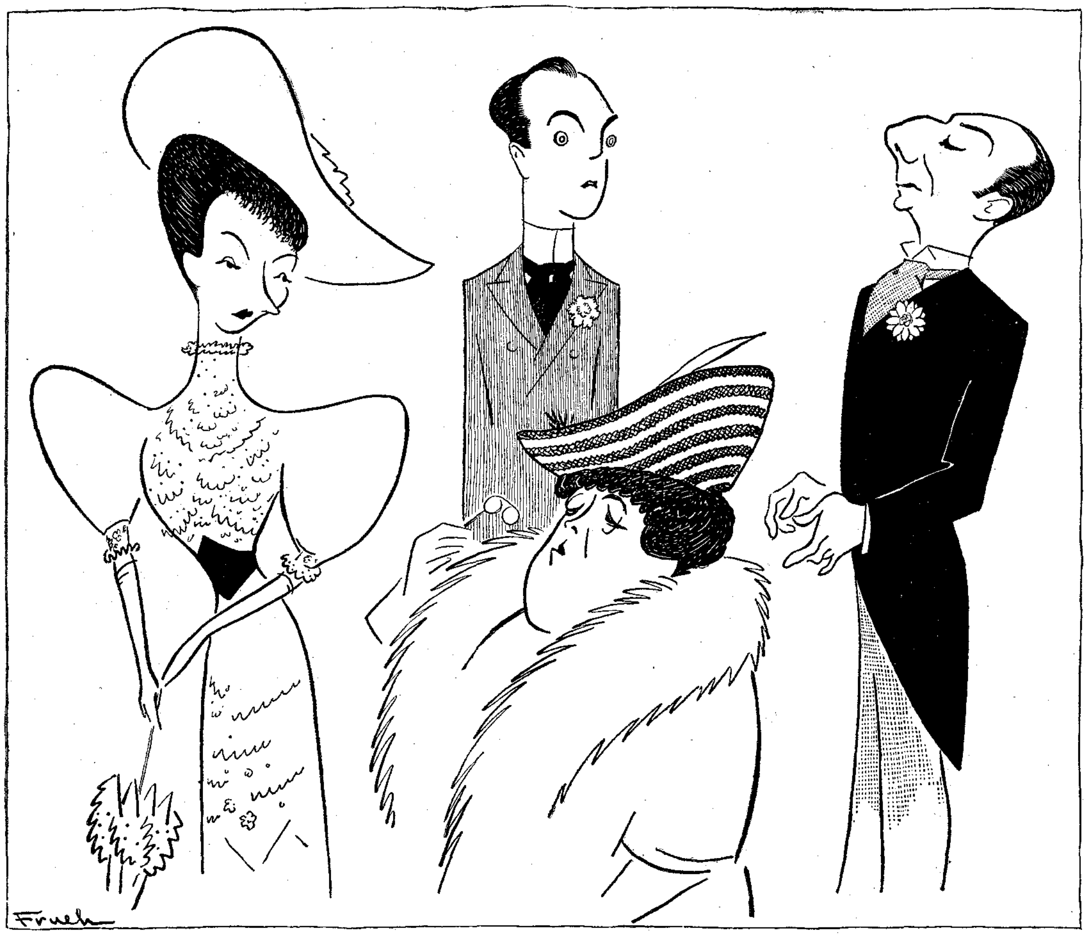
A TOP-HEAVY EAGLE

FOR about an act and a quarter of "The Eagle Has Two Heads," which made its way into the Plymouth Theatre last week and dropped to the earth on the stage there like a ton of Ruritanian bricks, I grappled gamely with the play's allegorical message, which seemed to involve (a) life and (b) death. In the second act, my effort broke against the surface of rich, reminiscent prose, adapted by Ronald Duncan from the French of Jean Cocteau, and I settled back to listen to what the players were saying instead of trying to figure out what they meant. What they said had a fine old flavor for a while there. It sounded something like this:

> I will leave the palace by post chaise at nine, wearing the uniform of a colonel of my guards. . . . Descend from the carriage at Slavitz and place yourself at the head of your cavalry. . . . Review them. Inspire them. . . . There will be two hussars at the west gate. . . . Enter the jail at Tlotz and free all political prisoners. . . . The Countess is not on good terms with the Minister for Bird Life. . . . Make no mention of the word "arrest," but in effect—you follow me? . . . Madame, you have the brain of Richelieu and the soul of an empress. . . . Give me five minutes in Lvotz, and the town is yours. . . . The grenadiers will rise as one man. They were with my Uncle Boris at the siege of Rahway. . . . Froehnke has ten hearts of oak in the Winter Palace who would die at a word from you. . . . Ten true men are worth eleven of the Minister's mercenaries. . . . My handkerchief is the signal. . . . The Grand Duchess will never return from that ride.

This bold talk came to nothing. At the stage of the game that I summarize above, it looked as though Tallulah Bankhead, playing a beautiful queen of a mythical country, were going to straighten out and make something of herself, after a first act that had hinted strongly that all she wanted to do was die. The final curtain found her reverting without apology to her earlier program. Her lover having taken poison, she goaded him into shooting her in the back before he went to his own reward. The dénouement occurred at the two ends of a flight of stairs, with Miss Bankhead succumbing at the top of the stairway and her murderer, Helmut Dantine, below her, on the stage. I understand that at different times in the play's history—it has been produced in London and Paris, as well as at American road stops on the way to Broadway—these positions in respect to sea level were reversed, with the gentleman dying above and the lady taking the gentler fall below. Miss Bankhead spared herself nothing on opening night at the Plymouth. In a plunge that I would hesitate to make with football pads on, she toppled headfirst, majestically and in a pure line, down several stairs. She was fresh as a daisy, however, for her curtain calls, which were up to the standards of the Bankhead public.

The language and the stage sets of "The Eagle Has Two Heads" are florid to a high degree, and so are the more obvious points of M. Cocteau's plot, or allegory. The queen is in love with death because, ten years before the play begins, her consort was killed on their wedding day. Next to death, the thing she likes best is a good, smashing thunderstorm, and one of these is in progress when Mr. Dantine, a poet who has planned to assassinate her, comes through her bedroom window in a state of disrepair and collapses on her carpet. He is a ringer—almost a dead one, at the moment—for the late king. The resemblance persuades the queen to nurse him, to love him, and to ask for a slight stay of execution, provided he shoots



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

Shown here, about to toss an epigram smoothly around the infield, are, from left to right, Pamela Brown, Robert Flemyng, Margaret Rutherford, and the team's playing manager, John Gielgud. The revival of the Oscar Wilde comedy is at the Royale.

His neighbors said, "Abraham Overholt is an honest man and prudent in all his transactions."

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WHISKEY
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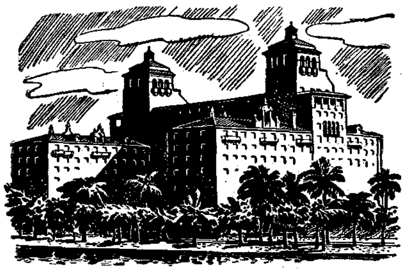

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her within three days. Not unnaturally, Miss Bankhead's beauty wins the poet so completely that she has a hell of a time getting him to meet the deadline. But he does, and she dies, as I said before, with great vigor. There is one occasion when Miss Bankhead, to gain her ends, talks without interruption for seventeen minutes, so that her stamina seems as admirable in this play as her charm. Mr. Dantine, recently of Hollywood, does some of the season's best and most authentic listening. Clarence Derwent is excellent in the part of a disloyal minister who is also—M. Cocteau strayed a little off the path here—a human being.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

We thought it would be a good idea if all of our girls here at Burrelle's could get home before the rush—and the girls who work here thought it was a good idea, too—so—from now on we are working five days a week (we don't work on Saturdays) from 8:30 A.M. to 4:50 P.M. If we don't answer our phone after 4:50 P.M. it's because everybody here at Burrelle's is getting home before the rush—but we will all be in bright and early the next morning at 8:30 A.M. The girls like the idea of our two 15 minute rest periods also—one in the morning from 10:30 to 10:45 and one in the afternoon from 3:30 to 3:45.

Everybody at Burrelle's has a bank account—started for them by the company —and some of the girls have built up a good healthy reserve. The girls deposit and withdraw each pay day right here in the office. We play ping-pong on our off time—go to Christmas dinners—picnics or boat rides in the summer time. Everybody sends each other a birthday card—and our Burrelle Sunshine Club arranges for flowers, gifts, etc. when we have a bride. After 10 years of service we get three weeks vacation with pay.—*Communication from Burrelle's Clipping Bureau.*

You mean a girl can bear to stay away from the place for three whole weeks?

•

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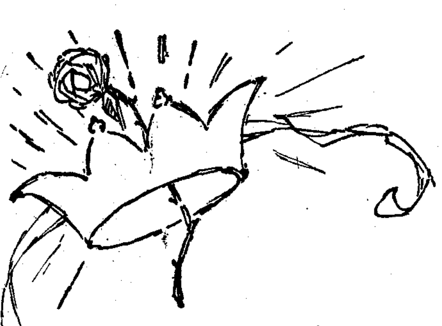
[*Adv. in Billboard*]

The ATOMIC BOMBER commands profits because it features the most-talked-about secret of the day, the Atom Bomb. And it multiplies profits because of its "chain-reaction" sales. The passing public sees the thrilling action of the game in play . . . they see the spectacular mushrooming column of smoke . . . the devastation . . . they stop . . . they play . . . they attract others, thus setting up continuing sales, a very important factor in coin-machine merchandising. Beautifully designed, occupying only two square feet of floor space, giving the public an outlet for their "Atomic-Thinking," Mutoscope's ATOMIC BOMBER has tremendous drawing power . . . offers you magnificent profits!



If I were King
And loved a Queen
Who dwelt Too Far away—
I'd call Max Schling
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OF ALL THINGS

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S Middle East program has aroused the disapproval of both isolationists and liberals. Critics to right of him, critics to left of him volley and thunder.

•

The bill providing for aid to Greece and Turkey is to have a preamble reaffirming our faith in the United Nations. Our lawmakers think it is only decent to bow pleasantly to the U.N. as we pass by.

•

If Congress approves the thirty-percent cut in lower-bracket income taxes, what will the little taxpayers do with the money they save? Pessimists are sure that they will only squander it on bread and milk.

•

On a single day last week, Herman Talmadge and John L. Lewis gracefully acquiesced to Supreme Court decisions. A wave of lawfulness is sweeping over the country, one is tempted to think.

•

Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas, of California, took a basket of groceries into Congress as an illustrated definition of free enterprise. Apparently, it means that a customer is free to buy ten dollars' worth of food for fifteen dollars.

•

Much admiration is being expressed for Benjamin Lieberman, of Philadelphia. While others were complaining about the high cost of living, he went down cellar and found $92,800.

•

Princeton undergraduates have organized a bureau that is prepared to furnish the public with qualified student speakers on any subject whatever. This is the raw material from which senators are made.

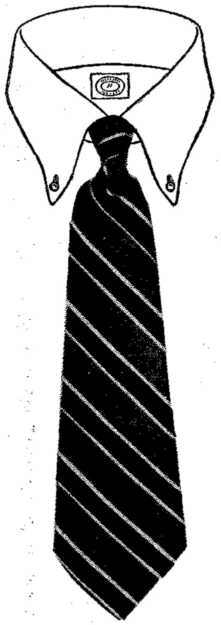
•

The New York legislature adjourned and left Governor Dewey with more than a thousand bills to study. Everybody is urged to keep quiet while Thomas does his homework.

•

The proposed reform in radio advertising is said to have run into the opposition of several of the largest sponsors. It is to be hoped that the big soapmakers are not opposed to this cleanup.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



BROOKS BROTHERS' STRIPED SILK NECKTIES, made in our own workrooms from our own rep silks, are as famous as anything this celebrated store sells. Six of these Striped Silks, reproduced here in red-and-black, may be ordered by mail in stripes of various colors *with predominant ground colors of Black, Red, Blue or Brown (and also Green in Nos.* 15, 16, 18 *and* 20). Swatches show stripes half actual-size. Ideal as Easter Gifts. Each necktie, $4.

MANY OTHER STRIPES IN OUR NEW YORK STORE.

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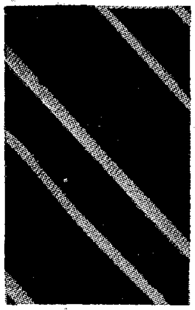

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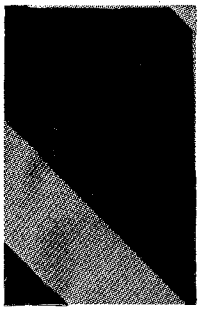

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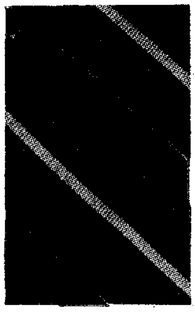

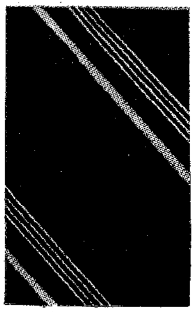

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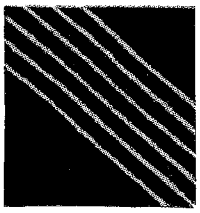

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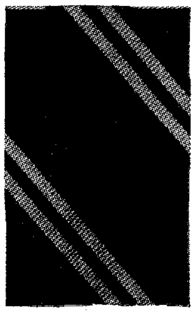

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LOVE TO BE REMEMBERED
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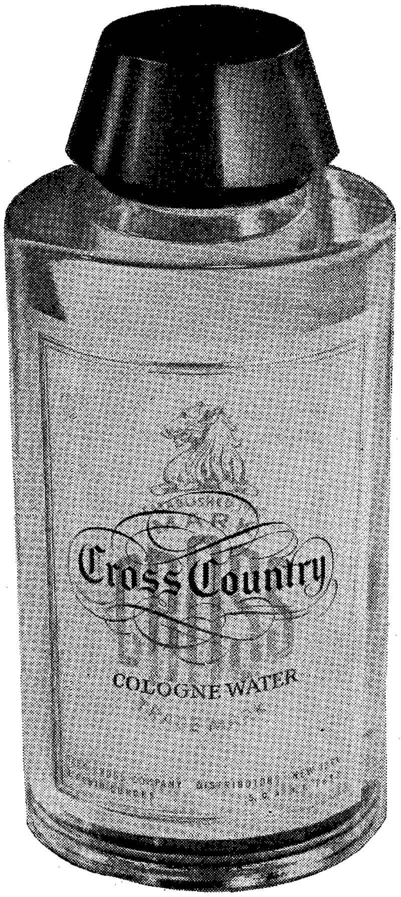

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Our every preparation carries the
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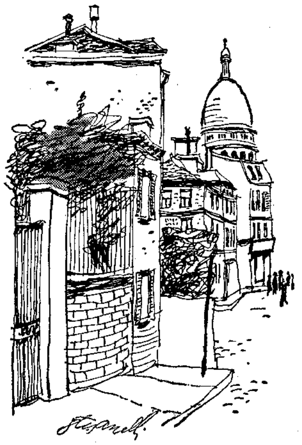
LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 20

FOR a period of thirty-one days, ending this past Monday, the capital of France functioned without any French newspapers to give it news of itself, let alone of the rest of the world. Owing to the press strike, which is now rather inconclusively over, Parisians know nearly nothing about the Franco-British alliance made at Dunkirk; or the treason trials being held by night at the busy Versailles High Court of Justice, where Marshal Pétain's collaborating ministers and other high officials are being condemned to hard labor or the firing squad; or the fist fights in the National Assembly of Deputies, where the Lefts and Rights have been coming to blows about France's Indo-Chinese war; or President Truman's earth-shaking speech on aid to Greece and Turkey; or even the opening of the Moscow Foreign Ministers' Conference. During the enforced holiday from news, the government pasted up posters of skimpy information on the boulevards. At the same time, the butchers were on strike, and the queues of men standing on the sidewalk to read what the government had to say were shorter than the queues of women lined up before the shops to see what the government was giving to eat. The Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, at breakfast, and the airborne London *Times*, at tea, became stopgap reading matter for the upper-crust Parisians. Ordinary citizens listened to government-censored radio news more than they have at any other time since the end of the war—which is not saying much. During the month-long isolation from world events, Parisians were relieved not to have to know the news, and that is a grim piece of news in itself. Today, there are few citizens anywhere who could suppose that no news is good news. Parisians seemed to figure that any news would be bad news, and to be glad to duck it, as if they were temporarily avoiding blows from contemporary history.



The press strike—the strikers were the pressmen, linotypers, compositors, and other production people—was the most costly, complex failure of functional relations among capital, labor, bureaucracy, government, and the Paris population that the new Fourth Republic has come up against so far. The maneuverings—political, financial, and ideological—of the workers and their bosses were so Machiavellian, subtle, shifting, and European as to make John L. Lewis's recent run-in with our government look as simple and childish as a game of cops and robbers. Even the French citizens, especially since they had no newspapers to guide them, could make sense out of the strike only by simplifying its issues so far that they got them all wrong. The intellectual Leftists' error consisted of regarding the strike as nothing but a wicked endurance test, encouraged by the Rightist, capitalist-backed newspapers in the hope of starving the Left press into bankruptcy. However much French capitalism might wish it could do just that, today's weakened, semi-Socialized French capitalism knows that as the backer of the press it has the approximate sustaining power of a gilt flea compared to the Soviet Russian bear, whose propaganda budget would certainly prevent the Paris Party paper, *L'Humanité*, from being starved out even if the strike lasted for the next, vitally important ten years. Many Rightists simplified the strike issue by mistakenly regarding the strikers as a pack of Communists. Like most European printers, those in Paris are actually either anarchists (a political leftover from the last century) or Trotskyites (a leftover from this century's Marxian revolution). During the strike, when Marcel Cachin, elderly Communist leader, started to pass through the picket line around his *Humanité's* printing plant, the anarchist-Trotskyite strikers stopped him by shouting, "You capitalist! Don't try to break real workingmen's picket line!"

As far as wages go, at least, the printers are the aristocrats of French labor. For an average six-hour day and six-day week, spent, as is their special custom, working for two outfits—for both a morning and an evening paper or both a daily and a weekly—a striker's annual salary before he struck was three hundred thousand francs a year ($2,521), or only a little less than the pay of a Deputy. During the month of idleness and negotiations, the government promised the strikers that they

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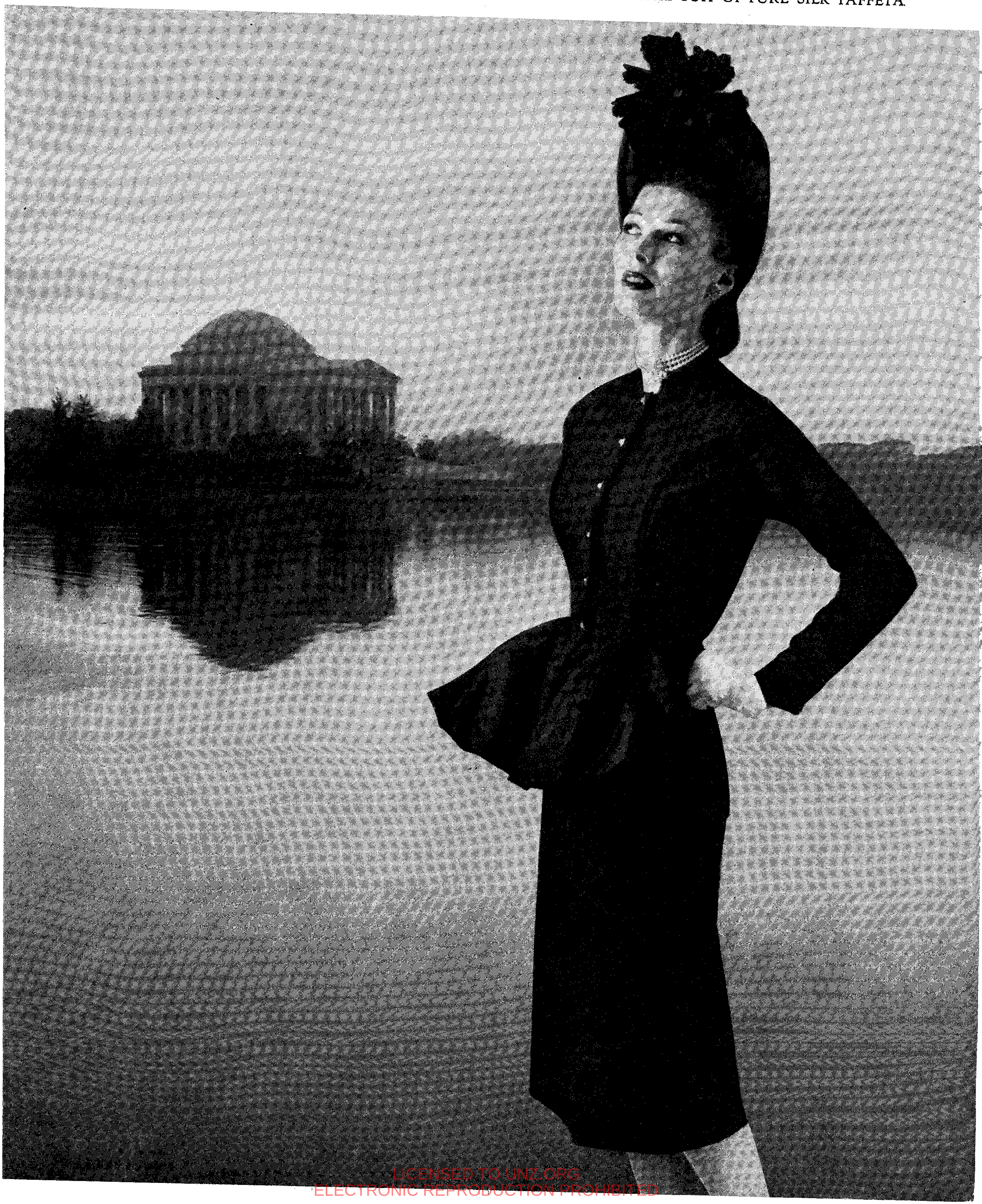
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

TONI FRISSELL

HATTIE CARNEGIE RETURNS TO THE ROMANTICS WITH A COCKTAIL SUIT OF PURE SILK TAFFETA.



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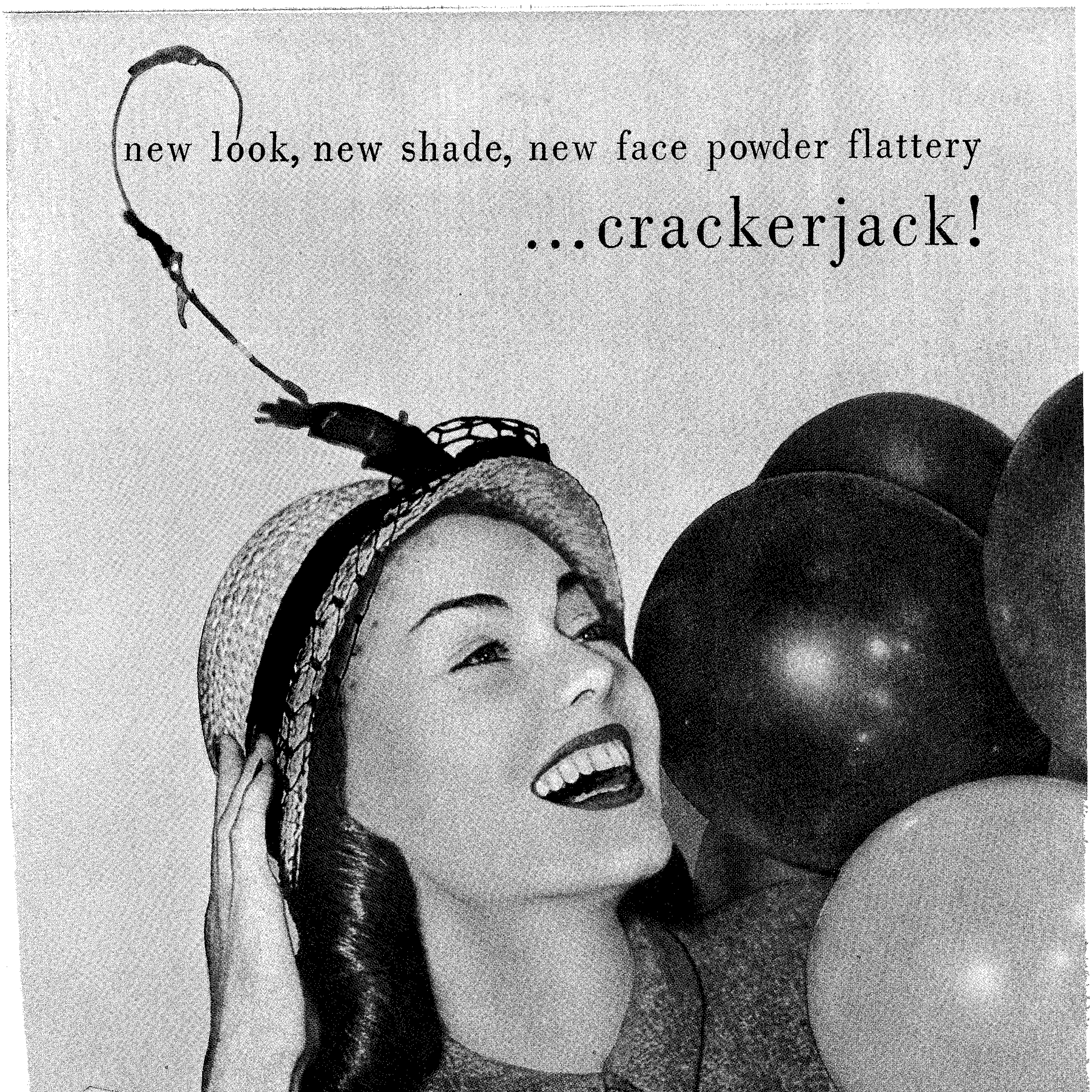
could have a seventeen-per-cent raise (which was eight per cent less than they wanted) and promised the newspaper owners that they could publish their daily papers daily (which was exactly what most of them wanted) instead of on the present postwar schedule of six times a week. The government belatedly remembered, after a seventeen-per-cent, seven-day contract had been drawn up, that it had some time before promised all French of all classes to freeze wages in an effort to check the rising cost of living. Having remembered, the government then vetoed the contract it had just finished authorizing. If the wage boost and the full week were what the strike was really about—though the capital-and-labor, and even the Communist-and-Fascist, implications run much deeper—then both sides lost their goals, along with a fortune in wages and income, because the strike was concluded without any major concessions from either side. As *Combat*, which is backed in its intelligence and independence by neither Left nor Right political parties, sadly said in its first post-strike editorial, "This interminable strike has been a veritable financial hemorrhage." The classic bulwark of a republic is a free press. In Paris, the free press, composed of warring employers and employees, has just been so free as to delete a month, as if it were a paragraph, from the journalistic calendar and the historic record in Paris of 1947, the opening year of the Fourth French Republic's official existence.

THOUGH theatre box offices suffered a sympathetic slump while the newspapers were not being printed, Paris night clubs were crowded with the kind of people who crowd night clubs the world over, no matter what may be going on outside the doors. The newest night-club hit here is a man called Yves Montand. He looks like a young Abraham Lincoln, sings workingmen's songs, of which the best is "C'est la Grande Cité" (the Great City being the Paris of the factories), uses his hands passionately, as if he were making a political speech, and was the French Frank Sinatra for young working Parisiennes, who are more restrained and respectful than bobby-soxers, when lately he sang at two music halls, the cheap Montparnasse Bobino and the Boulevards' A.B.C. He is now out of his modest admirers' reach, at the costly, champagne-drinking Ambassadeurs. Montand is a protégé of the famous *populo* singer La Môme Piaf. His name is really Yves Livi, and he is really Venetian by birth, with an Italian-Armenian mother and an Italian-Canadian father. Before he became a singer, he had been a barber, a dock laborer, and a factory hand. He is planning to go to New York soon. Another new night-club star in Paris is Anne Francine, the first American to make a hit, and the first to rank as an important artist, in the postwar nocturnal glow. Her French accent is excellent in the Suzy Solidor songs she has borrowed, and her husky, true-pitched voice in the American "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" makes the French believe in the emotional charms of our climate. She has been the headlined entertainer at Monseigneur, which is always packed with people, a couple of dozen of whom are the club's ambulant Hungarian violinists, who come in all sizes, ages, and shapes, and fiddle all over the place.

The most acclaimed motion picture now showing on the Paris boulevards is the recently released Italian film "Sciuscià," pronounced "Shoosha," which, in turn, is the way Italian bootblacks pronounce "shoeshine," a word they picked up from the occupying American troops. "Sciuscià" is one more of those remarkable European films that have been made with a poverty of equipment and with rich emotion and are putting the slicker, emptier Hollywood productions to shame. The leading actors in "Sciuscià" are Roman bootblacks—a pair of incredibly talented, thin-legged ragamuffins picked out of real life on some shabby piazza. The film's love theme is their passion for a dapple-gray race horse, which they manage to buy through black-marketeering. They are arrested and sent to a Rome reform school, and the tragedy of the story and the precise, quick-paced artistry of the film lie in the fact that in this juvenile prison youthful events lead with the inexorability of the old classics to the poisoning of their friendship, to the ending of one boy's life, and to the ruining of the other boy's existence, no matter how long he might stay alive. The two boys undergo the complete human disaster that is usually harvested only by the adult man. This bootblack film provides the most informative, alarming, and concise picture of poverty-ridden, demoralized postwar European childhood that has yet been seen here.

Maurice Sachs' "Le Sabbat" ("The Sabbath"), an autobiographical book candidly advertised by its publisher as "*une vie scandaleuse*," is causing considerable furor in literary and salon circles. Sachs was a well-known minor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FACE POWDER IN CRACKERJACK AND 10 OTHER TINTS, 3.50, 1.50, 1.00
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VIRGINIA ROUNDS

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A Product of

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A name that means more than a firm or a tradition, being a hallmark of quality.

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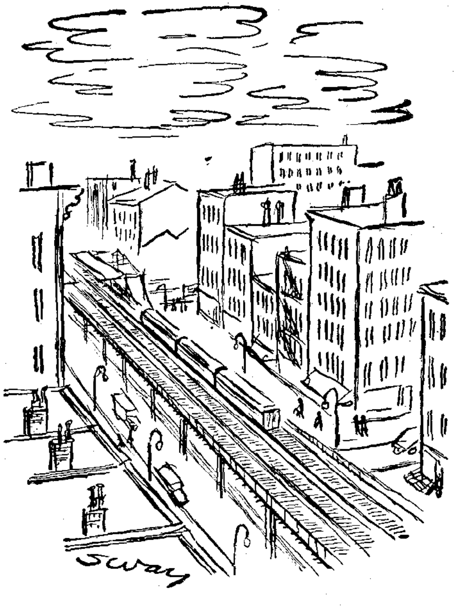
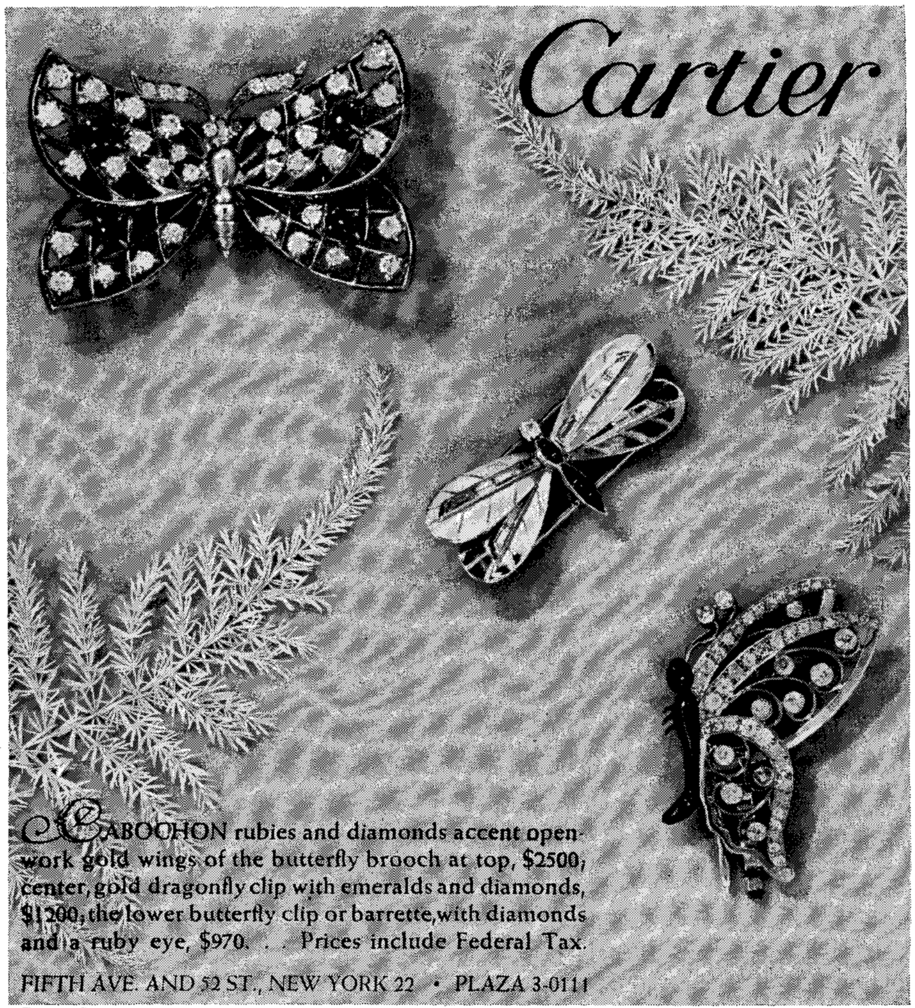
youthful figure back in the Bœuf sur le Toit days and nights, during the hectically talented nineteen-twenties in Paris, and he even briefly extended himself as far as correlative circles in New York. His book, written in the intimate Gallic manner of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, contains the authentic, and familiar, confessional elements, among them self-pity, shame, physical details, expiation, and the search of a self-conscious, insecure, egocentric man for belief in something, preferably himself.

"Le Sabbat"—the weekly holy day of the Jews being the Sabbath in question—begins with Sachs' childhood under the influence of his eccentric, wealthy grandmother's second divorced husband, Jacques Bizet, son of the composer of "Carmen," and moves through what was left of the Proust period, which, as the precocious son of a rich, worldly Jewish bourgeois family, Sachs was sensitive to. He concentrates next, and at length, on the Cocteau period, and on that singular creative poet who invented his own famous decade and peopled it with his own special population. Writing of his former friend Cocteau and of Cocteau's period, Sachs presents a series of analyses, disloyalties, appreciations, reminiscences, and dark, disappointed illuminations such as are rarely printed while the writer is still alive, and which lead to the assumption that the book is indeed safely posthumous, as its publisher has implied. Sachs gives verbal portraits of, among others, Picasso, Max Jacob, and the Thomist Jacques Maritain (now French legate to the Vatican, where the Sachs opus will certainly be on the Index) and describes the peculiar 1925 salvational period of Catholicism which ebbed around the bar at the Bœuf and which floated Sachs as a convert,





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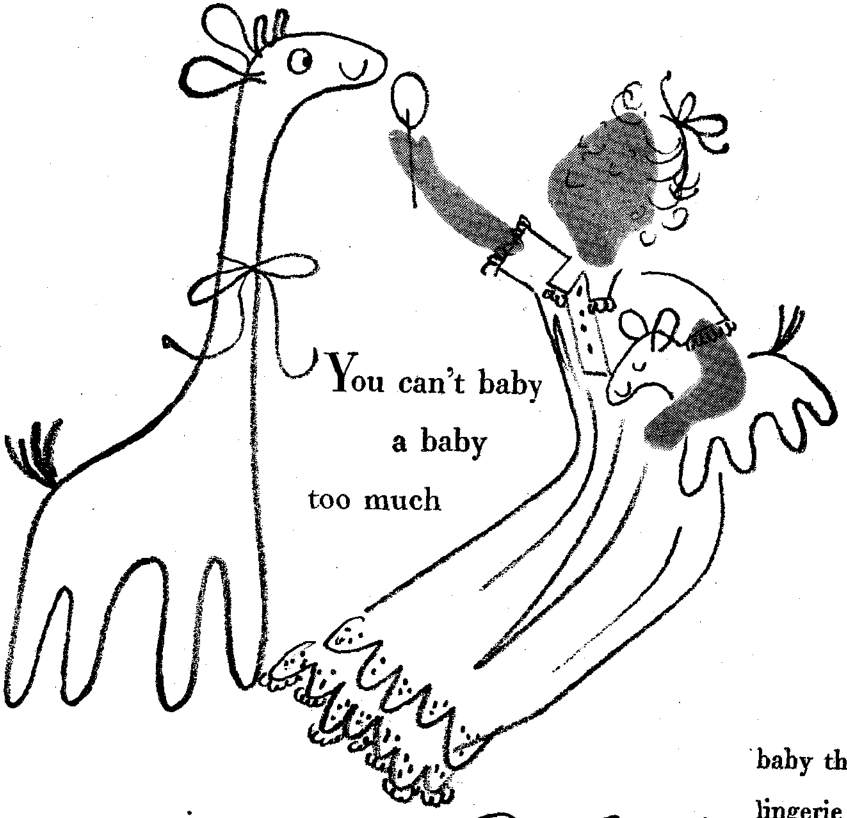

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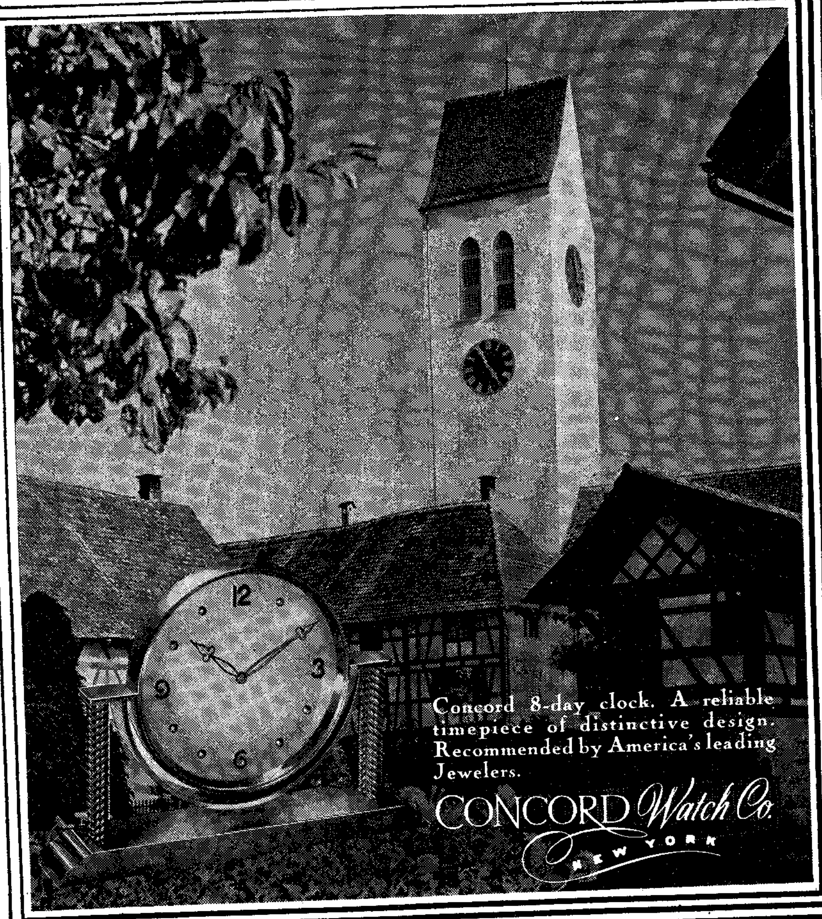
with Maritain as his spiritual godfather, into a seminary, where he temporarily and unsuccessfully studied to be a priest. He later became a Presbyterian, during a marriage to an American heiress and a stay in California, both brief. The last part of the book runs downhill. Sachs, who was born with a real aptitude for standing close enough to important talent to smell it, removed himself from the stimulations of Paris and retired to the countryside near Chartres. He describes himself in his book as "shady, fleeting, contriving, drunken, prodigal, disorderly, worried, affectionate, generous, and passionate." He read prodigiously, learned to write well, and in finally confessing himself in this book succeeds in giving quasi-historical shape to that fantastic, influential, between-wars Paris period that was composed of talent, was unornamented by morals, and has been hitherto commemorated chiefly in conversations. His book was handed in manuscript to his publisher in 1939 and ends with a postscript dated 1942. Since then, apparently, Sachs has not been heard from. He is supposed to have gone to Germany as a voluntary labor deportee, perhaps as a final act of expiation, and he is thought to have been killed in the bombing of Hamburg.

IT was the idea of General Emile Béthouart, now commanding officer of the French Occupied Zone in Austria, that the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the Vienna Opera company should visit Paris as manifestants in a postwar "Cercle d'Echanges Artistiques Internationaux." After the Viennese artists' recent, gala triumphs at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in "Don Giovanni" and "Cosi Fan Tutte," Parisians are wondering what they can send to Vienna in artistic exchange that would be as excellent, and they are wondering also if, whatever it is, it would meet with as civilized and warm a reception as Paris gave to the Wiener. A month in advance, the Champs-Elysées was sold out from gallery to orchestra, where seats cost eight hundred francs—nearly four times the price at the Paris Opéra. By those lucky enough to find money and seats for both the Mozart operas, the "Così Fan Tutte" was judged a shade the better of the two operas, but in costume and décor the "Don Giovanni" looked enough like a beautiful, highly stylized, colored cinquecento etching and sounded enough like the best days in the Vienna Ring to satisfy a few thousand of us. The company brought its own set, a gray, pillared



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Renaissance façade, behind whose three open arches various brocaded and perspective backdrops were hung to give a change of scene. With the exception of the Zerlina of Hilde Guden, who was perfect both in voice and in figure for the soubrette role, the women sang slightly less like vocal stars than the men did. Paul Schoffler was a handsome, bearded, well-built, rich-voiced Don Giovanni. He gave the traditional German Faustian interpretation to the wicked seducer's role; that is, from the graveyard scene on, the Don knows he has sold his soul to the Devil and is lost. Unfortunately, instead of Don Giovanni's going directly to Hell in the customary blaze of red lights, the Vienna stage management provided him with a set of what looked like horned Halloween witches to guide him there. The Viennese sang in German, the first time that tongue has been heard here in opera since the German Occupiers left.

FOR the past two months, there has been a climate of indubitable and growing malaise in Paris, and perhaps all over Europe, as if the French people, or all European people, expected something to happen or, worse, expected nothing to happen. —GENÊT

•

Different colors of the same variety of flowers will usually blend well. An example of this: various shades of sweet williams. But just let three or four plants of magenta sweet williams show up near three or four pale pink petunias—and WoW!O) ?!$@/. Following?—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

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•

It is presumed that all the chemical elements are dissolved in the sea water covering 71 per cent of the earth's face. How they got there is a matter of divided opinion. One suggestion is that it happened when the earth was young with volcanic gases condensing to form water. Another is that rivers have been carrying dissolved miners into the sea for millions of years. —*Portland Oregonian.*

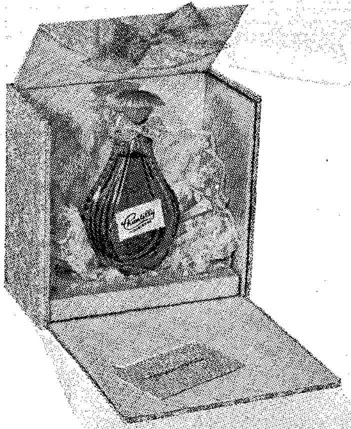
That's the one *we* like.

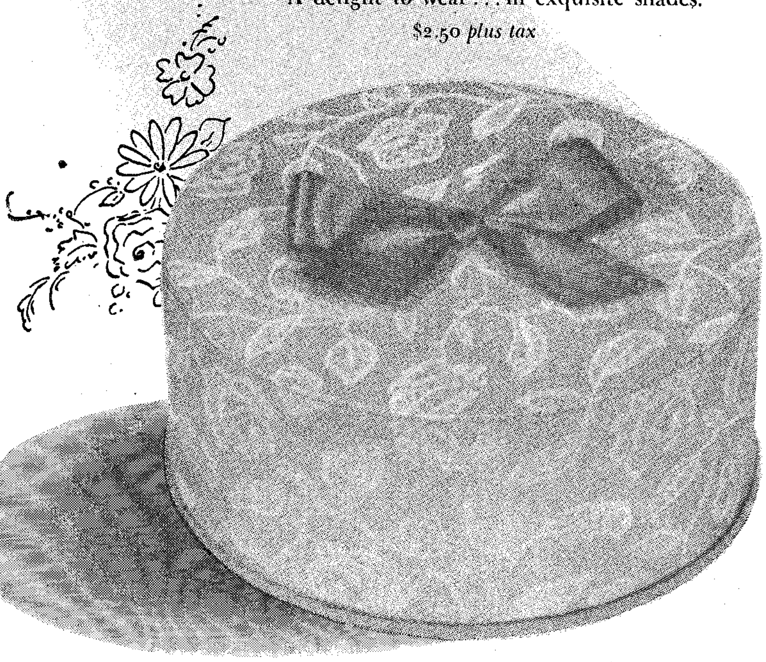
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
(TYPOTHETAE DIVISION)

[*Walter Winchell in the Mirror*]

The column's comments about Tito Schipa were criticized by a colleague in the South recently. We said that Schipa, of the opera, was a Fascist collaborationist and that even his mother denounced him as such, etc. That was the only erratum—a printer's typo made it mother instead of wife.





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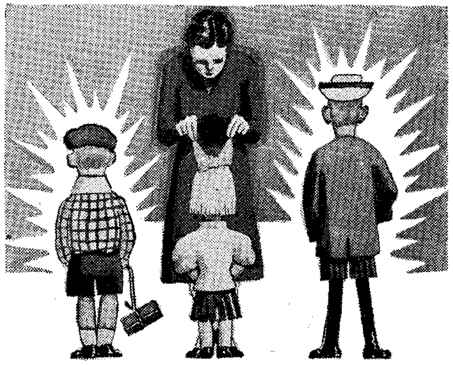

She's the young mother of three

trim little tricks who, even on her modest income, always look like they're in their Sunday best. She knows that the real way to thrift is to watch the cost of "incidentals." When she heard that Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (for which she pays just a few cents) is a good tooth cleanser she checked with her dentist at once. He told her, "It's an approved dentifrice."* Now they all brush their teeth regularly with "Arm & Hammer." The saving is substantial and she has proved that it is possible to cut cost corners without sacrificing quality.

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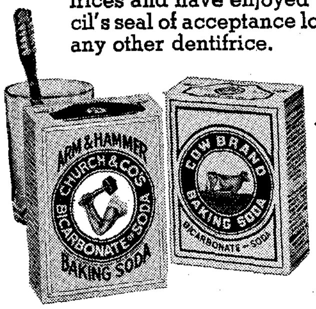

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THE RACE TRACK

The Day Is Coming

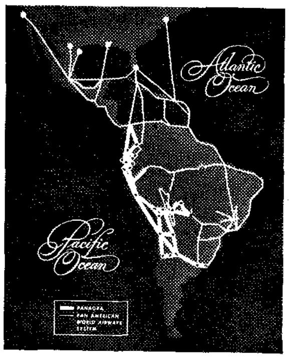
AT Bowie, on April 1st, the new racing season will burst forth, along with the pussy willows on the track's backstretch. A lot of horseplayers, unable to wait for the opening at Jamaica, four days later, will probably dash down to that Elysium of Maryland crab cakes to be on hand for the first race. In the meantime, they can reflect on two important events of last week—the purchase of Pimlico by the Maryland Jockey Club and the appearance of Armed at Gulfstream Park. Being a sentimental admirer of antique trinkets, I shall sincerely miss Pimlico if Alfred Vanderbilt and Harry Parr III, who run the Jockey Club down there, sell the land for building lots, as I think they will, to reduce the competition for their track at Laurel. The Preakness will still be run at Pimlico this year, though. What was notable about the Gulfstream Handicap wasn't that Armed won easily but that he paid such good odds—$3.20 to win. I suppose the smart boys decided that all the travelling he had done had worn him down. Armed still isn't in the half-million-dollar bracket. His share of the purse last Saturday, $23,000, brought his earnings to $482,775. One more good stake race will do the trick.

THE Thoroughbred Racing Associations of the United States announced a code of ethics the other afternoon. It covers just about everything. Inflexible stands are taken against bonuses for grooms who lead starters to the paddock, night racing, touting, and giving aid and comfort to bookmakers. Everyone employed around the tracks, from stewards to sweepers, must be fingerprinted. Also, it becomes mandatory for anyone who has been hired to report immediately any attempts to fix races, or other chicanery that he may run across. The Thoroughbred Racing Associations, as you might guess from its name, is an organization of race-course managements. When it was thought up, in March, 1942, "to maintain and promote public interest in thoroughbred racing in the United States," it had twenty-two interested parties. Now it has thirty-five members, and they include the leading tracks in the country.

Speaking of fingerprinting, as everyone is at Belmont, Jamaica, and Aqueduct these days, it will be done here by Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, which polices the local tracks for the Jockey Club. Sets of prints will be turned over to the T.R.A., which will compare them with those in the files of the F.B.I., in Washington, and the police departments in the larger cities. Undesirables, of course, will be warned off the tracks. Furthermore, beginning with the season of 1949, all horses at T.R.A. tracks must have their Jockey Club serial numbers tattooed on the inside of their upper lips; otherwise they won't be allowed to run. This drive for identification doesn't cover the bookmakers—or at least there's nothing said about their having to wear armbands. As for the ban on touting, I've tried to avoid thinking about what is going to happen outside race-track gates this year after all the sellers of tip sheets have been shooed off the grounds. Goodness knows, it was already hard enough last summer to break through the lines of tipsters at Jamaica and Aqueduct, even without the ruling. What racing needs is fewer rules and those more strictly enforced.

HEREWITH, a short report on the licenses that the Jockey Club issues. All told, there are a dozen. The most expensive is for an owner who chooses to race under a stable name, as more than fifty owners do. The price of this whim is a hundred dollars annually. It costs five dollars to register racing colors for a year, and twenty-five if you do it for life. A jockey's license is twenty-five dollars, and so is an apprentice jockey's; a jockey agent, who handles riders' engagements, pays a buck for his. Trainers' and assistant trainers' licenses are fifteen dollars each. It costs a dollar a year to be an authorized agent for a stable, with the right to claim horses, and the same price to be a subagent, who can only make entries and scratches. An owner's license is five dollars (so is a renewal license), and you must answer, under oath, sixteen questions on your application, one of them being whether you have ever operated or been identified with a handbook or a bookmaking establishment.

—AUDAX MINOR



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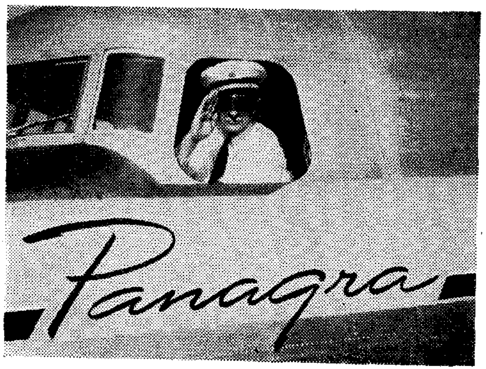

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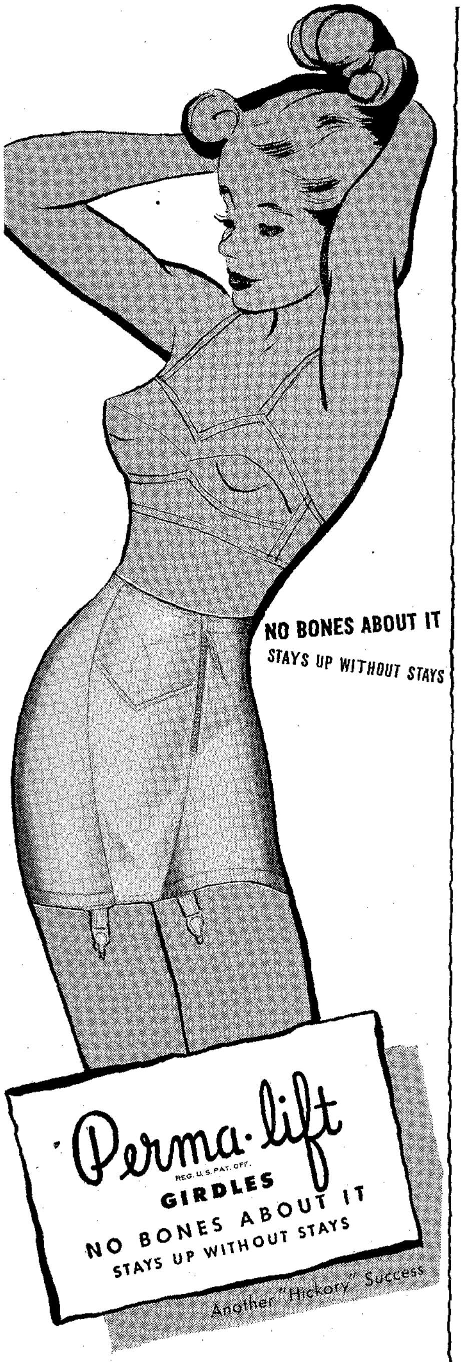

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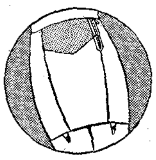

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THE BIG FREEZE

IN the coal queue at a railway siding, a garrulous old man with a wheelbarrow told us lengthily about the terrible winter of 1894, when all Britain froze, snow drifted above bedroom windows, and fish stiffened in the rivers, emerging lively and unhurt when the thaw came. Nobody gave him much attention. Few of us housewives had been born then, and his memorable winter meant as little to us as the devastating blizzards of 1766, the Elizabethan frost that turned the Thames entirely solid, or the storms of 1368, when a mermaid was blown out of the North Sea onto the shores of Holland.

When I arrived at the railway siding, only about twenty women and the old man were standing in line, but the number soon grew. There was a remarkable assortment of empty perambulators, and a dozen rickety wooden carts. The women's faces were pinched and pale with cold, but everybody seemed surprisingly cheerful. Children with scarves wrapped around their heads frisked across the snowy tracks, and an incredibly active dog came leaping over the buffers between two railway trucks. It was a Saturday morning in February, and for nearly a week blizzards had been blowing across the country. Railways were blocked, roads had vanished, surprised householders stepped into the street over their garden gates. Food supplies were being dropped by parachute to isolated villages, and between the industrial north and the parasitic south was an impassable barrier of snow. Electric power for half the country had been shut off entirely, and even where there was power it was shut off five hours a day. This meant nothing to our north-London suburb, for the local power station had broken down. One woman in the coal queue said it was a cable fault, another declared that a dynamo had burst.

Our cellar, like a million or so others, was empty of coal. My twelve-year-old son, Conrad, having gone out to reconnoiter, had run home with the news that compressed coal dust was being sold at the railway siding, and then had come with me to get some. His elder brother, Michael, had gone to school for a special experiment in the physics laboratory.

"Even if he'd stayed home," Conrad said, "I'll bet he'd have been ashamed to walk through the streets carrying a clothes basket for coal. I know *I* am. I feel just like a refugee or a German."

"Refugees and Germans don't have red cheeks and strong shoes," I said.

We heard the harsh scream of a railway engine and Conrad bounded off down the track to look at it.

"Children don't seem to feel the cold, do they?" The woman behind me gave me a nudge and smiled. "Terrible weather, ain't it? How's your pipes?"

I told her.

"Same with me, lovey," she said. "Nothink but the kitchen cold tap runnin'. You 'aven't lit your boiler, by any charnce?"

I said I had no fuel to light it with.

"Well, keep it out till the frost's finished. I 'eard this very mornin' about a woman 'as lit 'er kitchen boiler yesterday and it blew 'er up. Exploded. Blew 'er 'usband up, too. So wait for a thaw."

Ahead of me, next to the garrulous old man, two women with perambulators were having an excited discussion about prefabricated houses. "All-electric kitchens, and now electricity's switched off," one of them said. "You can't see through a single window, and there's icicles a foot long hanging off their ceilings. Saw with my own eyes . . ."

Two gigantic men in jerseys were pulling twenty-eight-pound blocks of compressed coal dust off a truck and throwing them into the perambulators and carts. I pushed my clothes basket forward, got my two blocks, then stood aside to wait for my son. He came running across the snow.

"Is that all you can have?" he asked.

"Two to a customer," I said.

He seized one handle of the basket and I the other one. "This is no good," he said as we started off. "We must come back in disguise and get two more blocks."

"By the time we're disguised," I said, "the supply will have run out."

As we walked along the frozen main

street, Conrad said suddenly, "I've seen a truck of coal. Real coal, not this stuff. Behind the warehouses. Michael and I could come at night and get some. We could leave the money in an envelope—then we shouldn't be stealing."

I said that as coal was rationed, we should be stealing just the same.

"I don't see it," Conrad said. "If you've paid for a thing, you can't possibly have stolen it."

When we got home, we broke the bricks of coal dust into small pieces and built a fire in a grate. Our fuel sent out a low, ominous flame and almost no warmth.

"We made a mistake to buy electric fires instead of gas fires," Conrad said. "They say the gas pressure is only cut fifty per cent. I'm going next door to boil a kettle on their gas stove to make some tea."

IN the afternoon, the sickly sun disappeared altogether. The sky was dark by four o'clock. There were gas outlets in the house, but no illuminating attachments for them, so we lit candles in the kitchen and dining room. Michael, who had arrived back from school a couple of hours earlier, looked up from his book to remark that life in the Middle Ages must have been dreadful.

"Candles look pretty, though," Conrad said. "By the way, when I went next door, I arranged for us to cook our dinner in their gas stove."

"Wonderful!" I said. "We'll have three roast potatoes—" I didn't have to include my husband in my calculations because he'd told me that morning that he'd be working late— "and a stew and a baked pudding."

Dinner, cooked on our neighbor's stove, was notably successful, though twice the normal time was required to cook it. After my sons and I finished eating, I put a pan of water on the grate fire. An hour or so later, we had hot water, and washed the dishes.

"It's no good thinking of washing ourselves," Conrad said as he was drying the last dish. "It takes too long to heat the water. We'd better go to bed dirty."

"One thing we've all forgotten," Michael said. "The bed warmers are electric."

Conrad groaned, then remembered that there was an old stone hot-water bottle somewhere. He rooted in the kitchen cupboards until he found it. By ten-thirty, it was full of hot water and in his bed. He promised to let us borrow it later. Then, bitterly complaining, he washed in cold water in the kitchen

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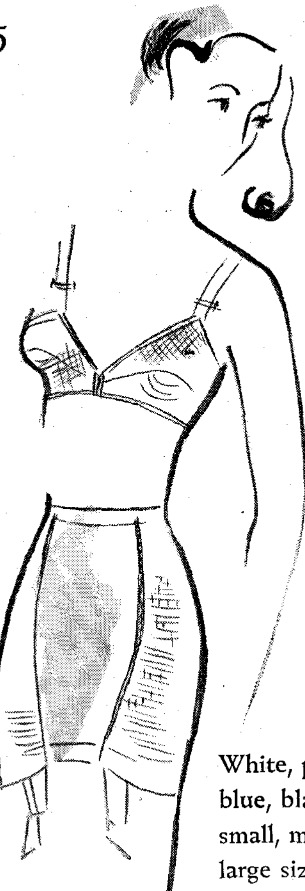

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sink, put a brimming bucket outside the kitchen door to see what depth of ice would form in the night, and went to bed.

Sunday was milder. The Siberian wind—it appeared that Russia was entirely responsible for our weather—swerved east and blew across the Continent. Our switches were still useless.

ON Monday morning, as the dust fire was particularly peevish and our power station was still impotent, Conrad brought out a Bunsen burner from his chemistry set, attached it to a gas outlet in the kitchen, and made coffee for us.

"You said this chemistry set was a waste of money," he said, giving me a reproachful look.

"I'll buy a gas ring and a gas fire this afternoon," I said.

Our lights flashed on at noon, and worked all right until the next official power cut began, at two o'clock, but I had lost faith in electricity, so I set out for our nearest shopping center, four miles off, and bought the last gas ring in the place. I was told I couldn't buy a gas fire without a doctor's certificate.

It was a sullen, sinister afternoon, but on my way home I felt uncommonly cheerful. That morning, over our battery radio, we had heard that, in spite of storms, the coal fleets were sailing south, coal trains were being rescued from snowdrifts, the Army had been ordered to help with transport, that flame-throwers and jet engines would probably clear the roads and railways, and that, although in Scotland and northern England the weather was still arctic, in the south icicles dripped, sinks gurgled, and the sky was blue. As I walked along our narrow, tree-lined street with the gas ring tucked under my arm, I noticed with surprise that our front door was wide open. Inside the house, I found Conrad in the dining room desperately sweeping a lake of water out through the French windows.

"It would have to happen to me," he said. "I hurried home from school thinking you might have got some coal and the house would look nice, and this is what I found. I've turned off the main tap, and I caught the plumber just as he was going out of his shop. He's upstairs now. We have three bursts. I've hung the carpets in the garage. The plumber helped."

We heard the slam of the front door.

"There's Michael," Conrad said. "He misses every bit of trouble. But he'll have to help mop up the floors."

"It's a pity we have no coal," Michael said. "We ought to dry out the floors and ceilings."

"It's after four o'clock, so there's electricity," Conrad said. "We can switch on every electric fire and keep 'em burning all night."

"You're completely lacking in a sense of social responsibility," Michael said. "Electricity isn't magic—it's coal. The floors and ceilings will have to dry gradually."

"Let other people be careful tonight," Conrad protested. "We've had a flood."

"Flood or no flood, there'll be no switches on after we've gone to bed," Michael said. "An anarchist, that's what you are."

By six o'clock, the plumber had finished repairing the pipes and departed.

"Now we're thawed out, we could light the boiler if only we had some cinders or something," Conrad said. "We get two hot showers a week at school, but that's not enough."

"Baths are no longer important," Michael said. "A million people are out of work through the power cuts, and soon it'll be two millions."

"How much money do people get for not working?" Conrad asked.

"Not enough to eat and pay the rent," Michael said.

THAT night, the streets were as dark as if a new war had broken out. Temperatures dropped everywhere, melting snow turned to ice, and there were storms at sea. As the week advanced, conditions grew worse. Sea spray froze as it fell on ships' decks, miners had to dig their way to the pits, and thousands of workmen hacked iced hunks of coal out of loaded trucks. On the railways, the switches froze, signal boxes were isolated by snowfalls, coach doors refused to open, and mine detectors were used to locate mains under the snow to get water for the locomotives. Coal production climbed, railwaymen worked fourteen-hour shifts, five thousand snowplows and bulldozers attacked the choked roads, and still the stocks at the power stations were under the safety level. The Miners' Union announced that members might and should disregard the Sabbath till the crisis ended, and to conserve power the B.B.C. was cut to a single program. The wind from Russia doubled its efforts, snow froze to the hardness of stone, and on the eighteenth of February we were told that two and a half million workers were laid off. Inside British houses, which were not built to withstand such weather, water pipes froze and split, ice patterned the windows even when fires were burning on the hearths, and beds were as cold as coffins. Two elderly ladies quietly froze to death in their sleep; in a cottage that had been without fuel for three weeks a baby died of cold in its cot; and a middle-aged gentleman declared he couldn't endure the British climate any longer and jumped out of a fourth-floor window. Sheep wandered down from the moors to die in the streets of towns.

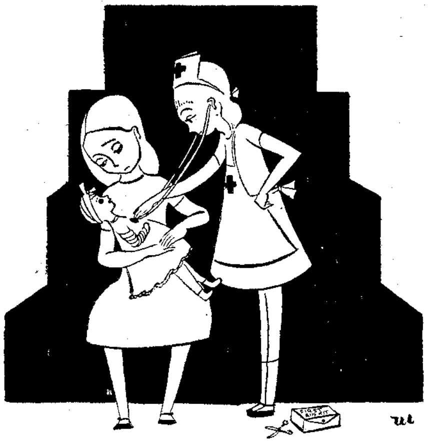
"There's a terrible lot of dying going on," Conrad said after carefully reading three newspapers. "The only one of us in danger is you, Mum. Michael and I are warm at school, Daddy's office is all right, and there's the electric fire in the evenings. But you have to live five hours a day with no heat at all, so you'd better keep walking. Remember, nothing can happen to you if you keep on walking."

On the nineteenth of February, we received a sack of coal and a bag of coke, each weighing a hundred and twelve pounds. The coal man said he might be around again in a month or so. That night, we had a roaring fire in the living-room grate, but as all the hot-water pipes were frozen, we had no use for the coke.

"We'd better be thankful that the cold tap in the kitchen still runs," Michael said.

"I don't mind anything so long as we sit round a fire," Conrad said. "I don't care a bit about baths now."

THE following day, we heard on the radio that the frenzied digging of the miners, the recklessness of the coal ships, and the fourteen-hour shifts of the railwaymen had begun to show results, and that there would be a partial switch-on of industry. Then the navigable water began to freeze. On the twenty-fourth, an ice field four miles long and half a mile wide was seen drifting across the North Sea. The Thames was frozen at Windsor, canals



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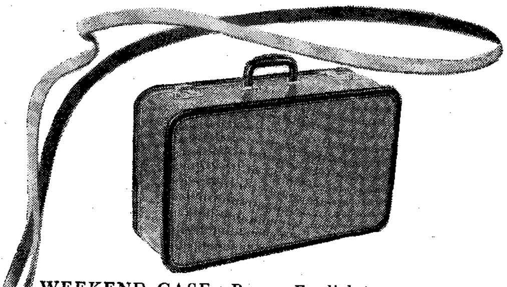

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were gay with skaters, and on great stretches of the coast, people ran about on the solid surface of the sea. Fleets of loaded coal ships were frozen to the docks, railway tunnels became caves full of stalactites, and an immense icicle, falling down a coal shaft, killed a miner standing at the bottom. Small birds dropped from the sky like stones, and in central England crows banded together to kill and eat sheep. Newspapers printed photographs of heroic truck drivers and intrepid miners. Railwaymen and captains of coal ships spoke in gruff, embarrassed voices over the radio. The third week of electricity cuts and mass unemployment had begun, and in the potato queues housewives deplored the improvidence of ex-servicemen who had lived riotously on their gratuities and were now obliged to borrow money. But though a fresh blizzard attacked the north, the government declared that stocks at power stations were now far enough above the danger level to allow all industry to re-start on March 3rd. On that day, as our last piece of coal flickered and died in the grate, a jolly masculine voice on the radio announced that the thaw would arrive on the sixth of March.

On Tuesday morning, the fourth, a score of seagulls, mewing like kittens, swooped and glided over the snow in our back garden, and my first thought was that it was odd that they had come so far inland when a thaw was due in forty-eight hours. That afternoon, snow began falling everywhere, and the mounting wind blew volleys of damp soot down chimneys into empty grates. All next day, the snow fell persistently, the flakes as big as cocks' feathers, and on the morning of the great thaw we heard that hundreds of villages were again isolated. A considerable number of houses in the north and Midlands were buried to the roof, and some had disappeared altogether, while snow reached such astonishing heights in Lincolnshire that villagers swore they had seen rabbits jumping over telephone wires. From the B.B.C., apologetic announcers told the nation that the thaw had unfortunately stopped at the south coast and that the national plight, with coal pits again inaccessible and main roads and railways again blocked to traffic, was almost as serious as before.

Conrad switched off the radio at six o'clock, when it was nearly dark, and said scientists were a hopeless lot. They couldn't even foretell the weather properly.

"Even if scientists can't tell the whole

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CHEESE
Never Sold in Stores
—Only by Mail

Sharp CHEDDAR American Cheese
Sharp, really sharp, Cheddar—the kind of cheese you probably haven't tasted for a long time. Truly, it's the best we have featured in all our 20 years. We have been aging it to point up the fine, full flavor. 4 lbs. Pack No. A21 $4.65

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Many folks have told us they believe it superior to the imported variety. They compliment its delicate flavor, so mellow-sweet and nutlike. The huge wheels were made here in "America's Little Switzerland" last summer and have been carefully cured in our own cellars ever since. Our experts say it is "just right" to cut for you now. 4 lbs. Pack No. B21 $4.25

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A taste-tempting assortment of Summer-Cured Swiss (as described above); Aged Cheddar; Old-fashioned Brick; Golden Port Salut and Dutch-type Edam. 4 lbs. Pack No. C21 $4.25

ALPS BLUE BOX
Swiss Colony favorites — Aged Cheddar, Summer-Cured Swiss, Old-fashioned Brick, Delicate Camembert, Rich Rexoli and Robust Glarus. 5 lbs. Pack No. D21 $5.50

A smaller ALPS BLUE BOX containing the same assortment. 3½ lbs. Pack No. E21 $3.90

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121 CHEESE LANE, MONROE, WISCONSIN

not too sweet
not too tart
...just too good for words
Crosse & Blackwell
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truth, can't they tell as much as they know?" Michael asked sharply.

"Oh, come on," Conrad said. "Let's get some snow shovelled away before we're isolated."

On Monday, the tenth, although the weather experts were nervous and cautious, rain and fog spread rapidly over the south, and gradually the warm air crept north. The snow melted fast, rivers rose, and low-lying fields turned into lakes.

"It's all over," Conrad shouted as he and Michael came in from school. "There'll only be the floods now. I'd nearly forgotten what rain was like. I'll bet we get some coal soon."

They hung their wet coats in the kitchen and came to sit by the electric radiator.

"I've been thinking," Michael said. "The trouble isn't over. There may be another coal crisis next winter. There just aren't enough miners. In a year, I'm due for military service. If the government decides to allow conscripts to do their two-year service down the pits, ought I to offer?"

"That's for you to decide," I said.

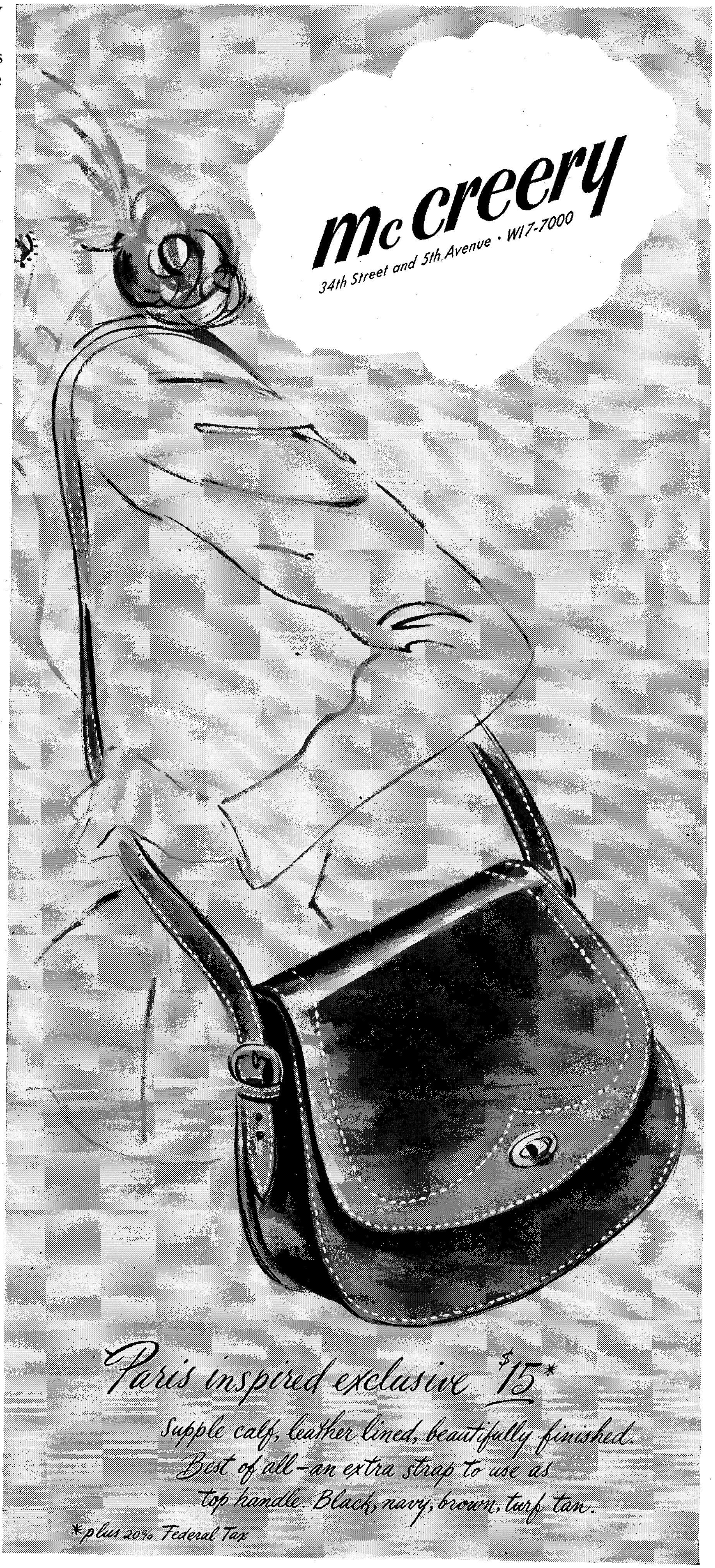
"Don't be silly, Michael!" Conrad shouted. "Why, your hair's so yellow you'd have to wash it every night! Another thing—if you go into the Army, they might let you keep on with physics. Then you'd be one of the clever ones at the University and you could study atoms. Atomic energy—that's what we want now. Everybody's sick and tired of coal."

—WINIFRED WILLIAMS

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Devil's Share," by Denis de Rougemont, 1944*]	[*From a published radio script by Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, 1947*]
For, if the Devil is simply the red demon armed with a large trident, or the faun with a goatee and the long tail of popular legend...	He will wear no red tights nor vomit sulphur nor carry a trident nor wave an arrow tail as the Mephistopheles in Faust.
This... masquerade has contributed to the success of the first trick that Baudelaire unmasks. "The Devil's cleverest wile is to convince us that he does not exist."	This masquerade has helped the devil convince men that he does not exist.
The Prince of this world says to us: there is no other world.	..."the Prince of this world" whose business it is to tell us that there is no other world.
If there is no heaven... neither is there any hell... If there is no judge, neither is there any fault... If there is no truth, neither is there any lie....	...if there is no heaven, there is no hell; if there is no hell, then there is no sin; if there is no sin, then there is no judge...
To take your neighbor's wife... because you have discovered that this is "vital" to you...	...more divorces under the disguise that another partner is "vital"...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Paris inspired exclusive $15*
Supple calf, leather lined, beautifully finished.
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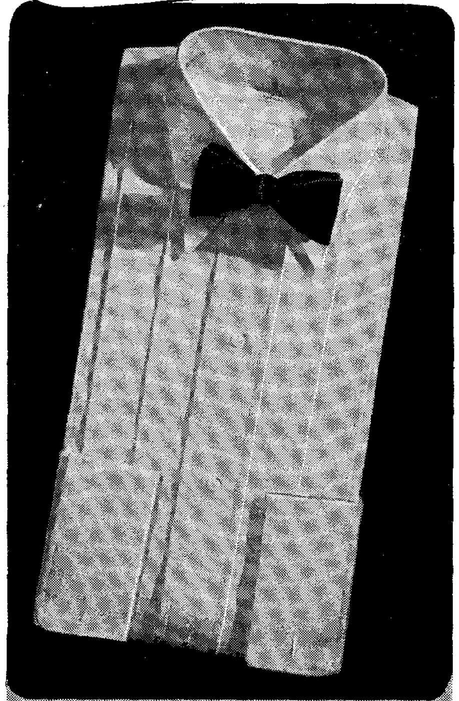

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A fine dress shirt is the proof of a skilled shirtmaker. For three quarters of a century Lion of Troy dress shirts have set the standards for style and immaculate workmanship. And now to this tradition for excellence comes a new reputation for formal comfort. You will know why when you wear this soft bosom shirt with its pleated front, French cuffs and fused collar. See your haberdasher or write

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Lion of Troy
SHIRTS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

AMONG the shipments of giddily priced antique furniture and china and silver arriving here from England, you can now occasionally find a couple of unimposing but decorative household odds and ends—pretty things for a breakfast table or a wall shelf or some such—that are fresh from a British workshop and shine with that homely, comfortable, cricket-on-the-hearth quality that manufacturers there still manage to achieve.

Alice H. Marks, 9 West 57th Street, for instance, has an excellent little toast-and-marmalade set for a breakfast tray. The open toast rack is silver-plated and sits in a silver-plated, basket-shaped carrier along with a marmalade jar and a plate just big enough for a pat of butter, both in flower-painted china (very fine china, very nice painting); $22.20 for the works, including tax. A silver-plated tea ball, egg-shaped and of a liberal size, for use in cup or pot, is equipped with a rigid stem instead of the usual chain, and can be opened by sliding a plunger on the handle; $6, with tax. Then, there are English-china jam pots once more, the first in years. The jars are painted with fruit decorations to identify the contents and the china knob on the lid is a miniature fruit; you can't possibly be taken unawares. These, in strawberry, plum, blackberry, or cherry patterns, on white china, are $5.50 each. Some footed, cup-shaped brown earthenware beer mugs have small raised figures on an encircling band of color; $5.50. And if you think you'd care for cigarette cups in the shape of dogs' heads—or even if you don't think so for a moment—you ought to see the array of newly imported English ones at Marks, in which all sorts of breeds are faithfully represented, including a most lugubrious hound; $3.50 each.

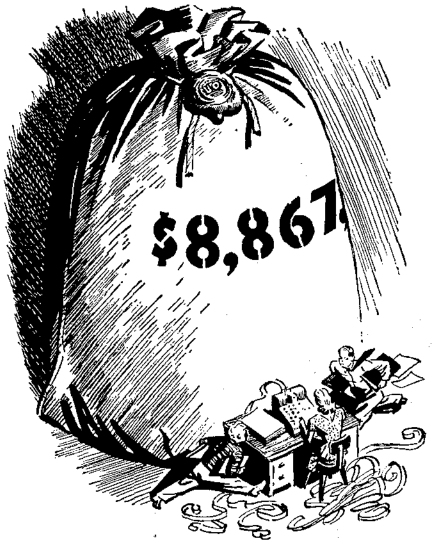
Not to be partisan, Marks has new things from France, too. French covered dishes of milk glass ($3.50), cast in the shape of a hare, for a change, provide fairly startling individual table settings for soups or creamed dishes; another French idea in covered dishes is a miniature white china bushel basket with a red strawberry knob on the lid ($6, with an accompanying plate).

Arriving back on native soil, the shop offers some American-made things, such as huge Lucite cake and sandwich plates, covered over with flower-painted Lucite domes (two sizes, $30 and $40 a set); wood-handled, silver-plated trays for hors d'œuvre or for serving meat and vegetables all together, in a three-section design that looks efficient as well as handsome ($24, including tax); a masterly chromium bottle-cap remover that uses downward instead of upward pressure to pry off the recalcitrant cap and, furthermore, will replace it tightly ($7); and, in that special Marks department of seasonal trophies, Easter-table centerpieces in the form of flowered and ribboned straw bonnets, up-ended and filled with wrapped favors of your own selection, in the Jack Horner-pie tradition—the price, of course, depending upon how modest or elaborate the stuffing is.

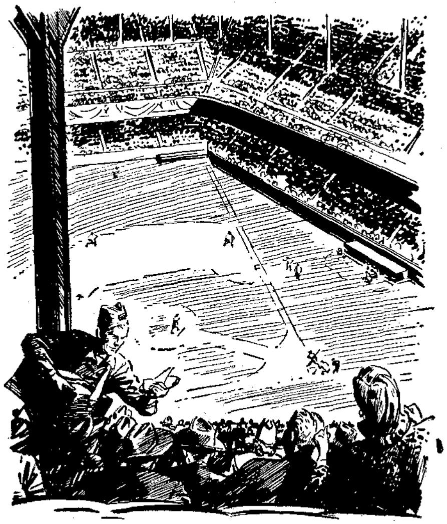
AT Carole Stupell, 501 Madison Avenue (52nd), you'll come upon work turned out by Italian potters, who are sending over some extraordinarily good-looking wares, and in astonishing quantities. Their latest inventions in table pottery show a new delicacy and occasionally employ fantasy to break up the customary parade of floral designs. With the Italian pieces, Stupell displays her spectacular table mats, which may be round or triangular, but always very big, and are made of practically anything. You'll find hand-crocheted ones, some in straw braid (these are especially good with the Italian-pottery services), and others in basketweave plastics or lacy Swiss horsehair; all of them are about $90 for eight, including a set of eight plain linen napkins, dyed to match the mats. Triangular mats of heavy linen are edged all around with a thick, wide fringe—almost like Hawaiian grass skirts; $82.50 for a set of eight, with napkins. These are meant to be laid with one point hanging over the edge of the table, and I can tell you that a setting using an array of them in, say, citron yellow, accompanied by pottery in even the most subdued of the new Italian designs, is an eyeopener—if that's what you like a table to be.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), you may not be surprised to know, has taken up the matter of wall decorations for nurseries and children's rooms and has laid hold of some good ones. The shop has a set of four nursery murals that the most butterfingered father can cut out and gum to the wall

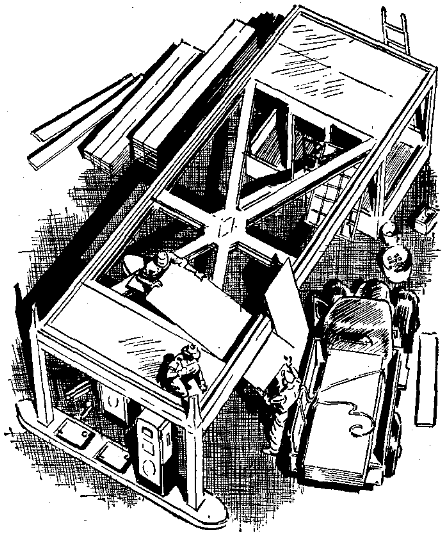
Net Profit $253 26



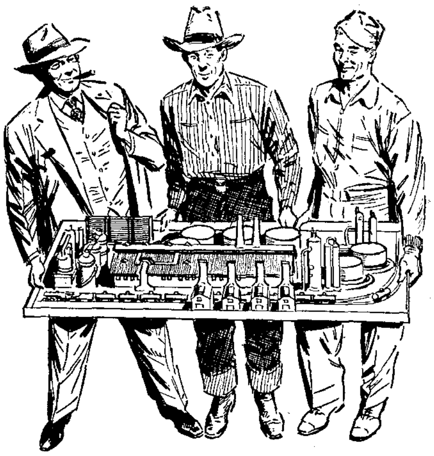
1. In 1946 the owners of Union Oil Company made a total net profit of $8,867,023. Most of us will admit that almost 9 million dollars is a lot of money. But what many of us fail to consider is that those profit dollars were divided among a lot of people.



2. For Union Oil Company is owned not by 1 man or 2 but by 35,012 individual Americans—enough to fill a good-sized ball park. Divided among that many owners, the net profits actually averaged just $253.26 per common shareholder.



3. Even this sum wasn't all paid out in dividends. $4,200,753 was left in the business. So dividends paid out—money that actually went to the owners—averaged just $133.28 per shareholder, or $11.11 per month. Wages paid out, plus the cost of retirement and other benefit plans, averaged $3,522.70 per employee, or $293.56 per month.



4. In other words, while Union Oil Company looks pretty big from the standpoint of all its oil wells, refineries, service stations, etc., the company is actually owned—and the profits shared—by ordinary Americans like you and your neighbor next door. 70% of these owners live in the West.

5. There are 56 in Spokane, Washington; 10 in Grants Pass, Oregon; 177 in Bakersfield, California, etc. 2,150 are Union Oil employees. The average shareholder owns 133 shares—about $2,900 worth on today's market. Some own less than this, some more; but the largest owns only about 1% of the total shares outstanding.

6. So it is not the investments of a few millionaires, but the combined savings of thousands of average citizens, that make Union Oil—and most American corporations—possible, and without some such method of providing the necessary tools, American mass production which is based on *free competition* could never have been accomplished.

UNION OIL COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

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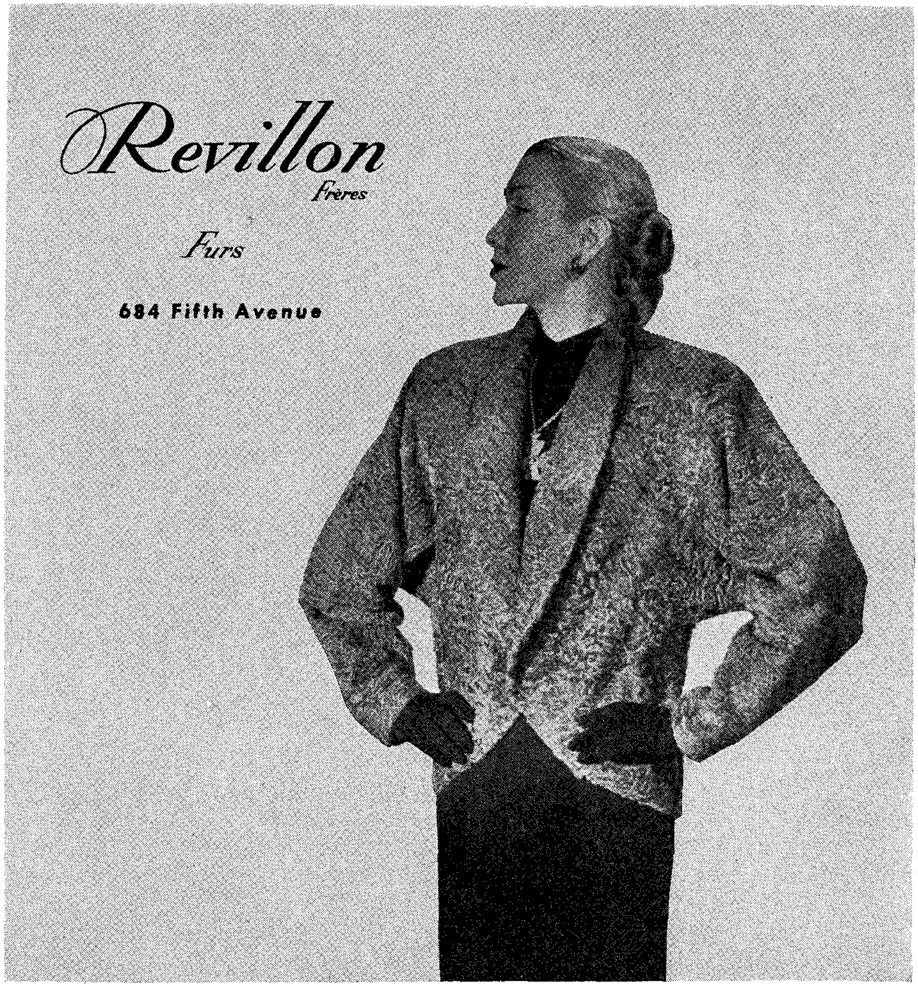

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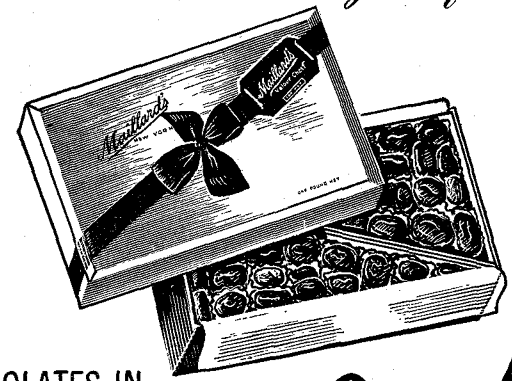
The Discriminating Prefer



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Maillard's
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VELOUR CHEST OF MIXED CHOCOLATES-ONLY $1.25 PER FULL POUND BOX
THIN MINTS-80c PER POUND BOX • CREAM PEPPERMINTS-50c PER ½ LB. BOX
The Maillard Corp., New York 1, N. Y.

himself—Mistress Mary with flowerpots, Jack-Be-Nimble with a candlestick, Little Boy Blue with a calf, and Bopeep with a sheep. Each figure is about three feet tall and is painted in poster colors on a washable, rubberized fabric and comes rolled up in a tube with a pot of paste. The murals can be peeled off the wall and pasted up somewhere else—if Father is not *too* butterfingered, that is, since the paint has a tendency to crack if the cloth is folded or wrinkled. The murals are $5 each, and no nursery outside of Hollywood could possibly use more than four at once. . . . Mary Muller, 18 Greenwich Avenue, has collected a lot of old standing wooden towel racks, to be prized more for their practical aspects than for their beauty as antiquities (although I still hold that a wooden rack is at least as good to look at as any chromium or Lucite modernization). There are examples in pine, maple, walnut, and mahogany, equipped with from two to five rods each; $9.50 to $15. —B. B.

◆

[LAUGHTER] ON CAPITOL HILL

[From the Congressional Record]

Mr. Barkley. Will the Senator from Maine yield?

Mr. Brewster. I yield.

Mr. Barkley. I merely rose to suggest to the Senator that when I referred to his potential candidacy, which has been a matter of some comment in the public press and otherwise, I meant to cast no aspersions upon him. I did it merely because he had referred to what he called my potential candidacy of the past, which he did not regard as an aspersion nor as an impugnment of any motive.

I rose also to say that so far as I am concerned I intended to compliment the Senator from Maine, because I am strongly for him for the Republican nomination for Vice President. [Laughter.]

Mr. Brewster. I appreciate very much the sponsorship of the Senator from Kentucky. I suspect perhaps he thinks it may be the kiss of death. [Laughter.] That is not improper. I did not drag this subject in by the heels. It was only incidental to the report contained in the newspapers—in the New York World Telegram of that time. But I call the attention of the Senator from Kentucky to the fact that it was only four days ago that, when I was advocating certain measures on this floor in the debate, he dragged this particular suggestion in by the heels. It was peculiarly ungrateful, I blush when I say it, on the part of the Senator from Kentucky, because it was in 1944 that, as the Senator well knows, I gave my most enthusiastic support at a distinguished gathering to the nomination of the Senator from Kentucky for the Presidency, and now to suggest that I should retire to the Vice Presidency seems to be ingratitude in the highest degree. [Laughter.]

Dinner was late that night

Dinner was late that night for little Linda. A swollen Susquehanna River had washed away her home—and everything in it.

But the Red Cross was there to help her and all the homeless families . . .

. . . to supply food, clothing, shelter for the night;
. . . to extend comfort, emergency medical aid, care for the injured;
. . . to help a stricken people restore their homes.

Every week, disaster strikes somewhere in our nation. Always in catastrophe—flood, fire, explosion, tornado or hurricane—your Red Cross is on the job.

You want to do your share to help your American Red Cross carry on in 1947.

Give—give generously and gladly to this "greatest mother of them all"!

GIVE—so your RED ✚ CROSS can carry on!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SMELL OF MONEY

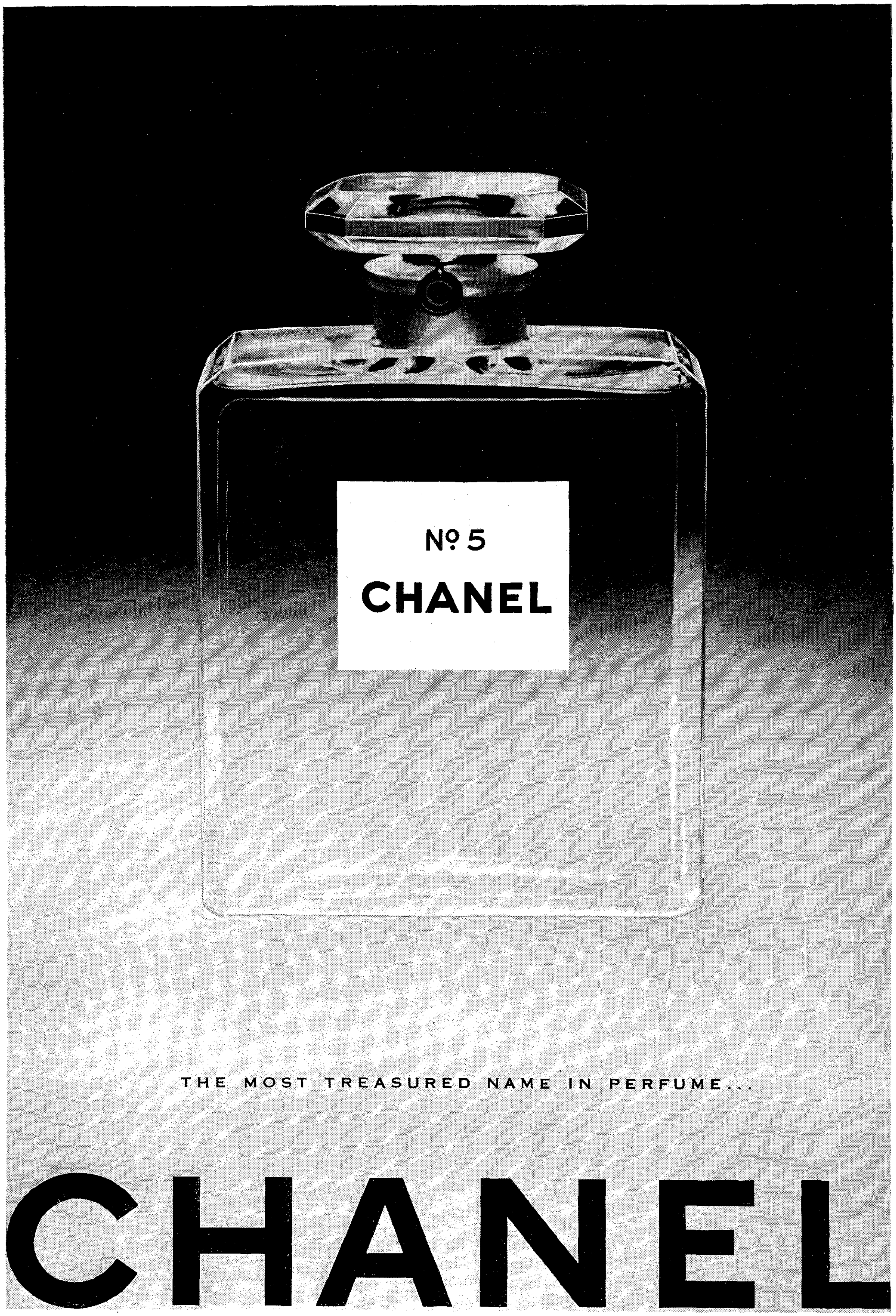
THE other day, I drove up the Hudson and spent two or three hours on a one-hundred-acre hillside farm, twelve miles east of Peekskill, where mink are bred and raised for their fur by a widow named Emmy Zichner. The day was raw and hazy, and the place, as I approached it along a lumpy back road, had a bleak and withdrawn look. It was surrounded by a wire-mesh fence, higher than a man. Behind the fence, all I could see from the road was an expanse of wind-swept fields, sloping down to a horizon of scraggly trees. The fields were pocked with clumps of scrub brush and looked as if they had not been cultivated, or even used as pasturage, for years. In one of them, near the fence, sat a big, shabby mongrel dog, who rose and silently watched me go by, and in another, farther on, a Doberman pinscher was wandering restively about. Then, at a turn in the road, I came to an open gate in the fence, leading to a cluster of well-kept buildings—a square, three-story white clapboard house, a large, rambling frame-and-stucco barn, and four or five small sheds. Beyond, and a little apart from the rest, stood a tall, bone-white structure that I assumed was a silo, though it looked more like a watchtower. I drove through the gateway and into a deserted barnyard.

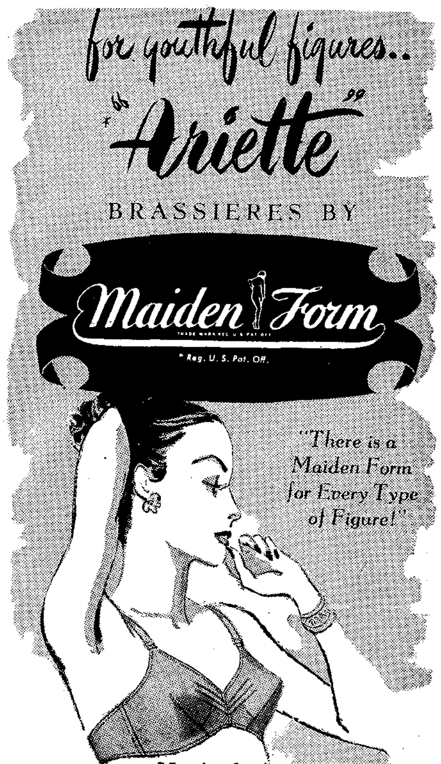
THERE are hundreds of mink farms—or ranches, as they are generally called—in the United States and Canada. An eccentric trapper, whose name has been forgotten, demonstrated as early as 1866, in Oneida County, New York, that mink could be raised successfully in captivity, but his experiment attracted hardly any attention. Wild mink were too plentiful then. The first large-scale ranches were not established until the middle nineteen-twenties. By that time, mink had become more stylish than ever before and also less abundant. Mink breeding is an important industry now. The New York fur market, which is the biggest in the world, handles about a million and a quarter mink skins every year, and at least one out of every three of them comes from an animal born and raised on a ranch. In recent years, the number of wild-mink pelts on the market has been decreasing steadily, and the more enthusiastic breeders are confident that the time is not far off when this ratio will be reversed.

Mrs. Zichner's ranch is one of the oldest and largest in this part of the country. She has been in the business since 1929 and sells, through a New York auction house, around three thousand pelts a year. The output of her ranch compares favorably in quantity with that of all but a few gigantic establishments, most of them in the Great Lakes region, which market as many as eight thousand pelts annually. Mrs. Zichner was born in Coblenz, in the Rhineland. She and her husband—the late Hugo Zichner, a civil engineer who died in 1945—came to the United States in 1926. Mr. Zichner did research at Columbia for a year, and then, tiring of city and university life, bought the farm near Peekskill. Agriculture did not interest the couple, but stimulating memories of a manual on fox raising that they had read in Germany presently revived in their minds, and with the idea of starting a fox farm, they visited several Midwestern breeders, one of whom raised mink as well as fox and suggested that they try mink instead. He was a persuasive man. The Zichners ended up by buying thirty mink—eight males and twenty-two females.

Like most breeders these days, Mrs. Zichner raises both dark-furred (or natural brown) and mutation mink. Mutation mink, a fairly recent innovation, are hybrids of dazzling coloration—blond, white, blue-frost, silver-blue, and so on. They are the result of perpetuating occasional freaks of nature by crossbreeding. About half of Mrs. Zichner's mink are now of the mutation variety. She and her husband pioneered in the development of some of the rarer and more unlikely hues, and in 1943 they had the agreeable experience of marketing, at ninety dollars apiece, the skins from which the world's first blue-frost mink coat was made. From sixty to ninety skins are needed to make a full-length coat; sixty-eight were used in this historic garment, which, upon being modelled by Miss Mary Martin by way of calling attention to it, was disposed of by its makers for ninety-five hundred dollars. All mutation-mink pelts bring attractive prices. Except for the very finest Russian sable, mutation-mink skins are the costliest of furs. Silver-blue skins have sold for as high as two hundred and sixty-five dollars each; pure whites have brought close to a hundred. Plain ranch-bred dark-mink skins are looked upon now as commonplace by the somewhat volatile standards of Seventh Avenue, but they are not meanly priced. They average around twenty-five dollars apiece and among small American furs are equalled in value only by marten. All these considerations inure Mrs. Zichner to the trials of her occupation. These trials are numerous. The rewards of mink

THIEF
POLICE


Nº 5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...
CHANEL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raising, I discovered during my visit, are almost entirely monetary.

I PARKED my car near a shed in which stood a new Buick sedan, and got out. Mrs. Zichner, who had been expecting me, emerged from the house, waved, and strode briskly toward me. She is a tall, handsome woman of forty-five, in the stately Teutonic tradition; her hair is golden and her eyes are sky-blue. She was wearing a beige tweed suit and brown brogues, and a long, shimmering dark-mink coat was flung over her shoulders. At her side lumbered a sombre, muscle-bound mastiff of inhospitable expression. Mrs. Zichner greeted me heartily with a lunging handshake. "It's nice to see you," she said. Then, turning to the mastiff, who stood, stiff-legged and rumbling beside her, studying me intently, she said sternly, "Sh-h-h." The dog relaxed a bit, its lips curling in a monstrous grin. Mrs. Zichner gave me a reassuring smile. "Please don't feel uneasy because of Cassandra," she said. "I think she will soon understand that you are a friend. We don't have many visitors here."

We strolled down the yard, with Cassandra padding heavily along at our heels. "This is the way to the minkery," Mrs. Zichner said, glancing at me uncertainly, as if, being unaccustomed to showing visitors around her place, she was wondering what might interest me. "That's really all there is here for you to see—just seven acres of mink." I said I would like to see seven acres of mink, and then asked if her coat was made of skins raised on the ranch. She laughed. "Yes, it's all mine," she said. "My husband gave it to me for a surprise about three years ago. It's the first mink coat I've ever had, too. I'd been wanting one for twenty years. I suppose that sounds strange, but you've heard the old saying about the cobbler's children never having any shoes. Well, mink raising is like that. When mink prices are high, a breeder naturally wants to sell all the skins he can raise. And when the market is down, he *has* to sell them all. I won't pretend that there isn't any money in mink raising, but it's not the get-rich-quick business that most people seem to think it is. Our ranch didn't begin to pay until 1936. It took us eight years of hard work and worry to build up a good herd, and it still takes plenty of work and worry to keep it up. Not only for me but for the six men I have working for me. I'll tell you how I feel about mink ranching as a general thing. We sell a few breeding animals occasionally—good dark mink are worth around seventy-five dollars and the mutations will bring about a hundred and fifty—but I won't deal with anybody except established breeders. I try to discourage people who want to buy some breeding stock so they can start a ranch. I think I like hard work more than most people—at least, I'm used to it—but I'm not sure that even I would care to start all over again in this business. It takes great endurance."

Mrs. Zichner sighed. "Besides," she said, "mink aren't very nice animals, you know. They're cruel and bloodthirsty. You'll notice when we get to the minkery that each animal has a cage of its own. That's because if you put two of them together—except a male and a female for a few hours at breeding time—they'll kill each other. Mink have no affection for anybody or anything. Perhaps you've noticed my hands." She held them out. Her fingers, the backs of her hands, her palms, and even her wrists were marked with innumerable cuts and tiny, white, welted scars. "I wouldn't advise you to try to pet one of my mink," she said.

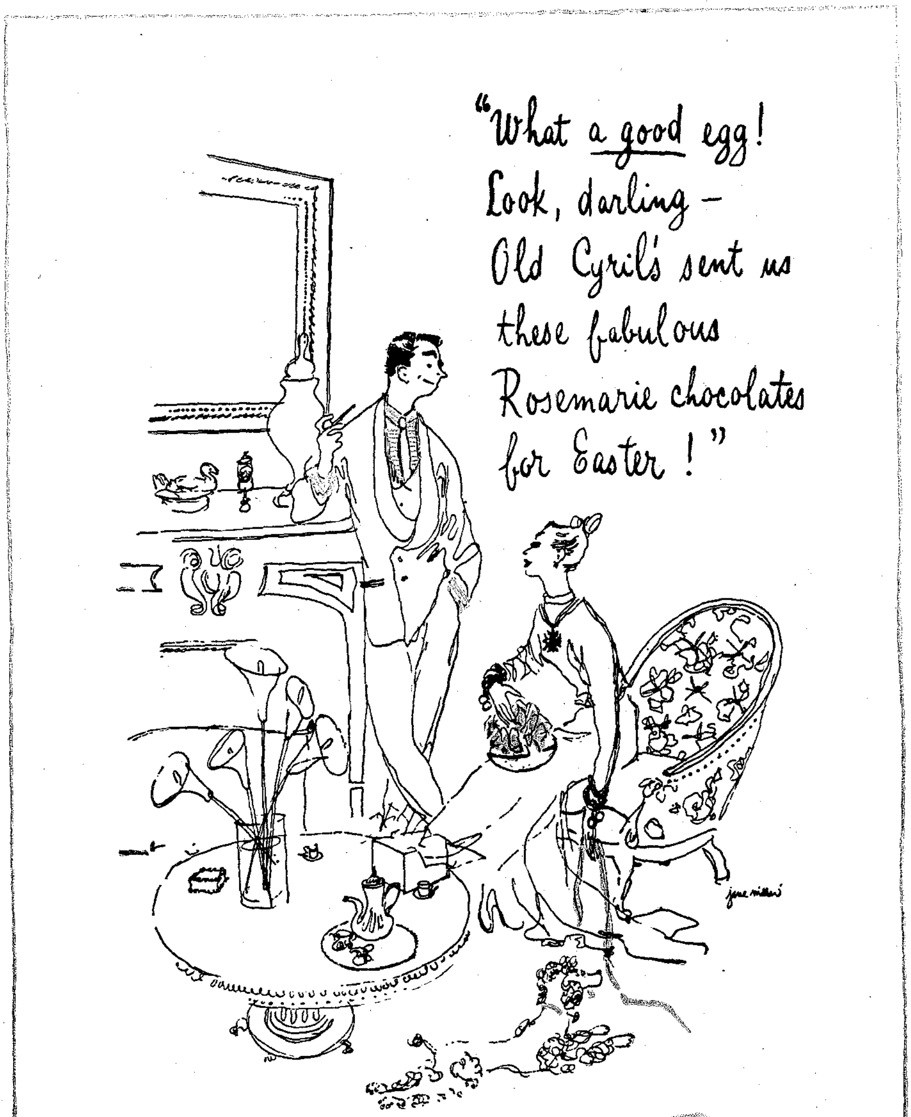
THE Zichner minkery was spread out before us, down a slope a few hundred yards away. It was a huge, rectangular, fenced-in field, containing row after row of wire cages on stilts. "I'm afraid it's rather empty now," Mrs. Zichner said as we approached. "This is right between seasons, so we're down to just our basic breeding herd—about a thousand females and two hundred and fifty males. The pelting season, when we kill and skin the mink, is over and the mating season is still a few days off. The animals here now are anywhere from a little under a year old to about four. Mink are ready to breed at ten months and we never keep a breeder longer than four seasons." Mrs. Zichner gave Cassandra, who was sniffing dubiously at my ankles, an indulgent pat and went on to say that mink mate once a year, in March, and whelp in late April or May. A litter may number as many as ten kits, as infant mink are called, but the average is around four. In September, the mink whose skins are to be marketed that year are placed in covered cages. This is to prevent their thick, lustrous winter fur, which begins to develop about then, from being faded by the autumn sun. They are pelted in late November, just as their fur reaches its prime. "We all practically live in the minkery from the middle of November on," Mrs. Zichner said. "You see, the fur remains prime for only ten days or two weeks. After that, it becomes dull. We begin to feel nervous as soon as November comes around. Mink can become prime almost overnight, you know, if the weather is cold and dry. And the season is so short that every minute counts when you have three thousand animals to pelt. The men I have working for me are good, hard workers, all of them, but even so we can't pelt more than three hundred animals a day."

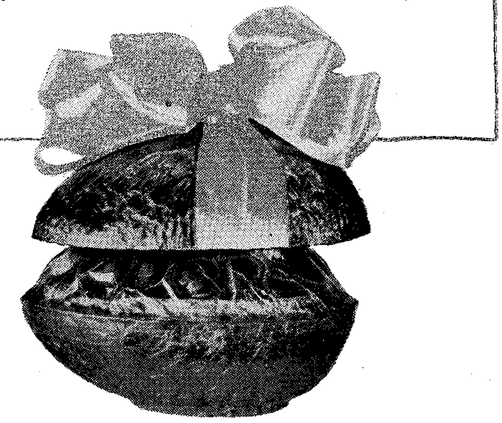
A burly man with a rugged face and blazing red ears appeared in the doorway of a small shed as we passed and looked inquiringly at Mrs. Zichner. She smiled and nodded to him. "That's Adolf Doehl, my foreman," she told me. "I don't know what I'd do without Adolf. He was just a local farmer when he came to work for us eleven years ago, and he'd never even seen a mink before, but now he's an expert. If you don't mind, I think I'd better speak to him for a minute. This is the first I've seen of him today. I went shopping this morning and had just got here myself when you arrived."

"Don't you live here?" I asked.

"Heavens, no," she said. "My husband and I used to, but several years ago we turned the house over to Adolf and the other men. They're bachelors and they all live there together, with a Swiss woman I found to cook and keep house for them. My house is over on Old Red Mill Road, about five miles from here. I had enough of living with mink when we were getting the ranch started." She hesitated. "If you'd ever heard a frightened mink scream in the middle of the night," she said, "you'd know what I mean. Oh, it's a ghastly sound. I usually spend all day here, from before breakfast until late afternoon, but at night I try to forget about mink. Lately, I've been going to New York for a few days as often as I can get away. Still, even in New York, at the theatre or during a concert, I can't help worrying a little. So many things could happen." She broke off, as if the idea were too disquieting to explore. Then, abruptly, she said, "I'll be right back. Adolf won't keep me a minute."

She walked back to the shed, her pale hair shining in the murky light and her beautiful coat swinging heavily from side to side. Cassandra made no move to follow her. I lighted a cigarette and watched a flight of sparrows burst up





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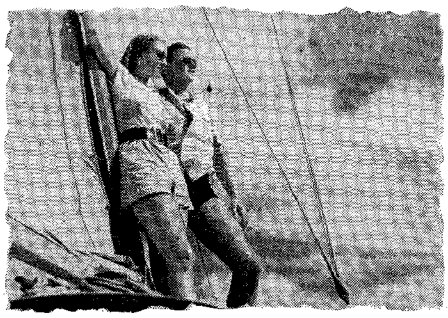

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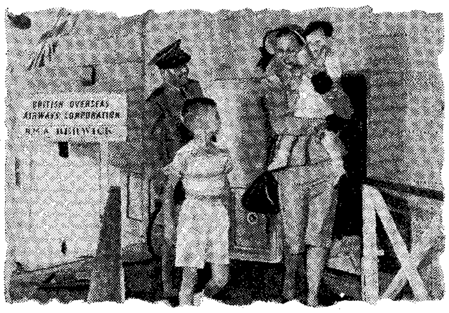

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from behind the barn, skim over the tower and the minkery, and vanish like a handful of gravel into the dim sky beyond. When it became apparent that Mrs. Zichner had several minutes' business to discuss with her foreman, I decided to walk on toward the minkery by myself, but at my first step the mastiff gave a warning rumble, cut around in front of me, and stopped. Her loose grin was gone and her eyes were fixed on me. I decided that it would be a good idea to wait for my companion, after all. Cassandra slowly relaxed. She was squatting unconcernedly at my feet with her eyes half closed, grinning again, when Mrs. Zichner rejoined me, not long afterward.

MRS. ZICHNER had to open a padlocked gate to let us into the minkery, and while she was unlocking it, I became aware of a faint but highly disagreeable odor. It was rancid, bitter, and penetrating. Mrs. Zichner noticed that I was sniffing. "I forgot to prepare you for the smell," she said as we passed through the gate, which she locked behind us. "Mink are like skunk that way. They secrete much the same sort of scent. They can't eject it quite as well as skunk can, but sometimes I think it's a much more revolting odor. Mink and skunk are distantly related, you know. The smell is the thing they have most in common. I guess a mink's closest relative is the weasel. Actually, mink don't smell too bad unless they're frightened." She pushed a wisp of hair back from her face. "But maybe I'm just used to it," she went on. "Anyway, you can be thankful this isn't pelting time. During the skinning, there's no way to avoid cutting the scent sac, and then, too, of course, all the animals are frightened because of the bustle and commotion and the odor of blood. Well, the smell becomes perfectly horrible then. Even I can hardly stand it. But pelting is the time we work for all year long—it's the climax of twelve months of hard work. So I must say that when the smell is at its worst, I almost like it."

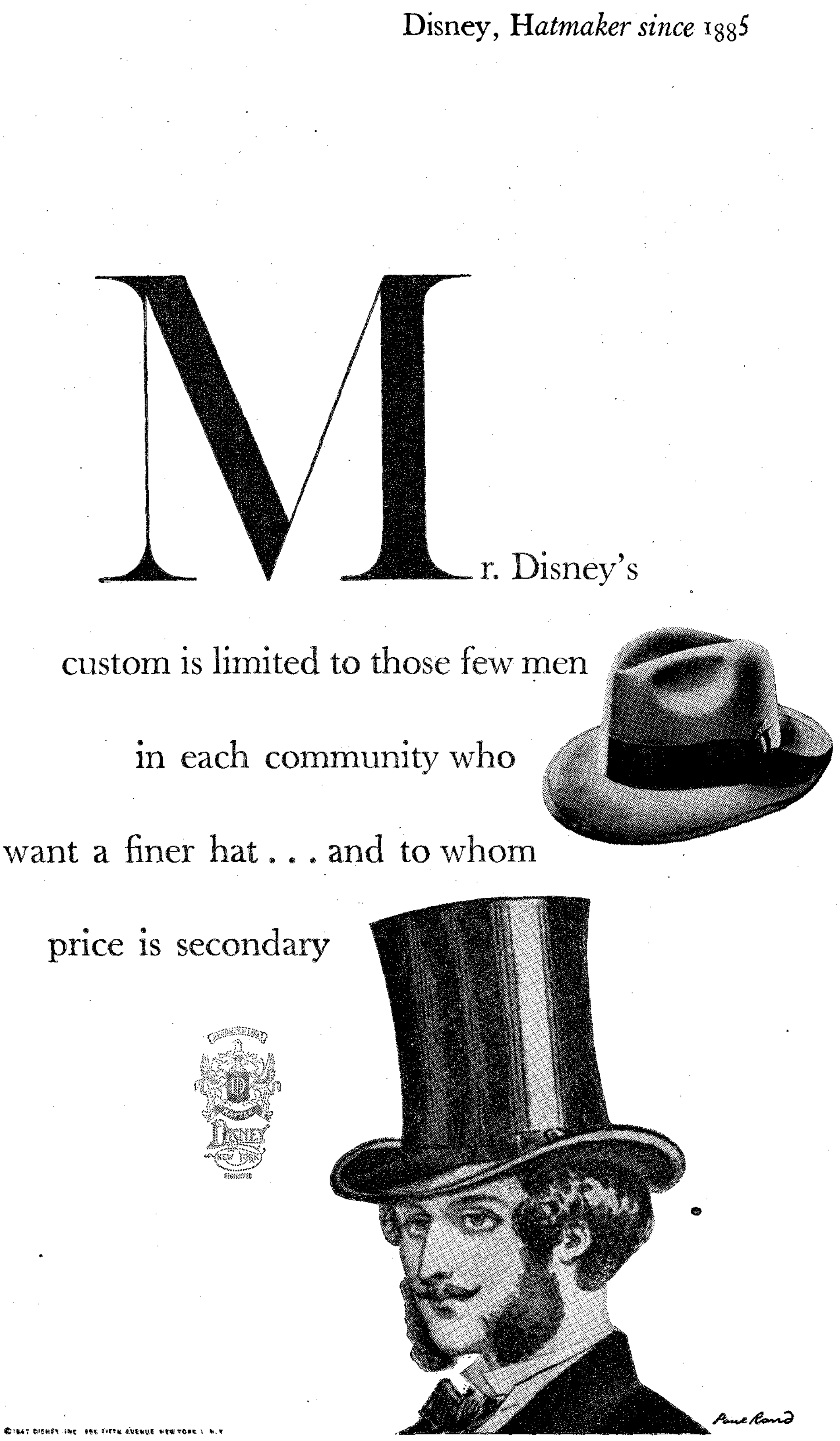
The minkery was treeless and all but grassless, and with its long, even rows of identical oblong cages it looked rather like an aerial view of some dreary suburb. The cages were about seven feet long, two feet wide, and two feet high. On their stilts, their tops stood approximately four feet from the ground. They were made of chicken wire stretched on stout wooden frames. Even the bottoms of them were of wire. One end of each cage faced a lane some ten feet wide, and attached to the other was a covered wooden cubicle about a foot square, in which, I learned, the animal sleeps.

Before turning into the rows, Mrs. Zichner led me over to a wooden box, about the size and shape of a coffin, that lay on the ground at the head of the nearest lane. "This is the killing box," she said in a matter-of-fact tone, and then she colored. "That sounds brutal, doesn't it, but it really isn't," she explained. "We kill our animals by asphyxiating them with carbon-monoxide gas. All breeders use the same method. It's very quick and painless. Besides, it doesn't harm the fur. The furriers insist on whole, perfect skins, you know—tail, legs, head, everything. This is an easy and inexpensive way. We simply generate the gas by running an automobile engine, and then pipe it from the exhaust into the box through this little hole here in the side. The box will hold twenty-five mink in individual carrying cages—traps, we call them." There were several traps in the box and Mrs. Zichner picked one up and showed it to me. Its dimensions were approximately those of a shoe box; it was made of metal bars and had a handle on top and a sliding door operated by a spring mechanism at one end. "Traps are about the most important equipment on a mink ranch," she said. "We just couldn't manage without them. You can't handle mink with your hands. They can bite through the heaviest gloves ever made. Nobody knows that better than I do, but I've been around mink so long that I forget once in a while and become a little careless. I've never had a really nasty bite, though." She dropped the trap back in the box. "We use traps whenever we move an animal from one cage to another. In the breeding season, we move a thousand females in with the males and back again. Another thing, mink are very nervous and restless, always darting around. The only way you can make a mink hold still long enough to examine his fur is to get him into a trap. And, of course, we *have* to have them in traps in the killing box. Otherwise, they'd tear each other to pieces before we could even get the lid closed."

I asked Mrs. Zichner how one goes about getting a mink into a trap.

"There's a door in every cage," she replied. "We open a trap, put it against the cage, open the cage door, and the mink runs right in. Mink are very inquisitive." I heard a sound behind me and turned. A huge German shepherd dog came loping up to us between two rows of cages. He regarded me with a hard, suspicious look. Both Cassandra and Mrs. Zichner greeted him casually. He was a superb animal, except for his ears and muzzle. They were scarred, torn, and hairless. "This is Baler," Mrs. Zichner said. "He won't pay much attention to you as long as you're with me. Baler is a war veteran, by the way. He was on both sides. He fought for the Nazis until late in 1944, when my son-in-law, who was a colonel in the American Army, captured him somewhere in France or Belgium. After that, he fought on our side. I've had him since last summer. You can see from his head that poor Baler hasn't quite learned yet to keep far enough back from the cages. His real name isn't Baler. My son-in-law gave him that. His name was Prack, it said on his collar." She gazed down at the dog. "He makes me a bit uneasy, though," she continued after a moment. "You see, we don't know what commands he was taught in German. I'm always afraid that I'll forget and say something in German when he's around, something that might just happen to sound like one of his old war commands."

WE walked down the lane. The first few cages we passed all appeared to be empty. I had two dogs stalking along at my back now. The smell of mink grew stronger. Presently, Mrs. Zichner stopped in front of a cage that looked no more occupied than the others. "This one's probably asleep or dozing," she whispered. "Mink spend a lot of time curled up in their sleeping boxes. But they're very light sleepers—now, watch!" She placed a hand on the wire top of the cage. Instantly, a mink stuck its head out of the sleeping box in the rear and sprang—a long, slim blur of brown fur. Mrs. Zichner jerked her hand away just in time. The mink, its jaws open, slammed against the wire, twisted bonelessly over, and bounded back toward the rear of the cage. It returned at once, with another ferocious leap. The dogs whimpered with apprehension. The mink peered balefully at us through the wire for a moment with hot, black, unblinking eyes. It was short-legged, long-necked, and snake-headed, a trifle over two feet long, with a tail that accounted for almost a third of its length. Its face made me think of a maniacal Teddy bear. The mere sight of us standing there seemed to infuriate it. It clung, snarling, to the end of the cage, biting and clawing at the wire. The mink's claws, and its canine teeth, too, were nearly half an inch long, needle-sharp and slightly curved. I felt that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Baler had been lucky to get off as easily as he had.

"Well," Mrs. Zichner remarked, turning away, "you can see why I don't feel much affection for mink. There's nothing unusual about that animal at all. He's a perfectly normal two-year-old male. I've almost never seen a mink act any other way. And he's not trying to get out, you know. I mean he's not trying to escape. I think he would like very much to see a little blood—that's all. Once in a while, a mink manages to break out of its cage, but I've never seen one try to get out of the minkery. When they get loose, they simply prowl around in here until one of the dogs turns up. Then there's a fight. We've got five dogs here and we've trained them all not to kill a mink. If a mink breaks loose, they're supposed to grab it by the scruff of the neck and hold on until we can get it into a trap. One or another of the men is usually in here, keeping an eye on things. But even when a dog has got a mink pinned down, the mink will squirm around and try to tear the dog's face off. Mink just aren't afraid of anything. Sometimes, of course, the dogs forget their training. Much as I hate to lose a fine mink, I can't blame them."

As we continued to walk among the cages, Mrs. Zichner called my attention to the several types of mutation mink she breeds. I saw silvery fur, black fur with white markings, white fur with black markings, bluish-gray fur, and one wraith-like flash of pure white. "Mink *are* beautiful creatures, though, aren't they?" Mrs. Zichner said suddenly and, I thought, almost defensively. I replied that they certainly make beautiful coats. "Yes," she said, "and the females are excellent mothers. They take wonderful care of the kits when they are little and helpless." She seemed to be trying to persuade herself that mink have their lovable side. "We don't have to take the kits away from the mother until they are about two months old," she added. "I'm sorry to say it, but the mothers sometimes begin to lose interest in their babies as they grow up and are apt to eat them." She changed the subject hurriedly. "Mink are very hardy animals, too, you know," she said. "They are almost never sick. All they need to stay well is plenty of clean, dry straw in their boxes and lots of good food. We feed ours once a day—a mash we make here out of horse meat, fish, cereal, vegetables, milk, and cod-liver oil. As a matter of fact, mink seem to be immune to almost everything but distemper. We have to be very careful of the dogs for that reason. They might carry distemper to the mink, and that would be fatal. An epidemic could wipe out the whole herd in a few weeks. But, of course, we have to have the dogs around. I want all the protection I can get. The herd is insured and all that, but every one of these animals represents generations of selective breeding. They just couldn't be replaced, because my husband and I developed our own breed of mink. Some of the big ranches out West have been robbed of hundreds and hundreds of animals, but fortunately we've never had a robbery here. I don't intend to take any chances, though. Mink thieves are very clever." She smiled wryly. "I guess they would have to be—you've seen what mink are like."

Dusk was coming on as we turned back toward the gate. Ahead of us, the farm buildings stood out clean and white and cold against the dull sky. The tower I had taken to be a silo, rising between us and the barnyard, looked immense. I noticed now that there was a band of windows all around its top, just under the roof, and that it had a narrow door facing the minkery. It didn't really look like a silo at all, I decided. I asked Mrs. Zichner what in the world it was. "Why, that's our watchtower," she said. "Doesn't it look like one?" She glanced at me. "I'd be very sorry if it didn't, because it's certainly supposed to. There's a little room up in the top, with some chairs and a table and a good heating stove. It's quite comfortable and there's a very nice view. One of the men is always up there on guard at night with a shotgun. Thank heavens, he's never had to use it." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

"It's all for the best," he laughed.... "I'm in the holiday mood, so beware, lovely lady, beware!"

"And to think I left my *ceinture de chastité* at home. Woe, woe is me!"

"Just you don't pronounce it 'whoa.' "

"Ah, weel—"

Natalie Converse, he was coming to realize, possessed a lovely sense of the ridiculous, and an ability to turn words into gay shuttlecocks to be batted about. —*From "Saigon Singer," by Van Wyck Mason.*

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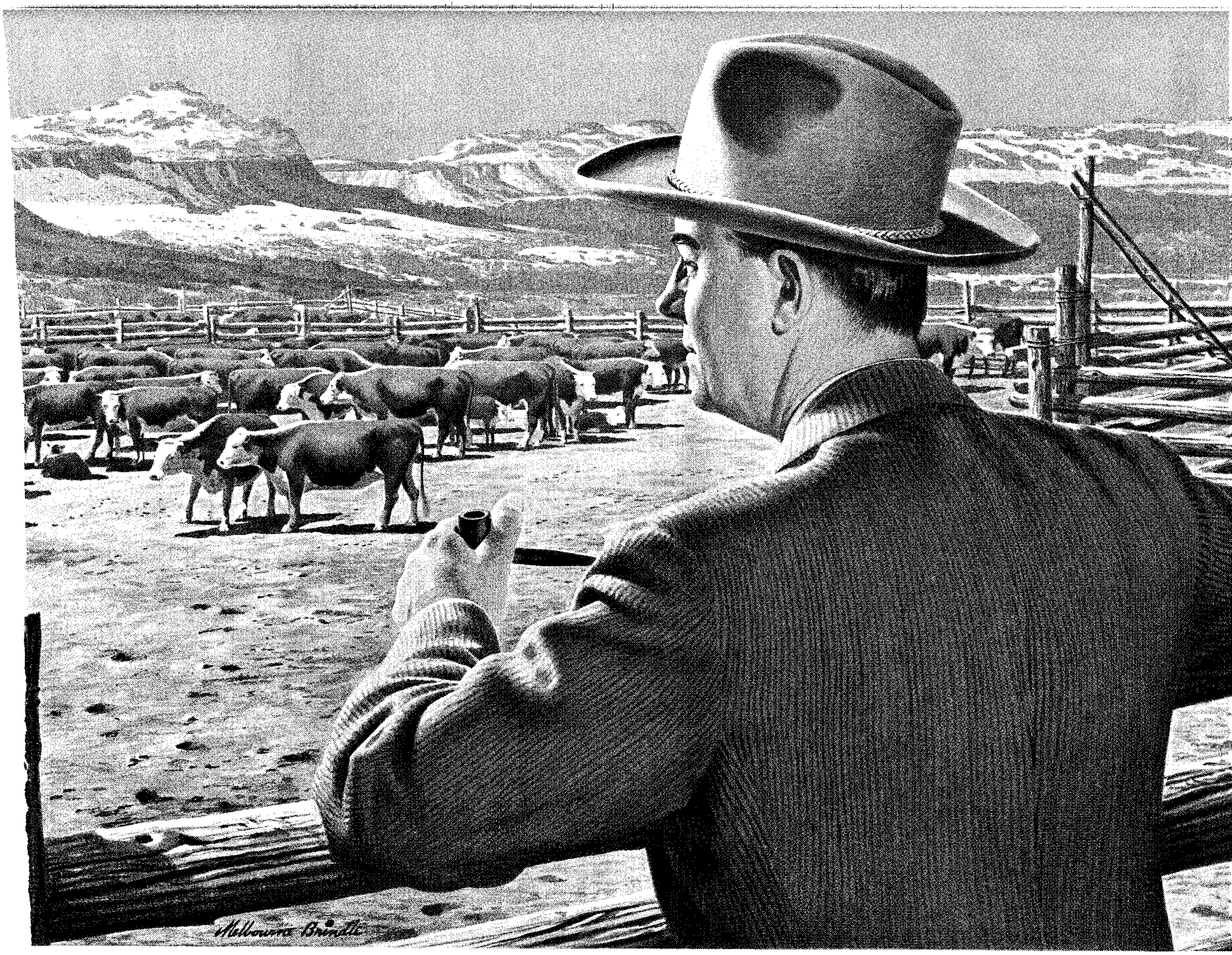
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sketch of a Brahmin

ONE of the dicta that people with jobs like mine are supposed to toss off with an air of profundity is that the stage is a circumscribed medium, and that a movie has a great advantage over a play because it is as limitless in its scope as a V-2 with a camera in its tail. Not a man to knock out any of the props that sustain my house, I've been going right along with this proposition for years. But having seen "The Late George Apley," a film adapted from John P. Marquand's and George S. Kaufman's play, I'm not so sure that the movies have to spread their version of a play all over the landscape to keep their restless audiences entranced. Apart from revealing Apley on one excursion into infidel Manhattan, the picture sticks as tightly to Boston and Beacon Street as did the stage piece, and most of the action centers on the Apley house, which I found a lot more interesting than the huge swatches of real estate that Hollywood so often uses to dress up a play adaptation. The picture is a long way from being as sharp, neat, and devastating about the mores of Boston as was Mr. Marquand's novel. Nevertheless, it is a good bit more adult, literate, and lucid than anything that has come from Hollywood in a considerable time. From the moment that we see George Apley's tidy foot on a Beacon Street scraper until we find him in a church pew beaming at the loveless wedding he has arranged for his son, the cinema biography of a Brahmin is often as authentic as an "r" dropped with quiet elegance at the Athenæum. If you recall the play, you will remember that it was an Englishman, Leo G. Carroll, who brought to life so well the leading character of the piece. In the picture, Ronald Colman, another Englishman, is, perhaps, not so successful, but he does well enough. It was unfortunate that the movies should have seen fit to nominate as Mr. Colman's daughter the lovely Peggy Cummins. Miss Cummins is, I should say, handsomer than any female that ever turned up on Beacon Hill, but her accent is strictly from the Ould Sod, and the lilt seems a little odd in an account



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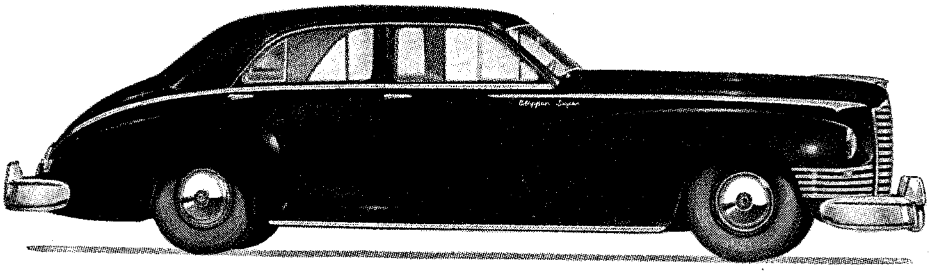

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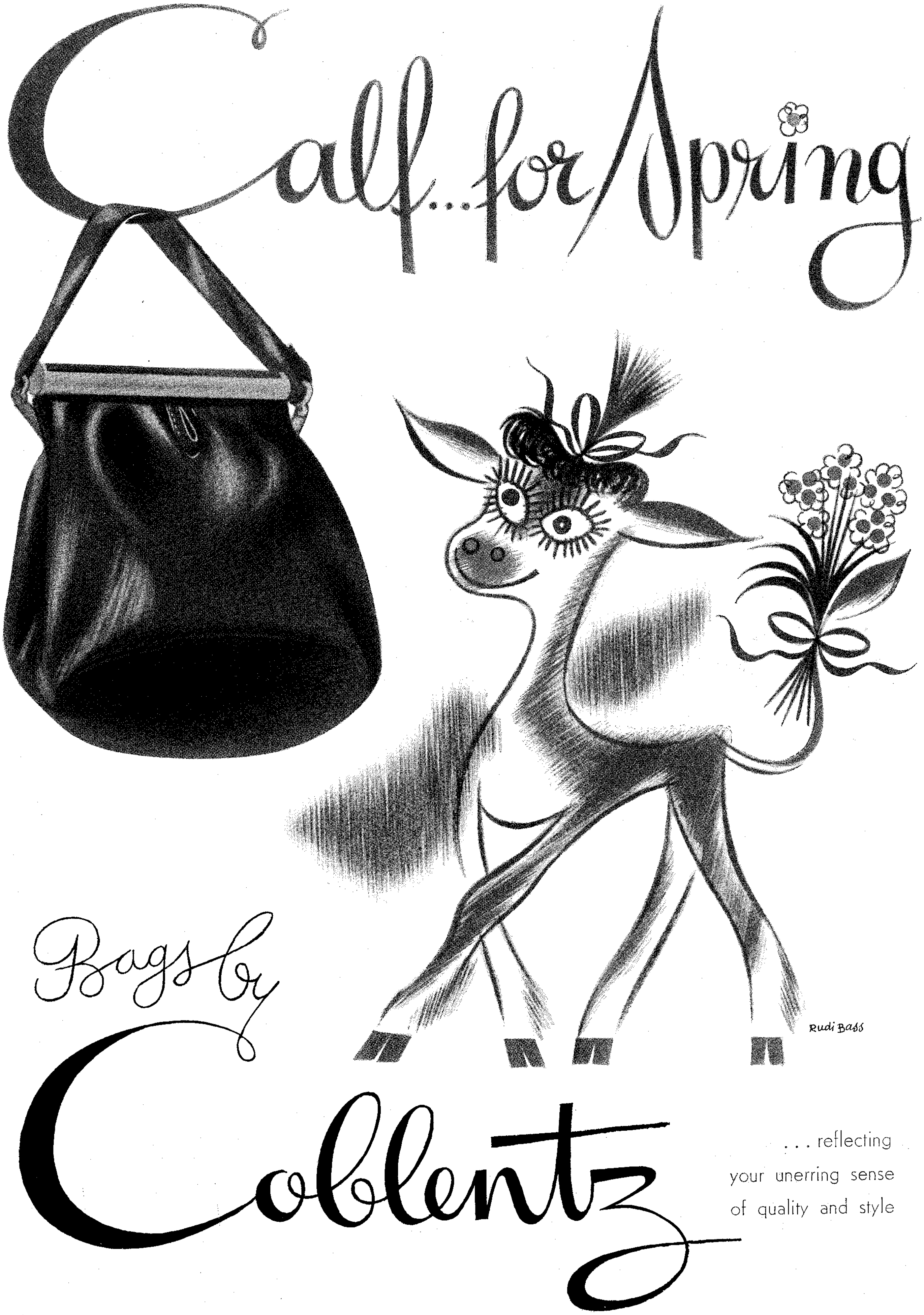
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of people to whom the Irish were similar to a visitation of locusts. Besides Mr. Colman and Miss Cummins, the cast of "The Late George Apley" includes Richard Haydn, Percy Waram, and Mildred Natwick. I don't think the casting director could have done better when he selected the last three.

MY colleagues, almost to a man, got very steamed up last week in favor of a horror item called "The Red House." I must reluctantly report that it struck me as hopelessly foolish, and no more alarming or stimulating than a ride through Canarsie. I thought that Edward G. Robinson and Judith Anderson were wasted in this tale of murder in the backwoods, and I was thoroughly annoyed by an adolescent named Lon McCallister, who couldn't have played a page in the dismal pageants that made my nonage something of a nightmare.

PSYCHIATRY is with us again, in "The Locket," which tells us all about a lady who goes potty because she was unjustly accused in her childhood of stealing a trinket that she dearly wanted. This provokes her into all kinds of lying and cheating, and results in her conquest of all kinds of men. As played by Laraine Day, the lady is hardly likely to inspire the spectator to anything but a desire to move briskly to the nearest exit.

IN "My Favorite Brunette," Bob Hope exercises to the full his comic repertoire, which seems to consist of double-takes, ogling ladies, and mock heroics. Within this limited field, Mr. Hope is often a droll fellow, but in this picture he so frequently stumbles over the intricacies of a wheezy plot that his talents get lost.

THE last time I saw George Kelly's "The Show-Off" in a film, the leading role was played by Ford Sterling. I don't remember anything more about it. The version I saw the other day had Red Skelton in it. Out of charity, I'll pretend that that is all I recall this time. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

UNIVERSITY NOTICES
NEWS
Editors for tomorrow's issue:
Nolen, Holmes, and Shapiro.
HARKNESS CHIMES
Noon—Alleluia, the Strike Is O'er,
The Lord Ascendeth on High.
—*Yale Daily News.*

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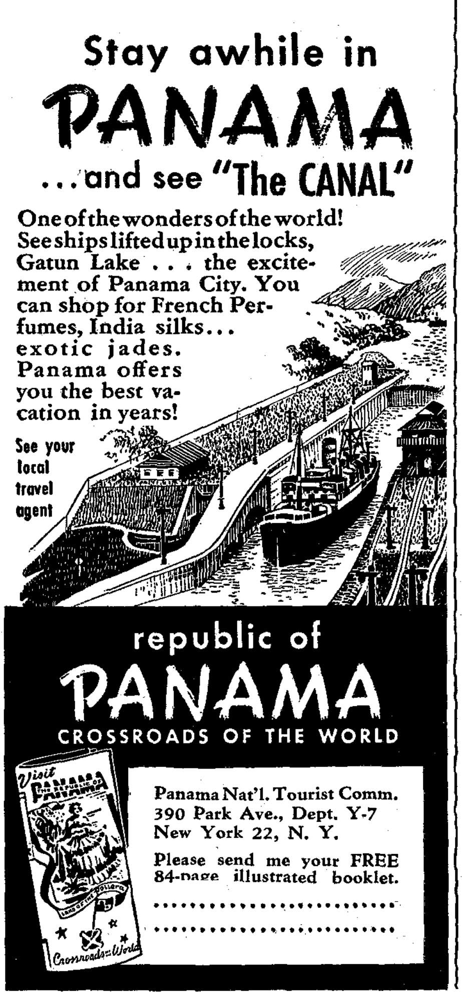
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THE ART GALLERIES

French Painters, Past and Present

ONE of the confusing things about the Paris, or "official," Surrealists—to the average onlooker, at any rate, and in some degree to the critics as well—is that they never seem willing to take themselves seriously. It's only a pose, of course, or at least in part only a pose, for they violently resent anyone else's not taking them seriously. Yet, perhaps as a heritage from that earlier, sprightlier, somewhat mocking Dadaist phase that most of them went through before turning to Surrealism, there is a disturbing air of almost mischievous playfulness overlying most of their work. They change their painting styles unexpectedly, and apparently out of sheer capriciousness. They experiment with unorthodox techniques—such as collage and decalcomania—which seem to make light of established methods. Their philosophical utterances, issued usually in the form of rather stately manifestoes, appear designed to mislead rather than instruct their readers. The whole practice quite possibly may be defensive, as such attitudinizing frequently is; the trouble is that it has led to a certain wariness on the part of a good many onlookers. "If they can't be serious about themselves, why should I be serious about them?" is more or less the feeling, and as a result, there's a tendency to treat the entire movement as something of a joke.

As one of the leaders of the group, Max Ernst, whose new show at the Julien Levy is what prompts these remarks, shares its general characteristics. A one-time Dadaist, he still has all the whimsicality of that school, and he has worked in at least three styles during the six years he has been in this country, in addition to taking a flyer in sculpture. He has gone about as deeply as any man alive into all the trick methods so prized by the Surrealists of getting paint on the canvas in odd ways and with more or less accidental results—rubbing, blotting, blurring it while wet, and so on—and, it must be said, he has done it with only partial success artistically, for the paint surface thus created often turns out to be a rather dreary and uninteresting one. Yet he is, underneath it all, an extremely serious artist, with a queer sort of brooding, almost malevolent turn of imagination, which, when he uses it to advantage, can carry immense conviction. In the current show, his "The Phases of the Night" is perhaps the best example of this. It is a large canvas of one of those marshy, unearthly landscapes that he does so well, with a ringed, winged moon floating over it and in the foreground a formalized design made of geometrical curves and other figures, and it is technically a very adroit commingling of the abstract and the symbolic, while in mood it is a remarkably intense evocation of the nocturnal and the mysterious.

In the present collection, Ernst has abandoned the "Gothic" manner he employed a few years ago, with its weird, nightmarish-looking figures, and his use of decalcomania and other devices has been limited to a series of tiny designs called "Microbes," some of them hardly more than a square inch in area, which are fun to look at—through magnifying glasses thoughtfully provided for the purpose—but not much more. Among his full-size paintings, there are still a few too many in which he depends mainly on facile effects, as in his "Il ne voit pas, il voit" and the rather meaningless "Vertigo," but in general his style has grown simpler and in the same measure stronger. There is real richness in his gold, brown, and blue "La Découverte de l'Or," and his "Les Vierges Folles," almost abstract in its pattern, has a good deal of strength both in color and composition. I liked, too, the small, highly simplified "Moon and Sea I" and "Sun and Sea II"—both curiously reminiscent of his paintings of a couple of decades ago.

TWO other French exhibitions are on the list at the moment, one of paintings by the early-nineteenth-century master Corot, at Paul Rosenberg's, and the other by Georges Rouault, at the Pierre Matisse. Delacroix and Ingres, both contemporaries of Corot, are commonly thought of as the great influences on later nineteenth-century painting, and so in large part they were—Delacroix as an exponent of the romantic tradition that colored so much of the Impressionist painting, and Ingres as the classicist who had a profound effect upon Degas, Seurat, and others. But Corot, in his quiet way, had his influence, too. Cézanne studied him, as did Monet, though not so much for his popular "poetic" side, which mainly featured gypsy maidens and wistful wil-

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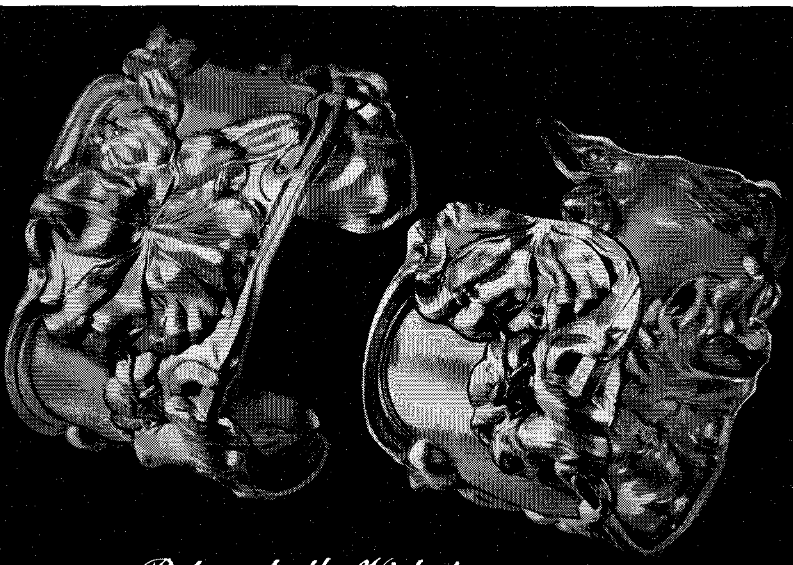

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lows, as for the solid structure that underlay even the dreamiest of his landscapes. This show, which closes on Saturday, has a few of the poetic pieces —"La Zingara" and "Italienne à la Fontaine," to name a couple—but no more than are necessary to point out this aspect of his talent, and in general the whole collection is carefully selected to show his real achievement as a painter. There are, particularly, a fine early "Soissons, Maison d'Habitation et Fabrique de M. Henry," very strict in design, and, from his slightly later production, a beautiful "Etretat, un Moulin à Vent."

The Rouaults, though the earliest of them is dated 1909, are principally from the nineteen-thirties or later. None of them has been shown here before, and there are three, "Soleil d'Hiver," "Oasis ou Mirage," and "La Loge," that were painted during the war years—all of which is just another way of saying that the show is distinctly worth seeing, for Rouault in the contemporary field is as great an influence as Corot was in the Impressionist era. I liked especially the large "La Loge," done in strangely ominous blue-greens, as well as the "Tête d'Homme," "Le Juge," and the glowingly colored "Christ et Pauvre."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

American fathers on the other hand seem to retain their boyishness much longer than the British male species. Their clothes are dashing and colorful—brilliant, flamboyant ties, wasp-waisted coats, ten-gallon stetsons.—*From an article on America by Hod in Punch.*

And they wear their spurs to bed.

•

"The Playboy of the Western World," by John Middleton Synge.—*From table of contents for "Sixteen Famous European Plays," compiled by Bennett Cerf and Van H. Cartmell, as advertised in the Modern Library catalogue for spring, 1947.*

John Middleton Synge, who is not to be confused with John Millington Murry.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Frightened Pigeon," by Richard Burke*]

His eyes blazed with fury and he grasped her wrists, pulling her to her feet and close against his pudgy frame. The touch of her skin, the faint but heady scent she used, combined to shift the course of his intentions. He rocked for a moment, holding her wrists tightly, while staring at her with a changing expression in his steel-grey eyes.

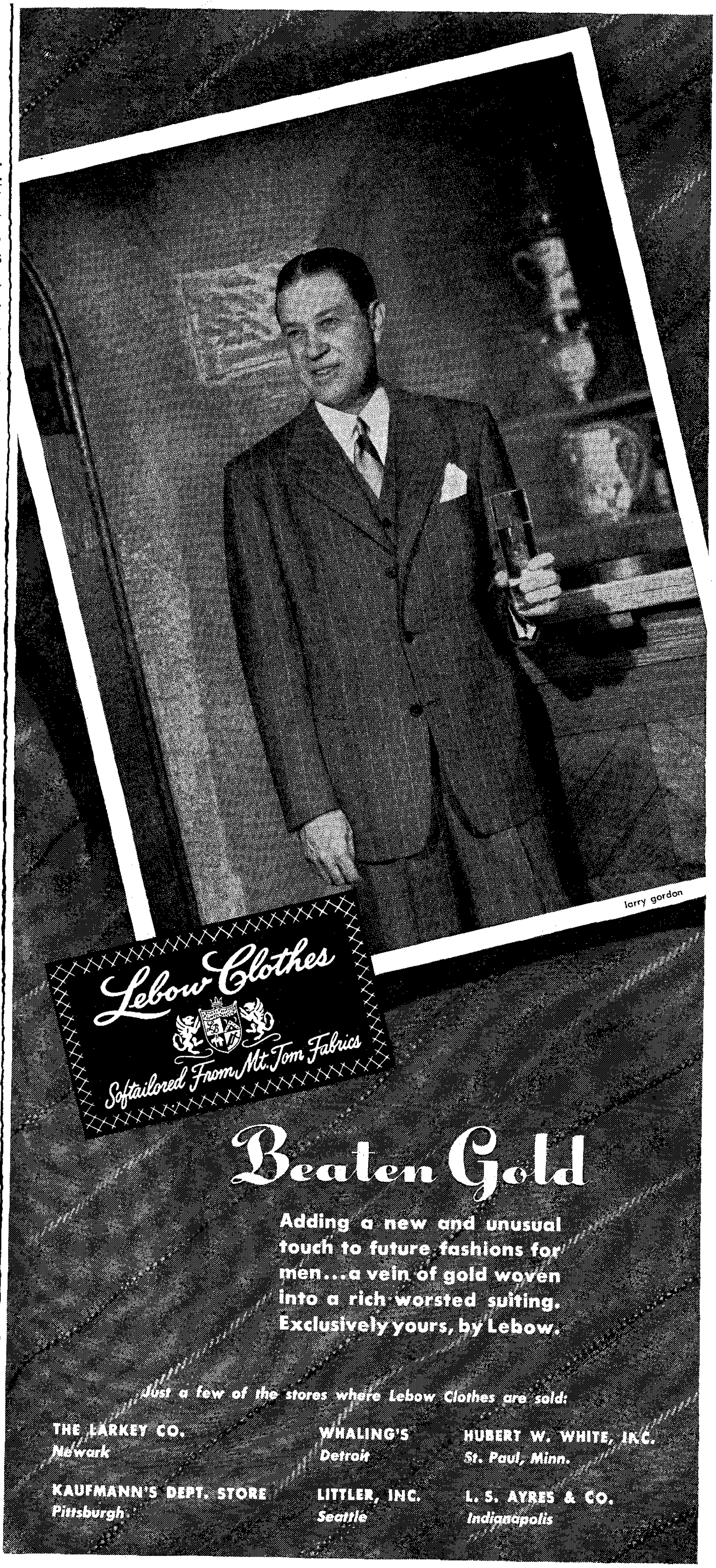
"I am Herman," he muttered thickly.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Around the Met

THE subscription season of the Metropolitan Opera, as you know, wound up two weeks ago, but an extra week of performances has been scheduled for the company, beginning next Monday. Among the productions announced are a couple of "Parsifals," to be conducted by Fritz Stiedry, who directed the work at the Met—the first time he has done so—on one of the closing evenings of the regular term. I didn't hear all of that performance but I heard enough to be aware that Mr. Stiedry's conducting was notable for controlled force and sensible eloquence. The casts for the two new presentations of "Parsifal" vary somewhat, but at least two impersonations will be carried over from the subscription-season show—the Kundry of Rose Bampton and the Gurnemanz of Joel Berglund. The extra week also will offer another hearing of Daniza Ilitsch, the Yugoslav soprano, who made her Metropolitan début two weeks ago as Desdemona in "Otello." That evening was another of my musical sandwiches, because I was able to be present only for the first and last acts of the opera. There was nothing very striking about Miss Ilitsch's first-act singing, but in the last it was obvious that she has an excellent voice of ample range and power and that she can use it with musicianship and dramatic point. An unexpected vocal contribution came late in the opera from the conductor, Fritz Busch, who raised his voice effectively to silence some inappropriate applause at an important moment in the development of the tragic story.

THE Metropolitan is a busy place these days. The Original Ballet Russe is there at the moment (and will be through Saturday), and last week it was the scene of the return of the Menuhins—Hephzibah and Yehudi—as a piano-and-violin-sonata duo. The auditorium is rather capacious for music that requires a certain intimacy, but the stage was closed in by a backdrop (an oddly operatic one for chamber music) directly behind the performers, and the sound travelled well through the



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crowded house. The sensitivity and expertness of the Menuhins were as distinguished as ever, and their teamwork was perfect. There was, however, a touch too much restraint in the earlier part of the evening. The pianist's performance was of special interest because she hadn't been heard here recently, whereas her brother's artistry is a familiar element of our musical life. Her playing was so fine in so many ways that one hopes that she won't let it continue to be as scarce hereabouts as it has been. Mr. Menuhin, by the way, appeared with a beard. Do you remember his début, when he was a boy in knee pants, without even the intimation of a fuzz?

EFREM KURTZ scored handsomely at Carnegie Hall last week when he conducted the Philharmonic-Symphony in a program that ranged from Haydn to Mahler and included Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." He led a straightforward and warm performance of the Haydn G-major symphony (No. 88 in one catalogue and No. 13 in others) and supplied a felicitous accompaniment for John Corigliano's superior violin playing in the Lalo work. Mr. Kurtz did particularly well with Mahler's First Symphony, which he built up skillfully without losing the peculiar humor of some of its passages. He made a fairly extensive cut in the finale, and it seemed to help the work's rousing peroration.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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[*From the Grass Valley* (*Calif.*) *Union*]

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with small numbers of lemmings migrating in various parts of the provinces of Finmark and Troms, though these seemed to have only local directions of movement. They were the forerunners of much stronger movements later in the year. Two records will illustrate how, even in this northern zone, mass movements of lemmings may reach the sea. Mr. E. A. Cockayne, while serving with a British force at Yukanski on the Russian Murmansk coast, informed me that he saw no lemmings in 1915. But in 1916 great numbers arrived at the coast and climbed up the ships' hawsers and many also swam out to sea. . . . Dr. S. S. Folitarek, a Soviet worker, made similar observations, for which I am indebted to Dr. A. N. Formozov of Moscow. In 1930 there was a mass migration of lemmings in the western region of Murmansk, first reported by the captains of steamers who observed them swimming eastwards in the open sea near Kildin Island bank about 20 June." Kildin Island is in the Arctic Ocean.

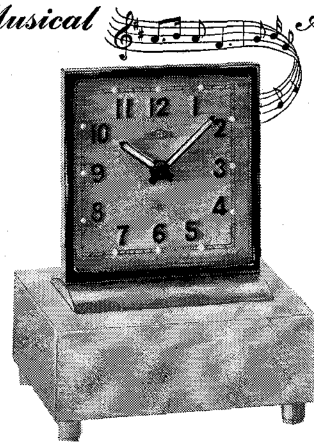
Let us turn now to Robert Collett, the Norwegian mammalogist, whose work, according to Elton, is a fountain of living natural history. "During the great migration," wrote Collett in 1895 (*Forhandlinger I Videnskabs-Selskabet I Christiania*, page 49), "in the district of Trondhjem, in 1868 . . . a steamer on the Trondhjem Fjord steamed into a crowd of swimming lemmings of such vast extent that she took over a quarter of an hour to pass through it, and as far as anyone could see from the vessel down the fjord, its waters were covered everywhere with the animals. . . . It may be said that 'they will not be stopped by the ocean' but blindly yield themselves up to it when they cannot proceed further on land."

So much for Collett.

Peter Freuchen, the explorer, spent years in Greenland and Lapland. At the moment, he is in New York. Feeling certain that he had encountered lemmings, we phoned him and asked if he had ever observed them leave land and plunge into the ocean.

"Oh, I saw that time and again," he replied.

In the March, 1947, issue of *Science Illustrated*, there is an article (unsigned) on lemmings. It says, "They usually do their marching toward the sea at night, but occasionally they appear to be driven to frenzied haste; then they travel by day. . . . They never turn back, but continue in the general direction in which they started. Those that reach the ocean don't drown as soon as they plunge in. . . . But once in the



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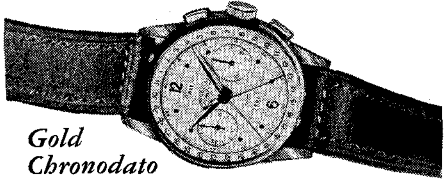

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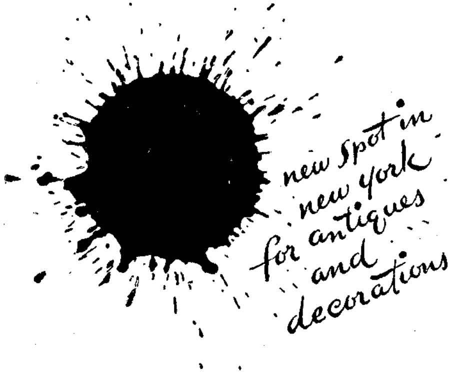

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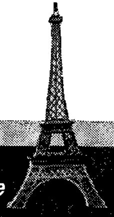

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GO JUMP IN THE SEA DEPT.

[*A passage from "The Natural History of Nonsense," by Bergen Evans, together with a few remarks by The New Yorker's chief mammalogist*]

. . . The eighteenth century, exalting order and reason, found Nature orderly and reasonable. The nineteenth century preferred to contemplate the "law of the jungle" and "the survival of the fittest."

A curious illustration of this tendency is found in the modern myth that lemmings (small rodents inhabiting the central mountain chain of Norway and Sweden) "descend into the lower levels in countless multitudes and proceed in a straight line until they reach the sea, into which they plunge and are drowned." . . .

The actual lemming does no such thing. [Footnote by Evans: "For the facts on lemmings, see Charles Elton: 'Voles, Mice and Lemmings' (Oxford; The Clarendon Press, 1942)."] The march to the sea is merely a crowding into the coastal plains of excess numbers that are periodically bred in the hills. . . . But the grim phalanx, the death march, the fatal instinct, and the cosmic irony of it all are figments of modern pessimism, looking for a "lost generation" in nature, seeking confirmation of "the death instinct."

It is a learned rather than a vulgar error. The common man has probably never heard of it, and it wouldn't suit his outlook on life if he did. It appears chiefly in the sophisticated *New Yorker,* which seems fascinated by it as a sort of symbol of life. [Footnote by Evans: "For their death march through 'The Talk of the Town,' see the *New Yorker,* May 27, 1944; June 3, 1944; August 26, 1944."]

Old Topsell [seventeenth-century author of "Historie of Four-footed Beastes"] knew his business: "Heavenly meditations upon earthly creatures" is a successful formula. In the quaint ways of the furred folk the *Reader's Digest* sees the plump hand of Providence. The *Saturday Evening Post* resounds with the wholesome competition of fang and claw. While through the pages of the *New Yorker,* rustling and ominous, the instinct-driven lemmings patter to their doom.

This magazine, after a study of Evans, still holds its pages open to lemmings on their way to the sea. Evans has exposed but not convinced us, and he has not, in our opinion, greatly changed the habits of lemmings, which are suicidal.

In the preface to his book, Mr. Evans, debunking rapidly, thanks those who have aided him in unbelief—those who "seized my youth and purged its faith and trimmed its fire." We don't know that we can, or even should, restore Evans' faith or rebuild Evans' fire, but we can suggest a further examination of the ways of lemmings, a deeper delve into sources (including Elton, one of Evans' own sources), perhaps even a soberer judgment on the meaning of animal instinct and migratory phenomena.

Proceeding first to Elton's "Voles, Mice and Lemmings," we find this on page 215: "In August, 1930, I met

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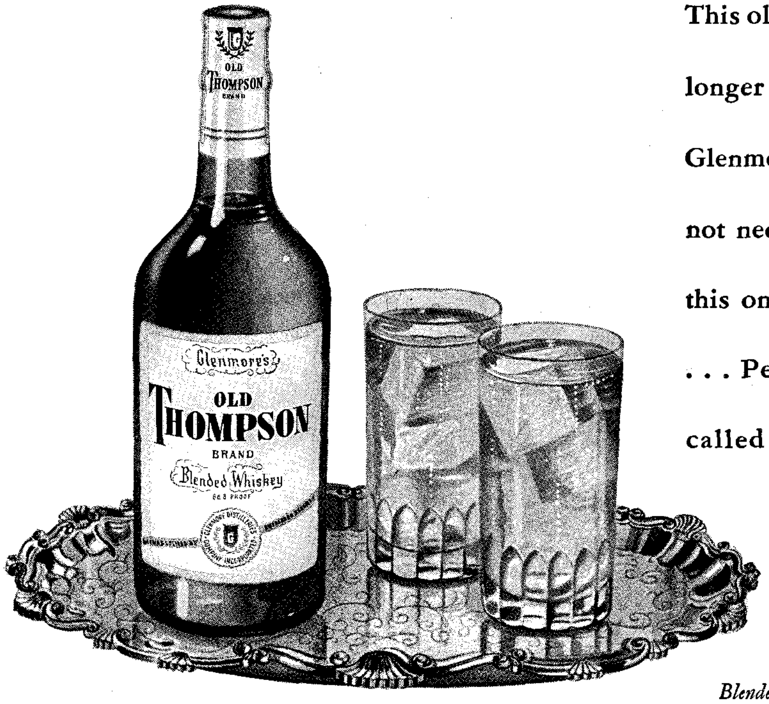
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sea they strike out from shore until, too exhausted to swim farther, they perish."

We have never seen a lemming in swimming. We have never even seen Mr. Evans in swimming. But we feel that no rodent is driven more relentlessly toward the sea than is an author toward a point he wants to make. And as for mass suicide, it is a phenomenon that still tumbles our thoughts about—rustling, ominous, mammalian.

•

NOTES FROM A LAST RESORT

Mr. and Mrs. Harjes Pell
Are stopping at the Milz Hotel.
"Bibi" and "Didi" Pell, their daughters,
'Tis said, are here to "take the waters!" . . .

Sir Michael F. M. Lothian-Scott
Is being seen "more oft than not"
With "Kiki" Preble Steene Hulse Quormer,
The former former former former
"Kiki" Smythe. "Sir M. F. M.,"
As he is known, is known as "M"
To "Kiki!" . . .

Alastair Van Kluh
Is proffering a "cooling brew"
To friends—iced baby barracuda
In gin, flown over from Bermuda,
With just a "dash" of grenadine! . . .

Among the "Old Guard" being seen
These days along the promenade
Are Mrs. Preble Slade and maid,
Her husband, too, also her "peke,"
Ko-Chin-Cheen-Ah! . . .

Arrived last week:
"Cappy" de Strauss and "Tweedles" Bennett.
"Tweedles" collects rococo rennet
Cups! . . .

The Aubrey Pavenders gave
A "party" at the Gilded Cave
On Wednesday night, to celebrate
Young Aubrey's reaching "man's estate!" . . .

Aubrey, 'tis said, is being seen
With "Vivi" Quormer Preble Steene,
The former former former "Vivi"
La Rochefoucauld O'Brion Peavey! . . .

A "little bird" has let it out
That "Gigi" MacIlhenny Stout,
Who sails for Europe on the "Queen"
Next Saturday, is "being seen!" . . .

—Philip W. Wrenn, Jr.

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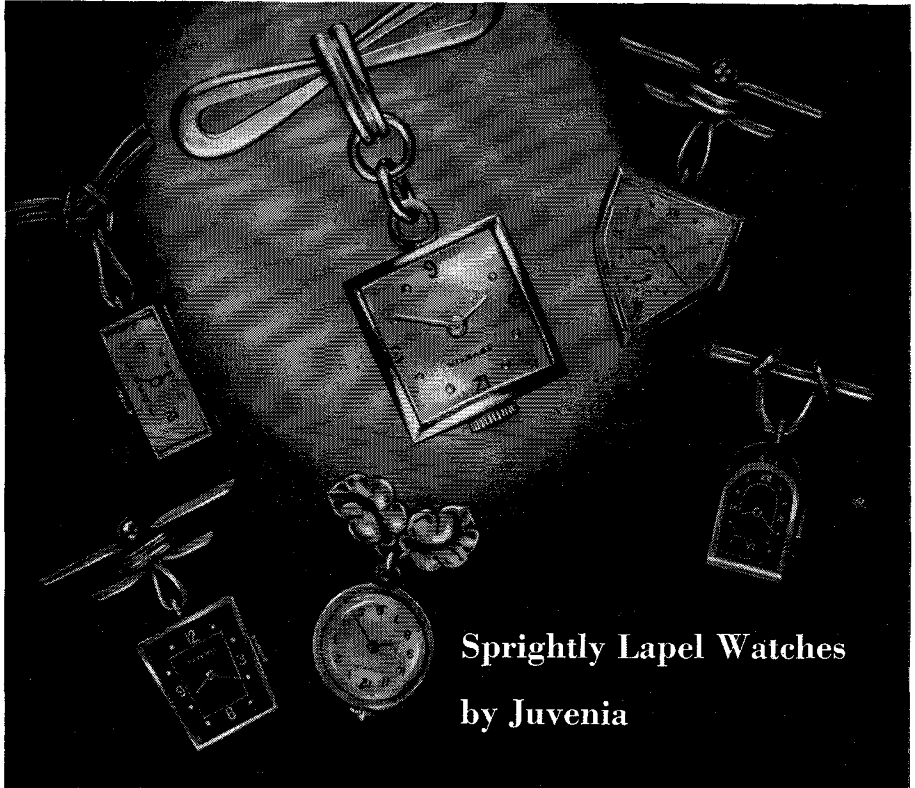
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BOOKS

Henry Adams: A Mind in the Making

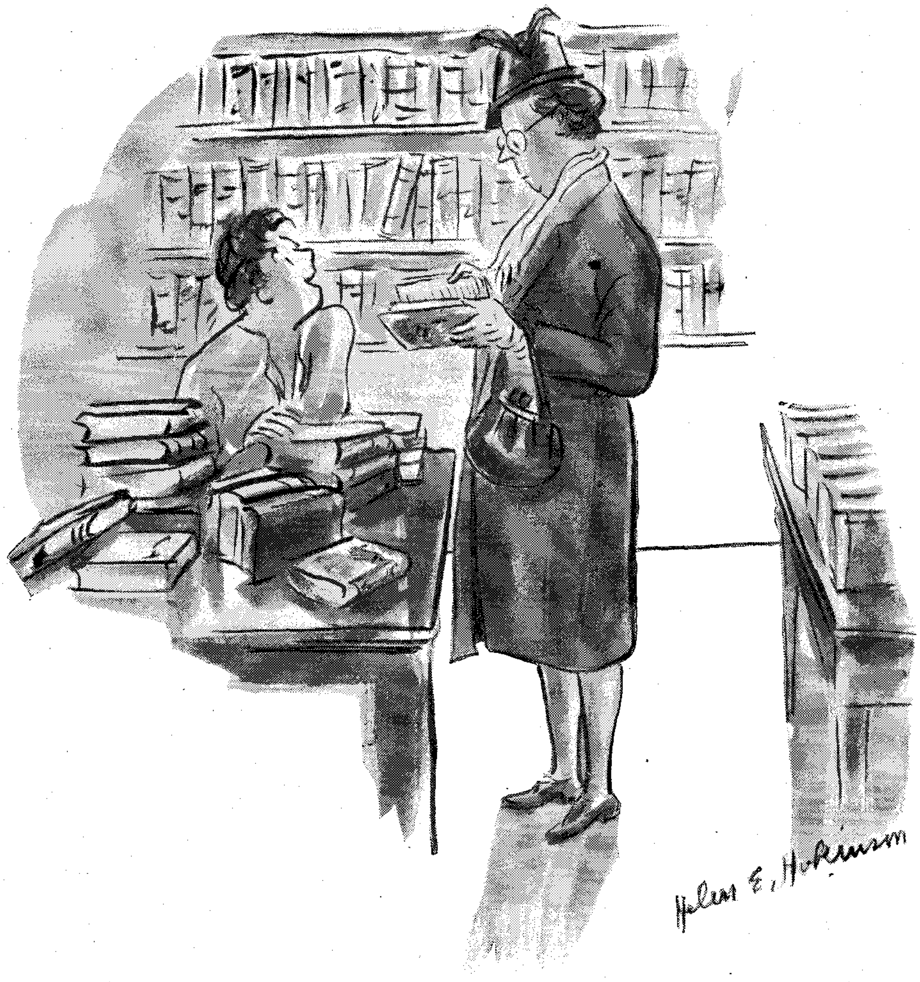
WITHIN the past month or so, two new books of the writings of Henry Adams have appeared—"Henry Adams and His Friends," a group of Adams' letters edited by Harold Dean Cater (Houghton Mifflin), and an abridged edition of his nine-volume "History of the United States, 1801-1817," which, cut by Herbert Agar to one-third its length, has been published in two volumes as "The Formative Years" (Houghton Mifflin). They again emphasize what has been agreed upon for a long time; namely, that Adams had one of the most original and arresting minds in American literature. As his letters show, Adams was a seeing man, a feeling man, and a writing man. But, more than any of these, he was a thinking man. Both these works provide an excellent opportunity to watch the processes of his thought.

Mr. Cater's volume, the fourth collection of Adams' correspondence to be published, consists of approximately six hundred and fifty letters, nearly all of which have never been published before. The first, dated December 22, 1858, was written when Adams was a twenty-year-old student in Berlin; the last, dated December 14, 1917, was dictated in Washington a few months before he died, at the age of eighty. Among those to whom they were written, or whom they mention, were James Russell Lowell, one of Adams' teachers at Harvard; Henry Hobson Richardson, the architect of the twin mansions that Adams and John Hay built in Washington; Marou Taaroa, the Queen of Tahiti, who dictated her memoirs to Adams (formal though it sounds) when he stopped at her island kingdom during a trip through the South Seas with John La Farge; Robert Louis Stevenson, whom Adams came to know on the same voyage; Henry Holt, who published Adams' two novels, "Democracy" and "Esther," the first of which appeared anonymously and the second under an assumed name; John Hay, whom McKinley sent to England as Ambassador; and Henry Cabot Lodge, the villain of the League of Nations piece and one of Adams' most intimate friends.

Many of the letters assembled here are among the best that Adams ever wrote. The South Seas sequence is of particular interest, and some of the others, especially those written to his brother Brooks, are as illuminating as anything that came from Adams' pen. It seems to me, however, that the editor has included a great batch of communications, written during the latter part of Adams' life, that are of only very minor importance—a record of nieces coming, nieces going, invitations accepted, and invitations refused. I gather that Mr. Cater included them not only to make his collection as complete as possible but because he wished to show that Adams was not the black, gloomy, world-weary pessimist he is supposed to have been. In his preface, Mr. Cater says that his volume emphasizes "for the first time one of the most remarkable aspects of Henry Adams' personality: his essential warmth and compassion. . . . Adams lived privately all his life and tried earnestly to hide these personal traits from everyone outside his intimate circle."

Since Adams was a New Englander, and a rather rock-bound one at that, this is quite possibly true. But when Mr. Cater says that Adams, in his "Education," "purposely gave a false, incomplete, even unpleasant impression of himself," he is talking nonsense. One of Adams' letters, written to Whitelaw Reid from Paris in September, 1908, would in itself be enough to refute such a view. Adams described his "Education" as follows: "A story of how an average American education, in spite of the most favorable conditions, ran down hill, for twenty years, into the bog labelled Failure; and how it had to be started again, under every disadvantage, and the blindest fumblings, to crawl uphill a little way in order at least to get a little view ahead of the field it should have begun by occupying."

Whatever his defects, and they were many, Adams tried to be a truthful man; it is inconceivable that he deliberately would have written falsely about himself. His letters to the members of his



"The first couple of chapters are her babyhood and so on, but after that she really gets going."

family and some of his intimates show that he often adopted the pose of a crusty gruff and that he enjoyed a certain amount of play-acting, but there is nothing in them that alters the portrait he painted of himself in his autobiography, or the one to be had from his previously published letters. After all, nobody has said that Adams did not love his family, or was not pledged to his friends, or that, beneath his frosty exterior, he did not know the ordinary human emotions.

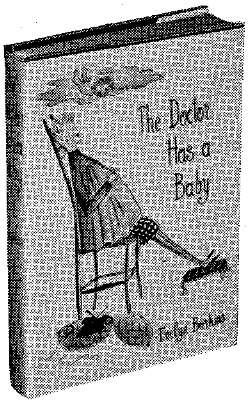
The quarrel with Adams, which has its elements of absurdity, has been of an entirely different kind. It stems from the fact that his pessimism, his doubts, and his forebodings cut too sharply across the optimistic American grain. In the prolonged Indian summer of the Victorian age, when men like Andrew Carnegie saw nothing but a golden future ahead, Adams thought otherwise. He felt that progress, as represented by the Industrial Revolution, did not necessarily mean improvement; his lifelong preoccupation with American history had led him to the conclusion that forces were in operation that could lead only to disaster; he believed that God was not in the democratic heaven and that all was not right with His world.

> All we can say [he wrote on May 7, 1901] is that, at the rate of increase of speed and momentum, as calculated on the last fifty years, the present society must break its damn neck in a definite, but remote time, not exceeding fifty years more.... Either our society must stop or bust, as Malthus would say.... After a winter passed in reviewing the whole field, I rather incline to think that the situation is a new one, not contemplated by nature, as hitherto constituted on this planet, and that God Almighty couldn't guess what will or won't happen.... It would not surprise me to see us run the planet itself off into space, or into the sun.... If anyone told me that there is going to be Hell to pay all around, I should not care to contradict him.

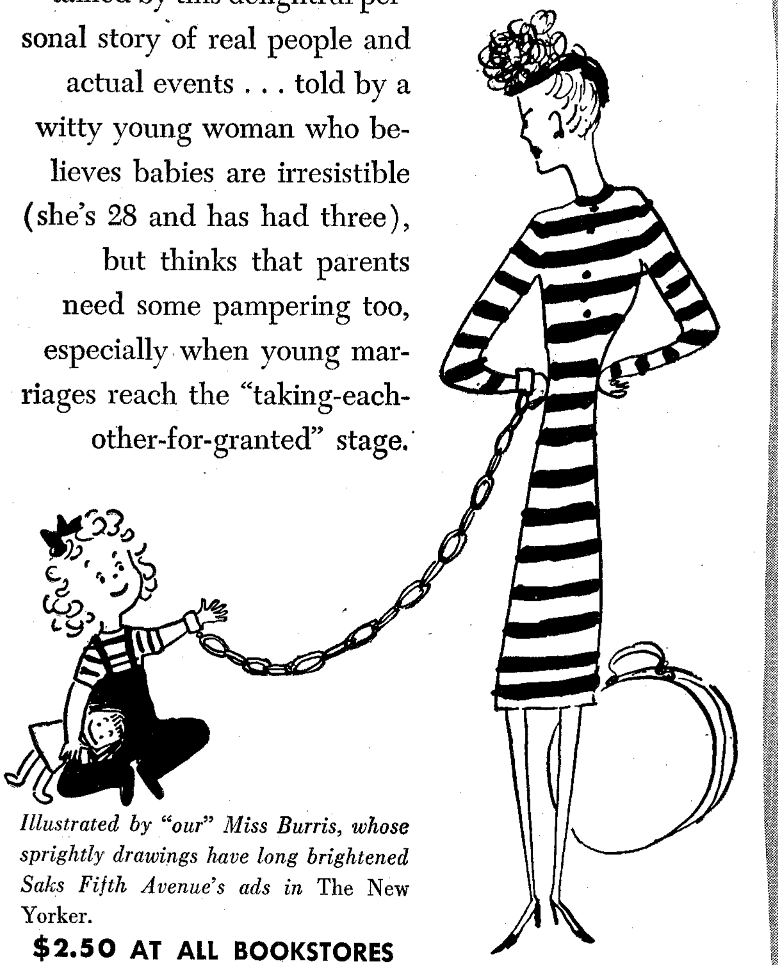
The chilling accuracy of this prophecy can be overlooked for the moment; what needs to be stressed is the fact that such ideas amounted, at the time, to absolute heresy. The United States has never liked its skeptics—its political skeptics, particularly. We revere Whitman's oratory and forget all about the questioning passages of "Democratic Vistas." Adams has never been forgiven for insisting that what he once called "the infinite possibilities of American democracy" were in danger of going to smash, and that, instead of moving toward a permanent era of peace and plenty, we were headed in the opposite direction—toward war, worldwide revolution, and potential chaos. But the

The Doctor Has a Baby

by Evelyn Barkins



Of course the doctor didn't really have the baby—his wife did. After that, Science and THE WOMAN met in one of the gayest battles of wit ever to bring perspiration to the brow of an honest doctor. Woman triumphed—naturally—and this book is the light hearted, unconventional report of the lady's struggle. You'll laugh, you'll chuckle, you'll be royally entertained by this delightful personal story of real people and actual events . . . told by a witty young woman who believes babies are irresistible (she's 28 and has had three), but thinks that parents need some pampering too, especially when young marriages reach the "taking-each-other-for-granted" stage.



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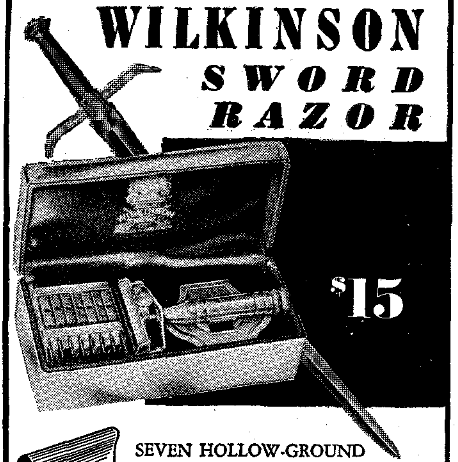

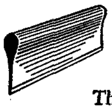
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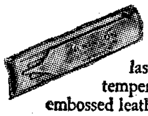
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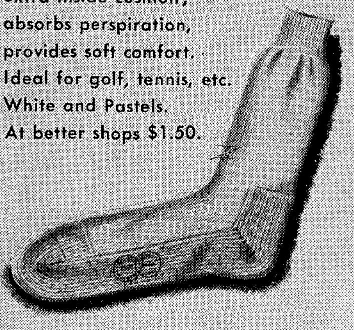

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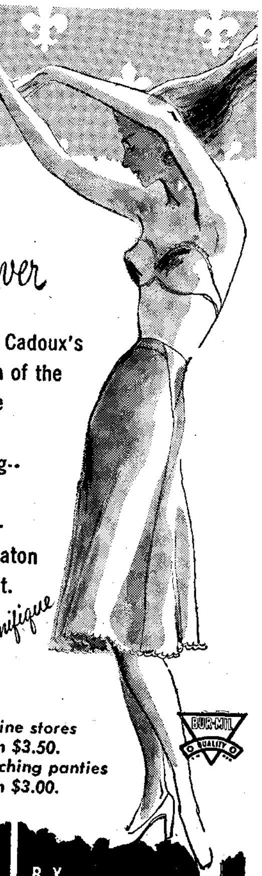
heart of the objection to Adams is political; the real charge against him is that he was anti-democratic. Since he believed in free elections, due process, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and democracy's "infinite possibilities," this indictment appears to be based on the bleak disillusion I have mentioned, the fact that he was a crony of Henry Cabot Lodge, and his lack of any wide human sympathy. That he had no feeling for the underdog is unquestionably true, but his disillusionment was honestly, even painfully, come by, and his friendship with Lodge, while warm and constant, was not an altogether uncritical one. In a short biographical study that Mr. Cater wrote of Adams for his collection of letters, he tells how Lodge went to dinner at Adams' house one night, along with his daughter Constance and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and his wife. Lodge broke out into a tirade against Wilson. He was cut short by Adams, who brought his fist down on the table and said, "I've never allowed a treasonable conversation at this table and I don't propose to allow it now." Adams had no great love for Woodrow Wilson, but when it came to a question of Lodge's excesses, it would seem that Adams had no great love for them either.

Adams' disillusionment, as we know from his "Education," was the result of many things. It seems clear from his letters, however, that among the most important of these was the running-down he saw, or thought he saw, in the promise of American life. One of the surprising things about his history of the United States, in view of his anti-democratic reputation, is the respect and reverence with which he regarded the democratic ideal. This work, which has been neglected far too long and which Herbert Agar has abridged most intelligently, covers only the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. Adams did not particularly like the two men ("They were carried along on a stream which floated them, after a fashion, without much regard to themselves," he wrote in one of his letters), but he treated them with impeccable fairness, and his whole vast survey, as Mr. Agar says in his introduction to the shortened version, was written in the light of his belief in the enormous possibilities of the democratic way of life.

This belief he had long had, but with it there always ran the dark suspicion that mankind would blow itself up if it were not careful. "I think I see a thing or two," he wrote to another brother, Charles, in 1862, when he was only



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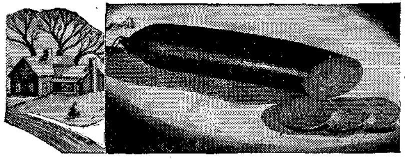

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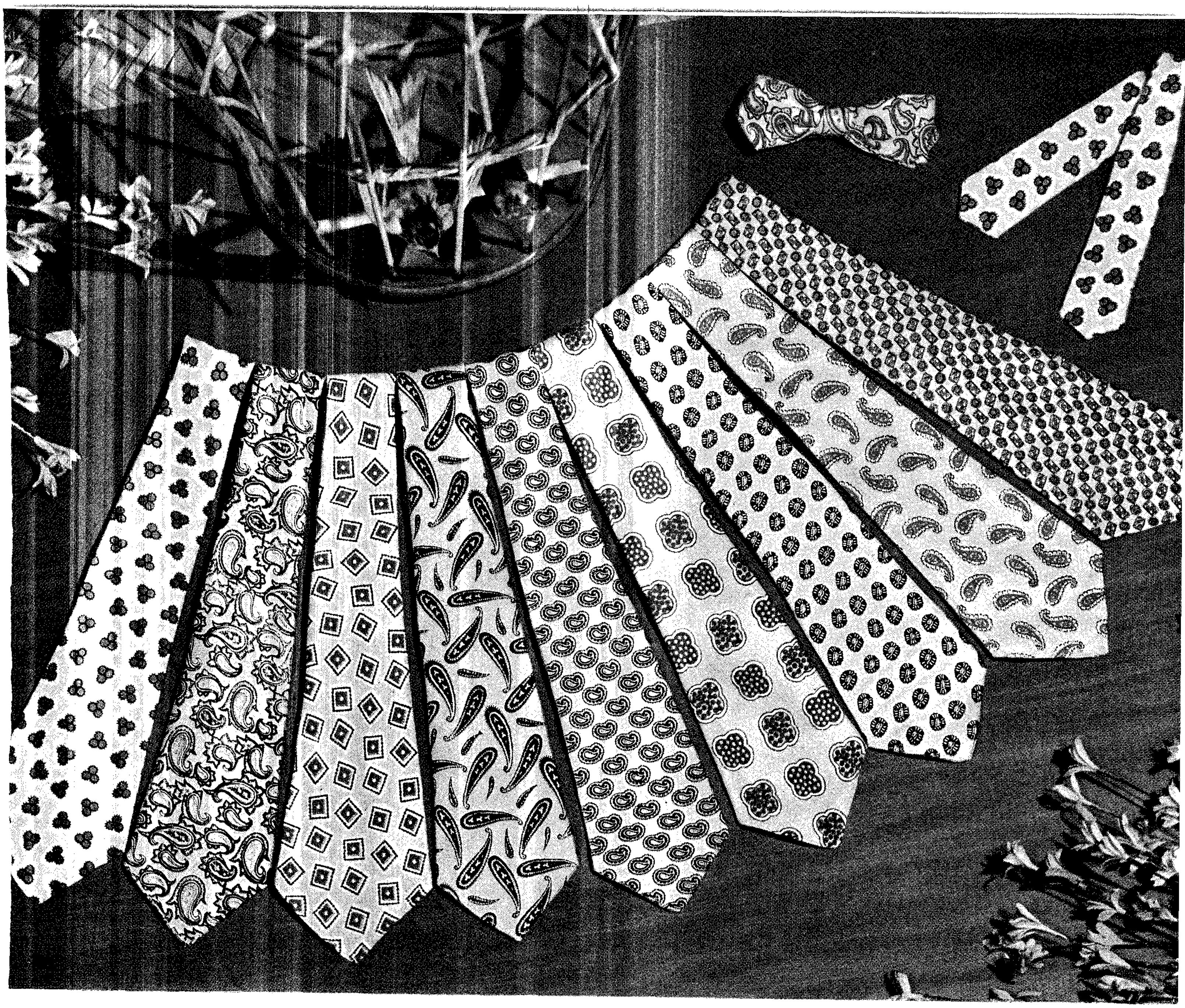

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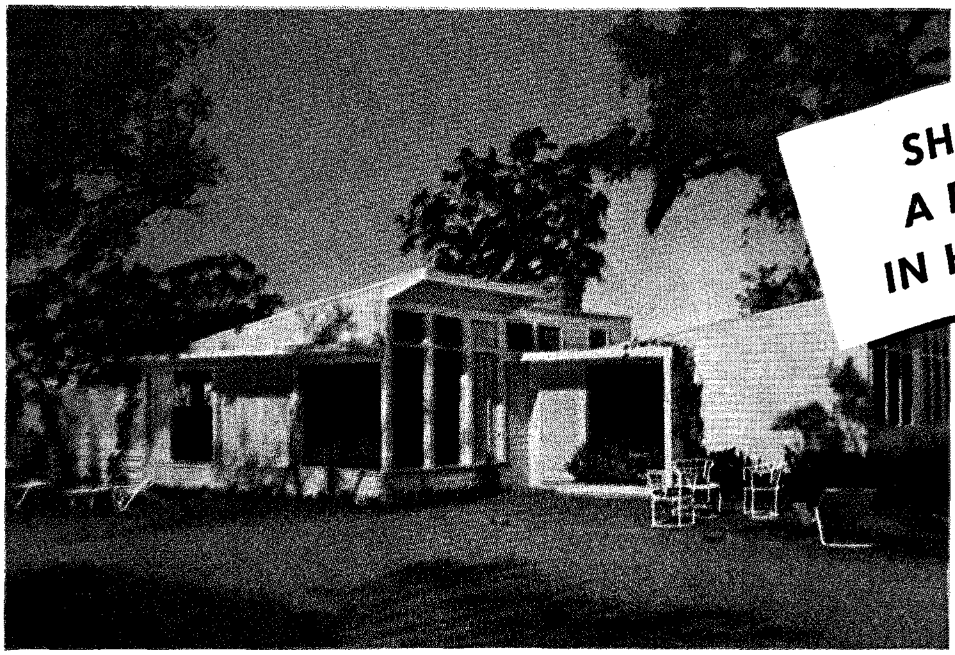
and *things that can*
be measured by the foot...
these are but incidental
to what she's really buying
because, you see



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and from these plans she sees
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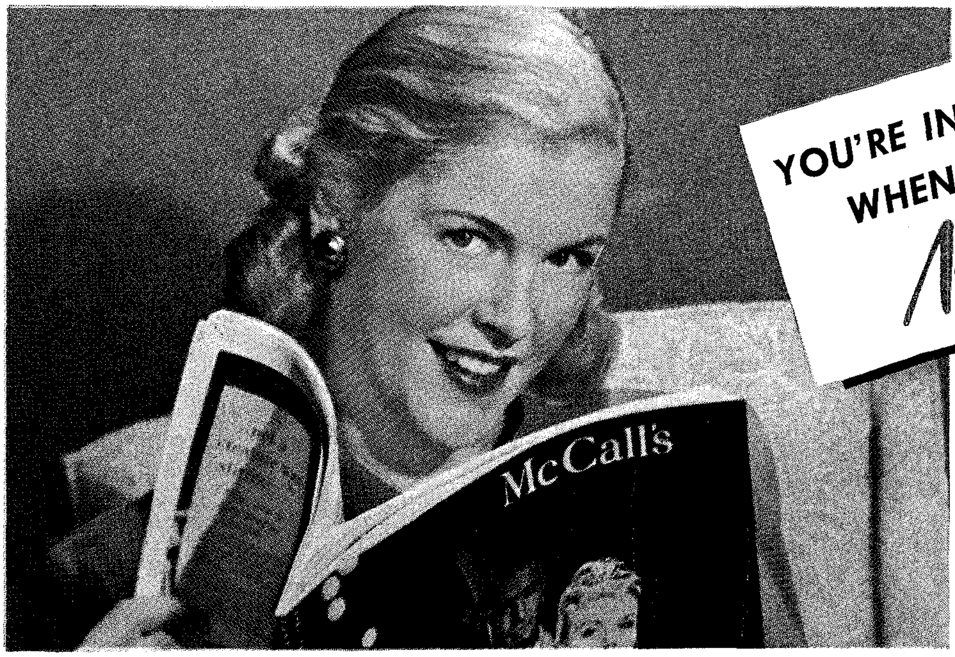

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The older Adams grew, the less hope he had; his vision of the future grew bleaker year by year. But who can deny, now that the moment he saw has arrived, the correctness of his prophecy? He speaks to us as do few others, and while there is still a moment's time, we might pay attention to what he has to say. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THIS IS THE YEAR, by Feike Feikema (Doubleday). Mr. Feikema's long record of one man's passion for the earth has in it more weather than anything this side of the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, but it is by no means just another back-to-the-earth novel. It is a story of a mighty Frisian farmer in the Sioux country of Iowa, whose life is lived so close to the soil that the chronicle of his marriage, his successes, and his final defeat is necessarily the story of the land itself. The author is a relentless realist, and when a cow calves or the thermometer moves up or down, he is not one to pass over the event lightly. If you don't mind putting up with the exceedingly slow tempo of the novel, it will introduce you to a rich, though rather harsh, talent.

ADAM AND THE SERPENT, by Vardis Fisher (Vanguard). This latest installment in the stupendous "Testament of Man" series brings Mr. Fisher down to a time that, considering where he started from, seems almost like the day before yesterday. The spiritual and physical reign of woman is drawing to a close, and man, still terrified and uncertain, is beginning to use his brain in a way that intimates how things are eventually going to turn out. It is odd how interesting Mr. Fisher manages to make these people just down from the trees.

THE LAKE, by Hilde Abel (Dodd, Mead). The story of a tense and very special relationship among four people—an unhappy, frustrated

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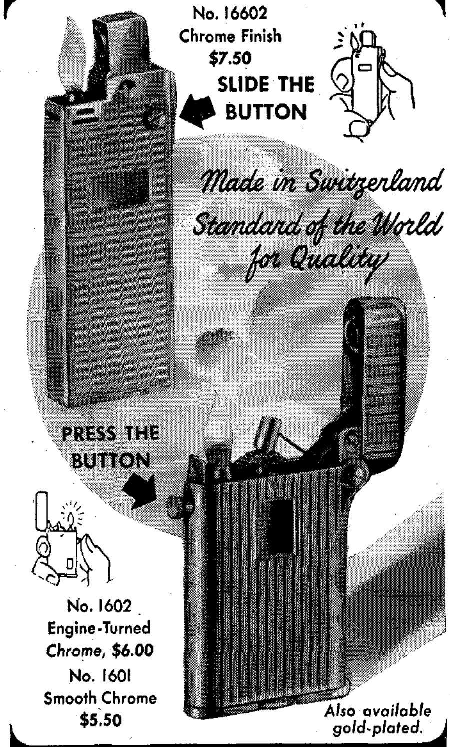

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young Jewish girl (a schoolteacher), the landlady with whom she is spending her vacation on a small lake in Virginia, and the Southern woman's old father and small son. In spite of the fact that the book is written in a lucid and even simple style, the ordinary reader is apt to get a dismayed feeling of having missed something of the author's meaning. Almost everything in the brief narrative contributes to a very evident symbolism, but what the symbolism adds up to is not clear. In any case, a provocative piece of experimental writing.

BLACK FOUNTAINS, by Oswald Wynd (Doubleday). A young Japanese girl, after four years of college in the United States, returns home, entirely out of step with her native culture but without having picked up anything more solid to replace it than a taste for Western ways. Mr. Wynd was born and mostly brought up in Japan, so when he describes the home life of the heroine, the results of her one indiscreet dabble in social reform, her marriage to a son of the Japanese Foreign Minister, and an encounter with the head of a newly organized secret society, you feel that the sketches are pictorially correct. It is all, however, like a well-designed pantomime, in which it is just possible that the carefully made-up actors may not really be Japanese at all. "Black Fountains" is not much of a novel, but it is notable for Mr. Wynd's warning that we had better watch out for a reactionary underground working for a return to the aristocratic control that antedated the bureaucratic despotism of the prewar years.

THE CHEQUER BOARD, by Nevil Shute (Morrow). A prosperous, lower-middle-class Englishman, having been told by a doctor that he has only a short time to live, decides to find out what has become of three men he knew intimately during the war and has since lost sight of. In the course of this project, he learns not only about his friends but about what is out of kilter in his own spiritual life and, by implication, in the world. Mr. Shute at his most homiletic and at far from his most entertaining.

MR. WHITTLE AND THE MORNING STAR, by Robert Nathan (Knopf). A timid little professor of history in a New England college gets the idea that the end of the world is near and makes rather muddled attempts to prepare himself and his family for extinction. This time, Mr. Nathan has less to say than usual, and he says it with all his by now familiar charm.

THE CASE OF MR. CRUMP, by Ludwig Lewisohn (Farrar, Straus). This masterly novel about a hideous marriage is now published in this country for the first time. After a generation, the story is just as horrifying—and as entertaining—as it was when the smuggled French edition fluttered the literary dovecotes of the twenties.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF THEODORE DREISER, edited by Howard Fast (World). A representative collection of fourteen short stories, including "A Doer of the Word," "Free," and "My Brother Paul," which can hardly be called a short story at all, since it is a conscientiously factual memoir of the author's songwriter brother. Mr. Fast, in a brief introduction, which flatly dismisses most contemporary American short-story writing, states that Dreiser was without peer in this literary form and that nearly all short-story writers of today are pallid and non-human in comparison—two very large statements.

A RAW YOUTH, by Fyodor Dostoevsky (Dial). A reissue of Dostoevsky's complex story of Russian youth and adolescence, long out of print here. With an introduction by Alfred Kazin.

GENERAL

ALEXANDER I OF RUSSIA, by Leonid I. Strakhovsky (Norton). A biography of Alexander the Blessed, the Czar who was trounced twice on the battlefield by Napoleon but lived to see his old enemy and the Grand Army bleed almost to death on the Russian steppes in the winter of 1812. The book, which has a substantial political background, also discusses the mystery of Alexander's death. Dr. Strakhovsky believes that Alexander did not die at Taganrog in 1825 but that he smuggled the corpse of another man into the bronze coffin which was later placed in the vault of the Church of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg (and found to be empty when it was opened in 1926). Alexander, the author says, went to Siberia ten years after his purported death and lived there as a recluse for nearly three decades to expiate his complicity in the murder of his father, the mad Emperor Paul I. There appears to be a lot of testimony to bolster this theory, and some of the evidence is appended to the book.

THE BIG BONANZA, by Dan De Quille

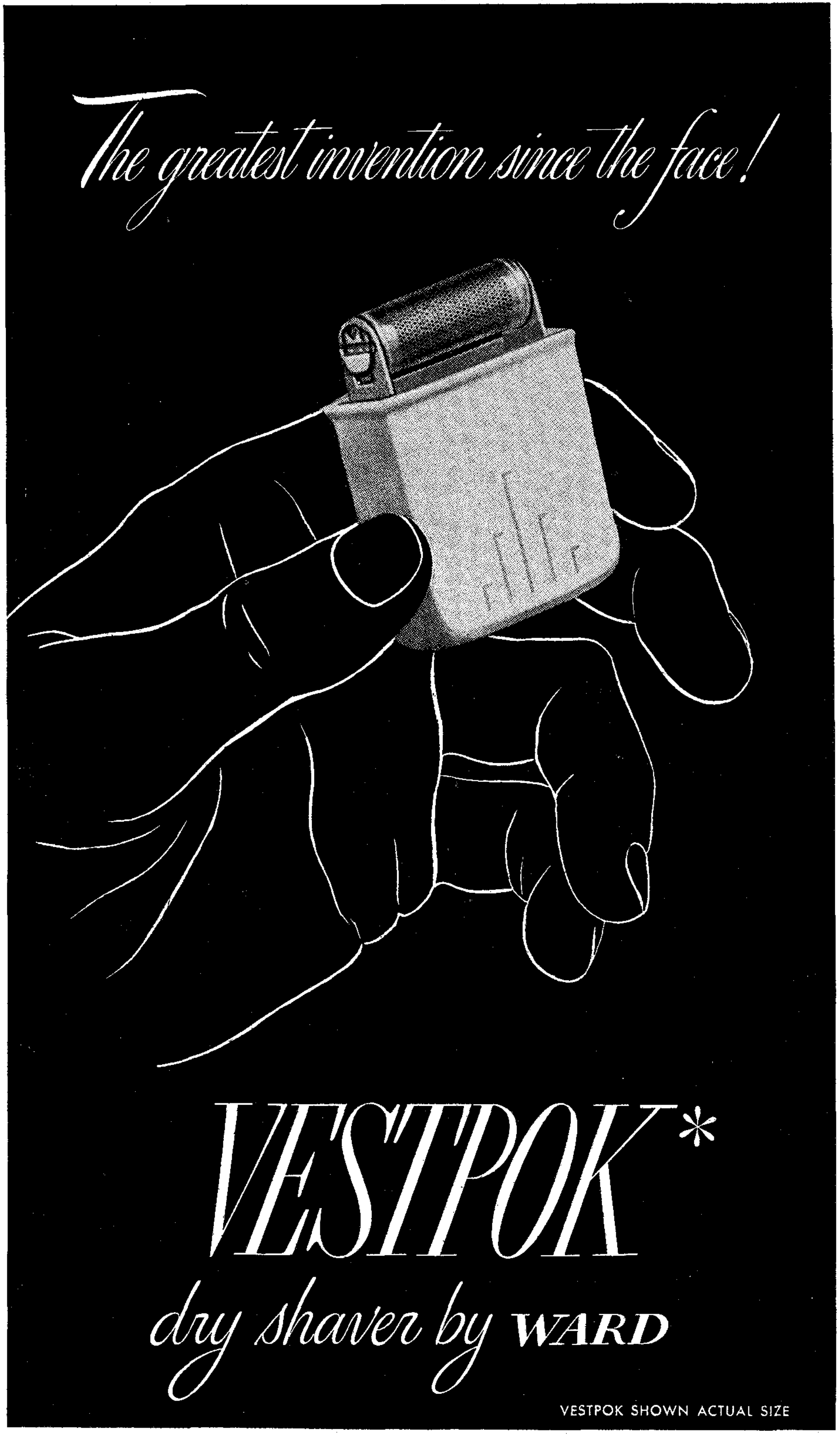
(Knopf). A reissue of what Mark Twain and others have called the classic account of the discovery of the Comstock lode in Nevada, probably the richest single source of gold and silver in North America. The author, whose real name was William Wright and whose pen name is apparently nothing but a painful pun, was a newspaperman in and around Virginia City during the great days, and his writing is high in human interest and pioneer humor. Illustrated with many drawings based on contemporary photographs.

Let Me Lie, by James Branch Cabell (Farrar, Straus). Mr. Cabell's subtitle is, in part: "An Ethnological Account of the Remarkable Commonwealth of Virginia and the Making of Its History." That sounds pretty ambitious for a book compiled from old literary reviews and essays. However, the dozen pieces included, which range in subject from "Myths of the Old Dominion" to a diverting account of Charles Dickens' snubbing of Edgar Allan Poe, are delightful, and give the author ample opportunity to air his felicitous, if sometimes idiosyncratic, style.

Portrait of Latin America, edited by Anne Lyon Haight, with a text by Monroe Wheeler and Jean Charlot (Hastings). A book—dull in spots, chiefly because of its inclusiveness—that tries to give a picture of life from Mexico to Argentina as seen through the eyes of its print makers. Works by Siqueiros, Orozco, Rivera, Portinari, and other men of that calibre are mixed in with those of artists of only local interest. Though a hodgepodge, the whole still manages to be fairly illuminating. More than a hundred illustrations.

Yves Tanguy, by André Breton, translated by Bravig Imbs (Pierre Matisse Editions). Breton, a leader of the French Surrealist movement and a writer almost unequalled in ornateness, contributes a series of "appreciations," some in intricate verse and the others in similarly elaborate prose, to a collection of thirty-four reproductions (a couple in color) of paintings by one of the most innocently fanciful artists of the Surrealist school. Between the two of them, they will baffle you, but they will often amuse you, too.

The Drawings of Georges Seurat, with an introduction by Germain Seligman (Curt Valentin). Forty-six plates of Seurat's austere, delicate, and precise drawings, beautifully re-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produced. The selections are from all phases of his work in this field (he made nearly four hundred drawings in his thirty-five years)—portraits, random sketches, and studies for his paintings. The introduction, in its dry, rather technical way, is a model of restrained artistic understanding.

FIFTH AVENUE, by Fred Stein (Pantheon). A book of photographs, many of them first-rate, that takes the reader up the Avenue from Washington Arch to Harlem. The pictures are captioned in a lyric vein by Andy Logan, and the book is a nice one to look through, but the question arises as to what to do with it once you *have* looked through it.

NOTE: "The Voice," a somewhat expanded version of E. J. Kahn, Jr.'s, Profile of Frank Sinatra, first published in *The New Yorker*, has been brought out in book form by Harper. It has a preface by the author, and there are several pages of photographs of the subject.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THINK OF DEATH, by Richard and Frances Lockridge (Lippincott). Martin Brooks, a New York lawyer, is sent by his firm to transact some business with a Mr. Upton, of Poundridge, and finds the assignment about as risky as any he tackled when he was in the O.S.S. Mrs. Upton, formerly married to Brooks, still seems to fancy him, a circumstance that arouses interest among the other guests and the cops when Mr. Upton's cadaver turns up in a stream. Brooks finally manages to set a trap for the scoundrel who got him into this fix. In spite of a neat plot, this story probably will be less satisfying to most readers than the light-hearted doings of the Norths.

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A REWARD OF £2. 10. 0 is hereby offered to the First Person submitting a written list of 100 mistakes in the names, dates or facts found in the pages of the 1946 edition of "Beautiful Bermuda"—the Standard Guide to Bermuda. Box 54, Hamilton.—*Adv. in the Hamilton (Bermuda) Mid-Ocean News.*

Well, the title's wrong, for one thing. Should be "Erroneous Bermuda."

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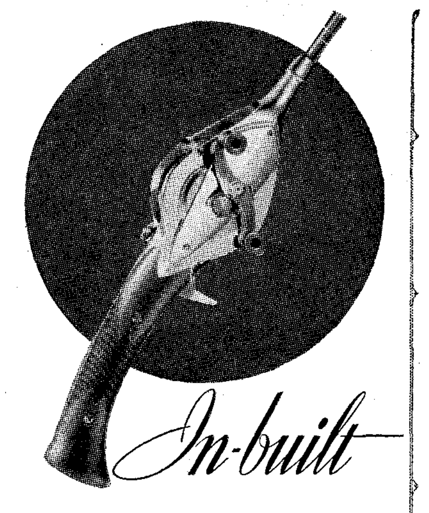

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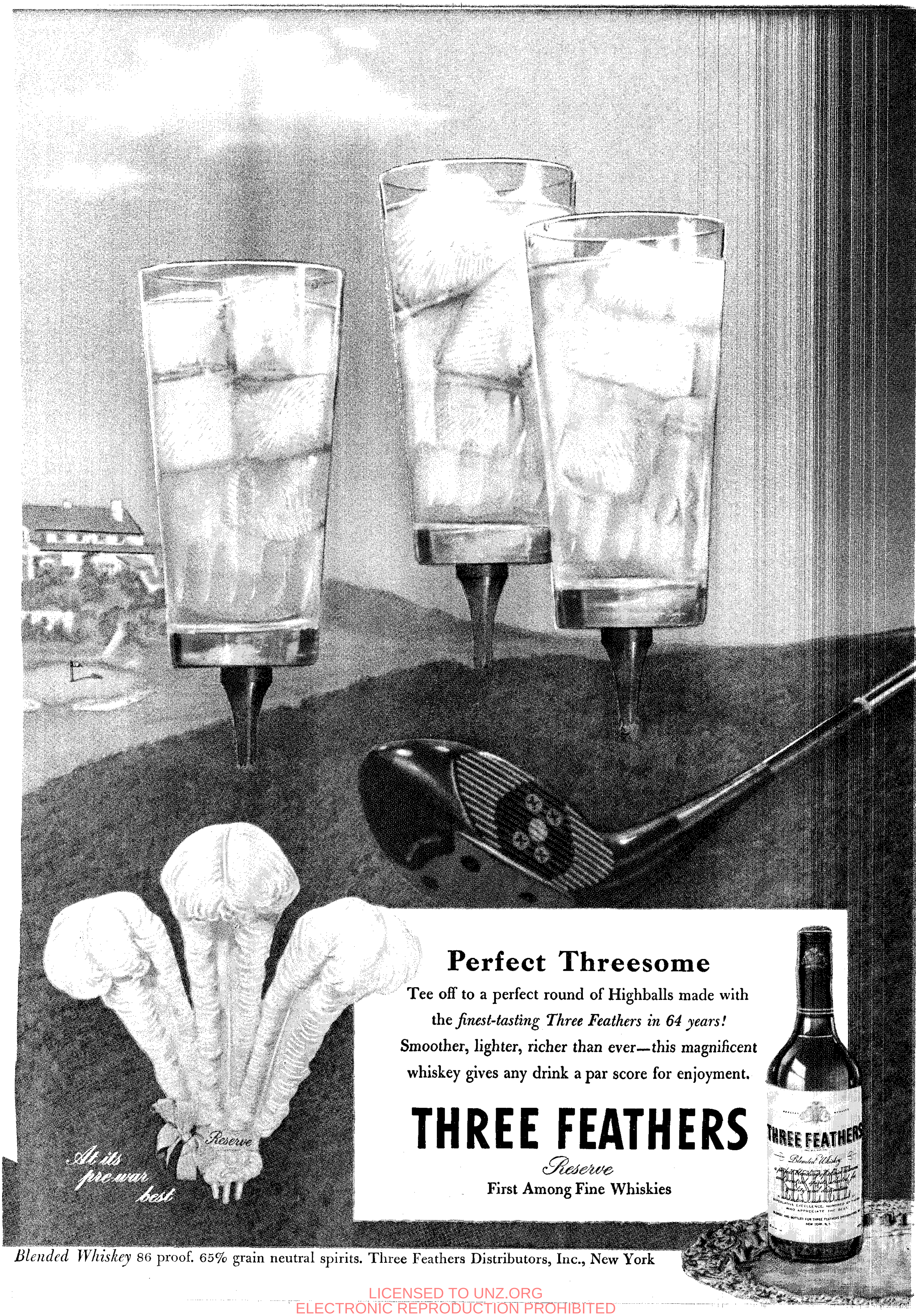
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